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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XXII. | Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can. | No. 3

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OF course the good mother has plenty to do without the mending of unnecessary holes, and the head of the family has sufficient demands on his income without having to buy unnecessary suits of play clothes.
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MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG, MAN., MARCH, 1920

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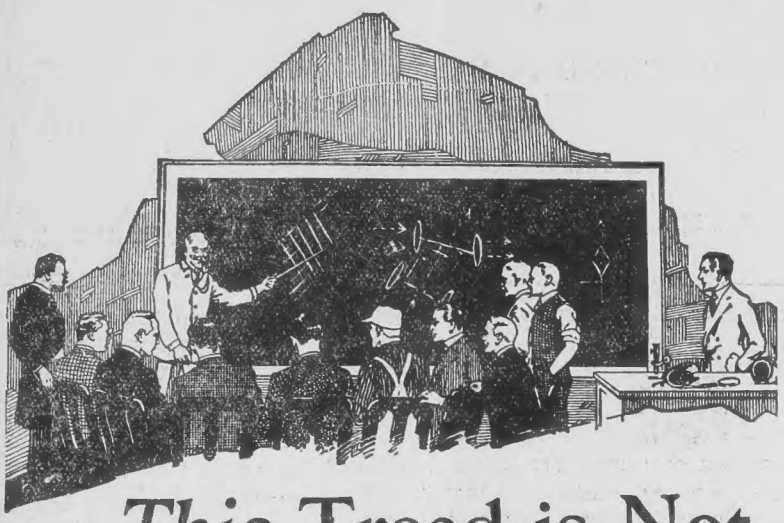

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What Would You Do With Wilkins?

By Charles Dorian

When Wilkins came back to the old town they told him it had outgrown itself; that splendid new buildings adorned the business section and the residential district had surpassed every expectation toward beautification.

Maybridge was a mining town and subject to the fumes that make vegetation languish, yet it blossomed like some of the garden towns that had no such drawback.

Wilkins walked listlessly between two comrades. What they told him caused no flutter of the heart. He brooded upon the thing that had darkened his life.

"We're now on the main corner. Here is the new post-office, a stone building better than they have in some cities. Over there is Jawley's store for gents—spruced up some, and across the road is the new Derose departmental store."

Wilkins was paying enough attention to notice an omission.

"What about the other corner—the corner of 'decay' we used to call it?"

Wilkins' chin was averted and his sightless eyes were leveled exactly in focus upon the "corner of decay".

"They are tearing down the old rookery," said his guide. "I understand old Johnson, the millionaire lumberman bought it."

"He's a good sport," acknowledged Wilkins. "He and the gov'nor used to be good friends. The old lady says he was good to her when I was over there. I'll bet he does something decent to that corner. Wish I could see what's going on."

Then he fell to brooding again and no more interest could they instill in him. It was not until preparations were being made for the Labor Day parade that he came out of his trance. They were discussing who should carry the flag at the head of the parade.

"Let me carry the flag," begged Wilkins.

Wilkins was Color-Sergeant "over there" and it was during a raid over London that the flag was knocked out of his hands and his sight forever blotted out. The flag was miraculously caught by a comrade and it was brought to Wilkins while he deliriously calling for "the flag! the flag!" and he was allowed to feel it. But he never quite believed that it was "his" flag and the loss of it preyed upon his mind so much that vocational teachers never could get him to concentrate upon any occupation. So his comrades thought it would be only right to let him carry the flag on parade. A pal walked on each side of him to guide him along the route of procession. Wilkins was only a boy in years and tall. With head erect and chin raised he looked taller, and so steadily he walked, and proudly, that only those who knew could see that he was blind.

A troublesome film passed over the eyes of Johnson as he witnessed the parade. He growled at the man beside him whom he caught watching him blink. Then he burst into voluble speech:

"Everbody in this town ought to carry a flag for Wilkins," he said. "There should be a flagstaff on every lot to do him honor. If that happened in an American town they'd paste his picture on Old Glory and fly it from every window. We've got the best old flag in the world but we only show it on parades. On the other side every day looks like flag day while here our flag poles are bare. Yes, sir, every man ought to resolve to-day to keep his flag a-flying for the spirit that Wilkins represents."

After this burst of patriotism it would appear strange to the student of human nature to hear John Joseph Johnson in his office next morning when his secretary announced the arrival of a committee appointed to raise funds for a monument in memory of our fallen heroes.

"Tell them I don't believe in monuments," he stormed, while he viciously tore open his morning mail. The secretary returned in a moment:

"Mr. Giggs would like to have a chance to explain the plan," he ventured.

"Tell Mr. Giggs I know all about it. It's been talked about for the last month. If he can raise half the amount without my name at the top of the list tell him to come and tell me about it," he conceded.

"Now," he reminded the secretary when Giggs and his party had gone, "in case Mr. Giggs seeks to gain subscriptions by stating that I'm coming in at the tail end with a handsome donation, 'phone that daily scripture, the Star, and say I'm in no manner in favor of the movement, and that I will not subscribe one cent for a stone. I'd rather see the money spent on bread."

After this duty was performed and the secretary resumed his regular work, Johnson asked in a sympathetic tone:

"How do you feel about this monument business, Jim? You've been overseas."

"It would be a nice thing to remember the boys—" began Jim.

"And do you need an image to remind you?" asked Johnson.

"But future generations—" hinted Jim.

"Traditions are carved in the heart, not in marble. What good is this monument going to do Wilkins for instance?"

"Poor Wilkins," faltered Jim.

"Wilkins must be kept from poverty. His old mother can't support him—she, herself, needs support. The memory of the lads that are gone is safe with all who live and who will live, so long as they stick to the ideals that took our men across a continent and an ocean to fight. In the Labor Day parade they gave Wilkins the standard to carry and he smiled all through the procession. But parades can't be held every day. He is still a fine example of physical manhood and should have something to do. I've a hunch that he'll get over his notion about losing his colors."

"He seems normal enough," said Jim.

"Call up the freight office and see if those special sticks of pine have arrived," said Johnson, resuming his business air.

"Arrived this morning," replied Jim, who knew everything about his work that he was expected to know, and a little more.

Johnson walked down to the railroad yard to have a look at the timber. Then he walked down town. In the post-office he ran across Giggs who greeted him pleasantly. Johnson was gruff but not averse to hearing how the campaign was coming on.

"Not very well," admitted Giggs. "Everybody looks to you to head those things, you know. We'll have to just do the best we can. What do you suppose they're doing across there?"

He pointed across to the "corner of decay" which was fast yielding to the wreckers.

"Pulling down the old shack," replied Johnson. "That's where your monument ought to be," he grinned.

"Best corner in town," agreed Giggs. "However, we've our eye on the lot opposite the court house."

When Giggs left him Johnson went across the street and said something to the foreman in charge of the work.

In a few days concrete forms replaced the old rookery and people stopped to guess what sort of building could possibly be erected on a foundation so small. They were more puzzled in the course of three weeks when the foundation took the form of a concrete disc, thirty feet in diameter with a round hole in the middle two feet across. Outside this hole and what looked like a triangular vault hewn from the centre to the outside curve, the object was a solid block. People began to remark that it looked like the base for a monument.

The "Star" looked up the land deal in the Registry Office and saw that John

Continued on page 48

Editorial

CANADA'S RESOURCES FOR CANADA

The following clipping from a western newspaper makes a suggestion that is both practical and patriotic. Referring to the lumber industry in British Columbia it says:

"The lumber output in this province at present is taxed to its capacity. There is a heavy demand from the prairies and dealers there have but small stocks wherewith to fill it. Some parts of the United States join in the demand and there is as well a big overseas market which is offering high prices and must be satisfied.

"The lumber producer consequently suffers not from lack of a desire to satisfy his customers, but from lack of ability. Australian lumbermen are forced to buy what they need in Vladivostok for the reason that British Columbia cannot fill their orders.

"It is only human nature and what is to be expected, that under these circumstances the lumber manufacturer should advance his prices to top-notch figures, regardless of costs of production, and that he should therby amass a fortune out of all proportion to his invested capital, risks of business, or service rendered the public It is a clear case of profiteering made possible by present world conditions.

"The Canadian people, however, have a right to demand that their requirements shall first be met at reasonable prices, inasmuch as this lumber is largely grown on crown lands, and is, therefore, in the first instance, the property of the people. A searching inquiry into the whole question would certainly seem to be in order, to be followed by such restrictive and controlling orders as are necessary to protect Canadian interests."

We are so thoroughly accustomed to individualism as a principle in industry that it seems to be a violation of a man's personal rights to take away from him the privilege of selling all his goods in the best market. Yet it is the very doctrine which must be preached and put into practice if Canada is to take full advantage of the opportunity now placed before her. It is a great thing for Canada to have such magnificent natural resources. Should not the first care be to use these for the benefit of Canada, rather than for the upbuilding of other nations? What we require just now is not merely a few great industries, but houses, factories, farm homes in all parts of the land. The first use of our resources, such as coal, lumber, fish, mineral wealth should be to supply the needs of our own people. And this principle may be extended more widely still. In a democracy no man should think of living to himself alone. In a true and wise sense his intelligence, industry and service, of whatever kind are for the good of all. This is a hard doctrine for many to realize. It is particularly distasteful to those who have no strong Canadian sympathies though they may possess great power in Canadian industries. We should, as a people, be culpable in the extreme were we at this time to help other and rival nations in their schemes of reconstruction, if we at the same time take no steps to make reconstruction possible right at home. The following clipping shows that the subject is arousing national interest.

"Following on reports of a threatened lumber shortage in the west owing to the shipment of the Canadian supply to the United States, the Board of Commerce is in receipt of similar communications from the city of Toronto. These are to the effect that the lumber situation in that city is acute owing to the almost complete shipment out of the country of building materials, including lumber.

"Asked whether there was any intention on the part of the board to try and regulate the export of lumber from Canada, a high official would say nothing. Should the need for action in the line of placing an embargo on exports arise, it would seem to be a matter for the whole government to take up and decide whether such action should be taken."

Even more suggestive than this is the following sentence from a report by Mr. Stephenson, Inspector of Crown Lands:

"It has been found that the largest holders of timber lands in the United States are cutting very little, owing to the diminishing supply, and are buying up Canadian supplies."

Is it not about time for us as a people to begin to think of ourselves? We are not here as "milch kine" for other nations. Every citizen of Canada has such an opportunity for advancement that he can afford to pay the price of good citizenship—loyalty to Canadian Institutions, and full support of Canadian enterprise.

DOCTORS AS STATE OFFICIALS

The following contribution from a valued subscriber is given a place of honor in this issue of the Monthly, not only because of the thought which it expresses, but because it gives rise to a series of problems of more than ordinary importance:

Another step we must make in our upward march of social democracy is to make our medical men servants of the state. Not only would such a move be beneficial to the state but would be helpful to the medical profession itself. There is no doubt in my mind that given proper sanitary surroundings and proper hygienic conditions a healthy person can be kept almost, if not altogether, free from disease. We have now reached the stage in our civilization when we consider it the duty of the state to exert its powers to bring about these conditions and to co-operate with the individual to see that proper health laws are made, and what is more important, to see they are obeyed.

We naturally look to the medical profession for guidance in these matters and they should be the leaders of the people in promoting the greatest standard of efficiency physically. With all due respect to the medical profession, and at the same time believing there are many members who give their lives in devoted service for their fellow-men, still they make their living by trying to cure and curing our diseases, and there may not be, therefore, the incentive there would be of ridding the human race of its physical misfortunes, as there would be if we adopted a different viewpoint.

I believe the medical man should work in the interest of the state rather than that of the individual, and he should, therefore, be a servant of the state enforcing the laws of health and sanitation on all its citizens. As an officer of the state it would be his duty to see that all were properly looked after medically and in his efforts to do this the sanitary conditions surrounding his patients would receive more thoughtful and forceful consideration. As a medical man his viewpoint would be changed from curing a disease to that of preventing a disease. He would be endeavoring to keep people well rather than making them well. When one reads that a government investigation, in the U.S., of one million workers showed an annual loss through sickness of 270,000,000 days and that three-fourths of the 25,000,000 children attending school in that country are suffering from physical defect of some kind, it seems to me it is time something was undertaken.

With our medical men as officials of the state, working faithfully to prevent rather than to cure, it would be one of the greatest means to uplift the world physically that people have ever experienced. It would bring a little more of heaven to this physically sick world and many would pass over the great divide after a well spent life, who, otherwise, would have been a sufferer, an economic loss and a hindrance to progress of the human race. Let us think on this question and do all we can to hasten the day which will alleviate suffering and bring in the sunshine and happiness of good health.

The broader question that is raised by this communication has to do with education. Why doesn't the state invest money in schools? Because it expects a return to the state in the form of service. It educates nobody for his own sake. This is the principle that should underlie the support of schools of every description. It is interesting to consider all the schools in a province from this point of view. To begin with the Agricultural College. It costs a fortune to keep it going. It is not too much if the graduates use their knowledge and skill to improve agriculture in the province. It is too much if they retire into private life using their endowment to swell their own private capital. The province cannot afford to educate men who use their intellectual capital for merely private ends. What is true of the Agricultural College is equally true of a medical college supported by the state. This has a very direct bearing upon the agitation now being made in this province to have the state spend half a million dollars for the erection of a medical college. The solution proposed by our correspondent seems to be not very wide of the mark. As we see it now the school teachers are the only class who return full value to the state for the money expended in their education, and in their case the state spends remarkably little. In the case of elementary schools it is a mistake to think that they are operated merely to help boys and girls to make headway in the race of life. The very essence of public education is that it should fit young people for community service. In other words education must be used for public rather than selfish ends. Should there, according to this, be public high schools and universities? Certainly, provided that they develop power that may be used for public good. If they turn out only sharpers and suckers, they fail in their mission. The school is essentially a social institution The medical school is no exception.

FARMERS ARE MANUFACTURERS

The writer of a letter printed in The London Times makes the point that "the earth and the fulness thereof, the birds of the air and the beasts of the field were not bestowed upon mankind in the state in which they are found to-day," and adds: "The land of England, and, for the matter of that, all productive land, is a manufactured article, as much so as the clothes we were." Not quite as much so, perhaps. Still there is a measure of truth in what the writer of that letter in The Times says. The expenditure of labor and of money involved in bringing new land into perfection varies greatly, of course, according to the character of the land and the work done, but in no case is it an inconsiderable expenditure. As for the grains, the vegetables, the fruits and the animals with which agricultural industry concerns itself, their breeding and development have cost and are still costing great expenditures of work, thought and money. It seems paradoxical, in view of the terminology of current economical and political discussion, to think of farmers and manufacturers as being in the same category. But both take certain "materials", and by means of labor and machinery work them up into "finished products". At least, the farmer's products are his "finished products", though they may be the raw materials of other industries—the mill, the creamery and the packing plant. So are many of the products of many manufacturers (for example, leather, iron, steel and paper), the raw material used by many other manufacturers. The problem of shaping national fiscal policy is mainly a problem of bringing the just claims of all classes into the right adjustment.

WORK

The hiss of molten metal in the mold;
  The clang of iron on iron, and beam on beam,
The untoned whistle's blast, so shrill and bold;
  And clouds of white, and angry 'scaping steam.

The hungry furnace roar and the fierce scream
  Of hawsers in metallic agony!
The straining men; the women flitting by;
  Forming a picture like a wondrous dream
Of grim finality.

An ordered, harmonious disonance!
  That the dull brain rejects—in ignorance
Of its glorious theme, and bold significance.

The giant vessel floats upon the tide;
  The majesty of Labor—justified!
The mark of craftmanship—the pride of all!
  Master and man—satin and overall!

—T. C. C. B.

NOTHING TO SHOW

By Mary H. Rowland

"MY day has all gone"—'twas a woman who spoke,
  As she turned her face to the sunset glow—
"And I have been busy the whole day long;
  Yet for my work there is nothing to show."

No painting nor sculpture her hand had wrought;
  No laurel of fame her labor had won.
What was she doing in all the long day,
  With nothing to show at set of the sun?

What was she doing? Listen; I'll tell you
  What was she doing in all the long day:
Beautiful deeds too many to number,
  Beautiful deeds in a beautiful way;

Womanly deeds that a woman may do,
  Trifles that only a woman can see;
Wielding a power unmeasured, unknown,
  Wherever the light of her presence might be.

She had rejoiced with those who rejoiced,
  Wept with the sad and strengthened the weak:
And a poor wanderer, straying in sin,
  She in compassion had gone forth to seek.

Unto the poor her aid had been given,
  Unto the weary the rest of her home;
Freely her blessings to others bestowed,
  Freely and kindly to all who had come.

Humbly and quietly all the long day
  Had her sweet service for others been done;
Yet for the labor of heart and of hand
  What could she show at set of the sun?

Ah, she forgot that our Father in heaven
  Ever is watching the work that we do,
And records He keeps of all we forget,
  Then judges our work with judgment that's true;

For an angel writes down in a volume of gold
  The beautiful deeds that all do below.
Though nothing she had at set of the sun,
  The angel above had something to show.

Westclox *Big Ben* -*just tell him when*

MAYBE you swear at him some mornings when you'd give anything in the world for forty winks more!

But, after all, you swear *by* him because he's only carrying out your own orders and calling you exactly when you say.

And isn't that what you want? A clock that takes time seriously; that lets you sleep right up to the last tick; and then keeps good time all day.

Right there's the reason why Westclox alarms have so many friends: they run and ring on time. Why shouldn't they? Every Westclox has that same good construction that got Big Ben up in the world.

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The Eyes of Youth

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

THERE was a quick, loud knock on the door of my den, a ringing rat-a-tat-tat, evidently delivered by the impatient hand of youth. The impatient foot of youth did not even await my permission, but entered hard upon the impetuous knock, and the impatient face of youth frowned upon my sober apartment, my toiling self, my desk strewn with papers, and the floor where pages lay thick as the leaves of Vallombroso.

"Oh, Amy, hide that disgusting blue ink bottle and throw that tiresome pen in the wastebasket, and come out in the park."

It was the impatient voice of youth now, Harding Caswell's voice. "'Why, Amy, it's spring—summer almost. Haven't you realized that yet? If you ignore it much longer and sit in this musty atmosphere, you'll look exactly like a bookworm."

"How does a bookworm look?" I asked without interest, my eyes on my scattered pages.

"As you will if you keep on boring your sinuous way through books all the time, and wearing that old brown frock," he replied frankly. "But Amy," laying his hand coaxingly on the sleeve of the despised brown gown, "come out in the park with me. I want to tell you all about it in the open air, out in 'the greenth and blueth.'"

The sweet fresh air which blew in through the open windows was tempting so was the sunshine without, so was Harding's voice.

"But this article must be finished to-night," I hesitated.

"Ah, Amy, do come." He gathered my scattered sheets of paper into a heap without regard to paging. "I really do want to talk to you about her, and I can't do it here."

A confidant was an absolute necessity for Harding. I had occupied that proud and taxing position for years. But a confidant was not sufficient; this spoiled boy demanded the proper atmosphere for each confidence. Sometimes, even if it were midday, the curtains must be drawn, the candles lighted. Again every lamp must be extinguished, and we must sit in the heart of mysterious shadow with the moonlight falling through the windows and lying in silver squares upon the floor. But to-day, since the park had been chosen at the proper setting for this latest confidence, I was evidently destined to hear a spring song.

"Amy, come!" he coaxed. There is no gainsaying or resisting Harding, it is a waste of breath. I put a paper weight on my disordered pages. "The midnight oil for you," I sighed, pinning on my hat, and then we went out to the park.

Above us were the blue, blue wastes of the sky, about us the green, green spaces of grass and trees, and the sweet sweet fragrance of early summer.

We sat down and Harding prodded, with his stick, the black earth, wet with recent revivifying spring rains, and then he looked up. "I've met her," he said at last with a solemn ecstasy in his tones," "I've actually met her."

"I know," I replied perfunctorily. "Why look!" with real interest, "that rosebush is full of buds; in a week, perhaps less, they will all be in delicious flower. Yes, of course, you've met her. It's about time, isn't it? Let me see; it is quite two years since you saw London through a haze of her; and it was spring a year ago that the silver grays of Paris served as a background for still a different her, and the last November, you met her, another her again."

He waved his hand disdainfully. "Nothing of the kind. How can you talk so? I tell you I have seen her for the first time. Of course, I have had fancies and all that; but Amy, this is the real thing. For the first time, I'm in love; and it's changed the whole current of my life, my thoughts; it's made a new man of me. And I wanted to talk to you a little, to tell you about it first, and then you take it in this flippant, careless way. It isn't worthy of you. Do you know, I realize at last that I really am going to do great work; I feel the impulse, the motive. It's hard for a reserved man like me to unburden himself this way, and I'm not in the habit of boring people with my confidences; but she is wonderful, so rare and exquisite, so——"

"When did you meet her?" I interrupted.

"Yesterday afternoon. I'll tell you all about it. You know how hard I have been working lately at my painting. Well, yesterday, I was at it like a house afire, when who should obtrude himself but Higgins—bounder! Only he was an angel in disguise. Of course, he was terribly stuffy and pompous and looked as if he had just been carefully varnished.

"'Come on, old man,' he said to me; 'I'm on my way to call upon Ruth Dufrange.'"

"'Ruth Dufrange!' I interrupted Harding to exclaim. 'Is she here now?'

"'Yes—she and her poems,' he replied reverently, 'her marvelous, exquisite poems and her more marvelous, exquisite self. But to go on. When Higgins croaked her name, I started like I was shot 'Ruth Dufrange!' I cried, jumping from my seat; 'of course I'll go. Wait till I get the paint off my hands and brush my hat.'

"'You'll have to do more than that,' he said, with a nasty sneer, and a heavy-lidded glance from his puffy eyes. 'You'll have to get into your afternoon clothes.'

"'My afternoon clothes!' I cried. 'My afternoon clothes are these, and they've seen many mornings and evenings too.'

"'You know perfectly well what I mean,' said Higgins with another disgusting sneer. 'You certainly can't call on Ruth Dufrange in those paint-smeared rags.'

"These, Amy. He spoke that way of these." Harding tapped his chest and drew his coat about him, looking down at it with some pride. "It was this suit he was insulting. Not bad at all, I call it, especially on my lithe, Endymion-like young figure. I give you my word I never saw Higgins look more loathsome, sitting there with his bulk straining the buttons of his waistcoat, a shiny, red crease of neck over the back of his collar, his trousers hauled up, and his gaudy silk socks in evidence, his beastly immaculate gloves, and a lovely, virginal rosebud shrinking in his coat. Amy, he was a terrible exhibition of the evildoer, the whited sepulcher. I tried to throw all the scorn I could into my pure, young eyes; but it didn't faze him. He was intrenched behind his clothes.

"'Haven't you got any afternoon things?' he asked.

"This, Amy, was my hour. 'Yes,' I replied with modest triumph, 'I claim—oh, not boastingly, Higgins, don't feel uncomfortable—I claim to possess the

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The Eyes of Youth

Continued from Page 4

oldest living frock coat with a silk hat to match.'

"'Then rustle into them,' he said carelessly.

"'Rustle into them! Higgins, you are more lacking in delicacy of fiber than even I supposed. Rustle into them indeed! That frock coat is entitled to all the respect that's coming to it, on the strength of an historic past. It frightens me to hear you speak of it in that rude, boisterous way. That coat must be entreated. Wait.'

"I tiptoed over to the closet and carefully opened the door. There, confronting me with a serene, impressive dignity, falling in austere, noble folds from the hanger, was the oldest living frock coat. On the shelf above it, crowning it as it were, was the oldest living silk hat.

"I felt a dreaded sinking of the heart. Ruth Dufrange, whose poems my youth had dreamed over, that first volume, 'Mes Amours'! Must I give over meeting her because of the obstinacy of mere clothes?

"I laid my cheek against the shoulder of the coat. 'Ruth Dufrange,' I whispered, 'Mes Amours.'

"I assure you, Amy, that garment positively leaped forward and allowed itself to be taken down without a protest. The hat, too, bounded toward me. Gently I drew them from their seclusion. Gently, gently I slipped into the coat.

"I claim to possess, Higgins, the oldest living frock coat."

Carefully I adjusted the hat on my head. As I picked up my gloves, it seemed to me that Higgins suppressed a snort of goatlike laughter; but I cared nothing for that, I was to meet Ruth Dufrange. The mere thought was sufficient to send me flying down all my steps three at a time. I sprang into Higgins's cab before him, while he puffed and panted behind me. Wheezing like a pug, he gave the cabby the name of her hotel and we were off. It had been raining yesterday afternoon, you know; one of those silver, dashing, spring showers, and the pools in the asphalt reflected bits of the shining blue sky. Flags were flying here and there along the Avenue; from the Waldorf flapped the Austrian and Chinese colors.

"We stopped at her hotel and were immediately shown to her drawing-room. Amy, I cannot describe to you the charm of the atmosphere. There was a soft pink light in the room. I think the sun fell through rose-colored silk shades; and there were roses, pink roses all about in bowls and vases, and the petals were blowing all over the room. And then—she came in.

"Is she beautiful, Harding?" I asked.

"Beautiful? I didn't know at first. Believe me or not, I didn't know. I only knew at once, the moment she entered the room, that this was the only woman I ever could or would love and I knew it immediately, finally, eternally. Why, hours afterwards I couldn't have told you whether she was tall or short, dark or fair. I only knew that she was the one woman, and this stupendous fact paralyzed temporarily all conscious observation. It was long afterwards that these impressions asserted themselves."

"But, Harding, did you think her beautiful, when you had time to remember?" I repeated.

"Of course," looking at me with surprised eyes. "Do you think a woman with her soul could be anything else? Ah, she more than fulfilled every dream. Her beautiful, old rose-colored gown fell from her shoulders in long, soft folds; her face was pale and her dark hair was twisted in a coronet about her classic head; and her eyes, oh, Amy, the depth, the darkness of those midnight eyes!"

The humble confidant was forgotten. "Go on." I touched his sleeve impatiently.

"Oh!" He roused himself. "Well, we were hardly seated before the oldest living frock coat was so vicariously overcome by emotions that it gave the most awful, ominous rip right in the middle of the back. I sat with the color crowding up into my face, and it seemed to me that I heard another goat giggle from Higgins. Just as I was planning how, when the time came to go, I should gracefully bend over her hand, kiss it, and then back from the room, she poured some tea for us. I got up, stretched out my arm to take the cup, when there was a loud report of a ghastly rip in the sleeve. It was so prolonged, so poignant. It went on and on rattling over my nerves; and it, or its echoes, seemed to last indefinitely. And Amy, truly, that sleeve was literally hanging by a thread. And then through a red mist of shame and misery, I heard her voice. And oh, Amy, quite gayly and carelessly she was saying to Higgins:

"'Run away, please, Neddy, for the rest of this afternoon. I like this dear child so much. I want to talk to him.'

"He went. He went, and in that moment of supreme triumph, that poor, game old coat tried to give the college yell of its youth, and another seam, several I think, gave way.

"But I don't care, for she smiled on me so tenderly and with a sort of amused, comprehending sympathy.

"'There was once a poor young man,' she said archly. 'His clothes were old and worn, his shoes were broken so that the water came in——'

"'But the stars shone through his soul,' I capped her quotation, Amy; I too had read Victor Hugo, 'for he was in love.'

"She laughed, 'Of course he was in love,' she murmured; 'when one is twenty or eighteen——'

"'I am twenty-two,' I said firmly, 'and I fell in love for the first time in my life ten minutes ago.'

"She looked rather quickly then; not at me, but into the depths of an old-fashioned mirror between the windows, and she seemed to forget me she was looking so earnestly at her own reflection with a little smile that was half triumphant and half sad, half sweet and half bitter. And then she remembered me again, and turned away from the glass and smiled dazzlingly at me with a smile that was all sweetness.

"'The Eyes of April,' she murmured. Then she asked me about myself and I talked and talked until it got late and I had to go, and I assure you, I forgot all about the oldest living frock coat; but it does bother me now to think I can't remember how I got out of that room."

He wrinkled his brows and stared at the fat robins hopping over the lawn. "Amy, you're a good sort to listen to me." He squeezed my hand. "But good old Amy, fancy what it must be like to be young and beautiful and famous and write poetry like hers! Have you ever read 'Mes Amours'?"

"Yes, and I knew one of the poems long before it was published. The one that begins:

"When first we loved, Sweetheart, he sighed,
The world was all a tender mist,
The gray-green mist of young Spring-tide,
The peach buds blossomed when we kissed."

"But— 'before it was published'—!" he stammered. "How on earth could you——?"

"Ruth Dufrange wrote it in an old autograph album of my mother's. They were school-girls together."

Real Food Prices

"Quote by Calories," They Say

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Quaker Oats	6½c	Hen's Eggs	70c
Average Meats	45c	Vegetables	11c to 75c
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QUAKER OATS
1 Cent Per Dish

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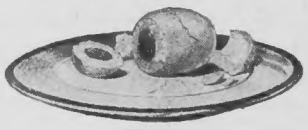

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You can serve 8 dishes of Quaker Oats for the cost of one average serving of meat, eggs or fish.

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After shopping, or when cold after an outing, at bedtime or when fatigued; indeed on any occasion—a cup of hot OXO is just the thing—it warms one through and through, and—

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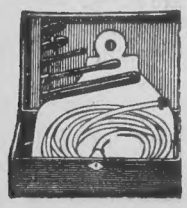

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DID you ever go to New York, Joe?" I asked, not out of curiosity, but to start the ball of pleasant converse rolling.

Joe was squatting indolently opposite, the fire between us, and its light glowed redly on his tumbled mat of black hair and swarthy features. A short straight pipe stuck out of the corner of his mouth. He was going through the maneuvers of filling it when I interrupted with my harmless question. The left hand firmly grasping the plug of "blackjack" became fixed. The knife in the right hand stopped immovable above it. I glanced higher and found Joe staring as if I had accused him of murder in the first degree. I returned the gaze with as much show of innocence as I had at my command, and it seemed to satisfy him for he finally drawled, "Yaas," and continued his proceedings.

"How did you like it, Joe? Pretty fine place, eh?"

"Hell! that's what I calls it—plain undiluted hell!" The words came out vibrant with feeling. I refrained from asking why, and presently he interpreted my silence as a sign of offense. His voice was calm and rather apologetic.

"I reckon it's all right fer those that's born and bred in it, though. Now jest so you won't think I'm onreasonable and so sat in my ways that I can't love enythin' but this," and he waved his pipe vaguely about his head, "I'll go inter perticulars."

He sprawled over on his elbow so that his head and scarlet kerchief about his neck showed on one side of the fire and his gray wool socks and cowhide shoepacs stuck out on the other.

"Well, sir," he began, "fall 'fore last I had a sport named Willets up here—James Jackson Willets. He wanted a head an' in time he got it—a regular whopper. He went back ter the city, an' pretty soon after come a letter which went somethin' like this, only I misremember the exact words:

"Dear Joe:—I take my pen in hand to wish you the compliments of the season. I kin never fergit the glorious time I spent in the great wild wilderness. The proof of my skill decorates my room here at the club, and is the envy of all my pals. But I am in trouble because of the same and look ter you ter help me out. The boys think maybe I didn't shoot it myself, but might have bought it or had you shoot it fer me. Now that ain't fair, is it? So I thought maybe you'd jest cash the inclosed check fer a century and come down here at the earliest date an' let 'em see my story's straight. I'll pay yer good fer yer time an' trouble, an' give yer a good time besides. I'll be debted to yer fer life (or words ter that effect) if yer'll come. Tellegraph 'yes,' an' when yer leavin', an' I'll meet yer at the station. Hopin' this'll find yer strong an' hearty, believe me, I am yers ever respectibly,

"J. J. Willets.

"Well, sir as I ad long been kind er curious erbout the place all the sports come from enyway, I bought a ticket and started next day. Willets met me at Grand Station, dressed up in a biled shirt an' dancin' clothes, and took me round to his club fer dinner. After 'twas over—and a blamed good one it was too, with all kinds of drinks that I never heard tell'n before—he proposed a little paddle on a pond in the park, so that he could git onter the trick of canoein' an' ter remind him of his woods experience. I agreed, ony it didn't excite me none, havin' set my mind on a play er somethin' real good.

"We seated ourselves behind an old horse that looked as if it had jest come out from the lumber camps an' wasn't figurin' on stickin' ter life much longer, an' after a time got ter the park. We curved round among the trees till we come ter a little house on the shore of a lake. A regular sailor met us an' give us a couple of paddles an' tried ter help me git inter the canoe without wettin' myself. 'All right, Jack,' says I, 'I reckon I kin mind this sort of craft; but if I need help I'll holler. Thankee jest the same.'

"We shot out inter the lake, which weren't more'n a pond, with Willets usin' the paddle as if it were a pike pole. It felt that good bein' in a canoe ag'in that I jest bent to it an' churned that bean-soup sort of water as I reckon it were never churned afore. Then my paddle, erbout as hefty as a shingle, bust off short, an' I calmed down.

"'Now Mr. Willets,' I says, 'if yer'll jest turn round an' face me so that end'll be the starn, I'll try an' learn yer the trick.' He got round most painful like an' slow, 'most upsettin' the canoe, an' then cause I wouldn't let it go over, tryin' ter fall out himself. The risin' moon shone on his white shirt front, like 'twere a snowdrift, an' he were the blamedst lookin' thing I ever seed in a conoe afore or since. Funny too, how all his stuck-up airs an' lordly ways vanished soon's he left shore. He were as timid as a baby an' erbout as helpless.

"'Jest clap that left paw over the top of the handle, slide the other on down a bit, an' turn the blade flat ter the water. That's the idee.' We begun ter crawl round in a circle, 'stead of goin' straight; but it didn't much matter seein' how we were the only folk on the pond.

"Half an hour later, he got it inter his head that he were really paddlin', mainly 'cause my voice give out explainin' the same things over an' over an' I'd lost heart. It were real comfortable, though, driftin' round in corkscrews slow and solemn, with my head on a cushion an' a fat cigar atween my teeth. I most imagined I were back in the wilderness. The moon had riz up

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A Health-Building Cereal

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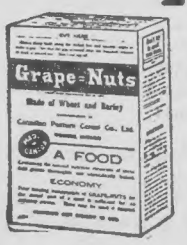

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"There's a Reason"

Out of Water

Continued from Page 6

above the trees, jest like it's doin' now; an the roar of the city rose an' fell same's that rapid's doin', ony from all directions at once. I begun ter feel real homesick.

"'Say, Joe, ain't this superb?' Willets says, interruptin' my reverences. I didn't say nothin'.

"'Say, Joe, this'd be most as fine as the real thing if there were only some big game erbout, eh?'

"'Hell!' I says beneath my breath, The smell of the water mixin' with what I'd been eatin' was beginnin' ter make me feel queer under my belt. I reached out a hand an' saved us smashin' on er rock.

"'Look ahere, Joe, this is much like the night I got that big head, ain't it?' went on Willets as we backed out inter the pond ag'in.

"'Jest like it,' I says. 'Same surroundin's an' everythin'.'

"'Strange,' says he, 'how opposite things are so nigh alike. Here we are in the heart of a huge metropolis an' feelin' an' doin' an' seein' almost the same as up in the northern woods. I wouldn't have believed it possible.'

"'I don't,' says I.

"'Let's pretend it 'tis the same night,' he went on, not mindin' my short answers. 'Jest fer fun, Joe, you take that newspaper an' make a horn an' act as if yer were callin' a moose.' Bein', as I says afore, sort of homesick, I fell in with his craziness, an' rolled the paper inter a horn as if 'twere birch bark.

"'Say, ain't that jest like the pint 'tother side the bogan where the brute

"I WERE JUST A-RAISIN' THE HORN TER MY LIPS."

come out,' says he, pintin' with his paddle. I looked, an' do yer know it weren't sech a sight different, the trees comin' right ter the edge of the bank, which were erbout five foot high, an' one long, lean popel stickin' over the water same as it did the other place. 'I swan,' I gasped, 'ain't that the derndest!'

"His eyes begun ter shine an' I sees his hands shakin', he were that carried away with the realness of the playin'. An' it were beginnin' to work on my instincts too, I reckon; for 'stead of quittin' the foolin' I leans forward an' whispers, 'Push 'er inter the shadder thare—quick!'

"He done it, ony with sech a splashin' as woulder scart all the beasts from that part of the country, an' we clung holder the bushes in the blackness.

"Then, sir, ter keep up the part an' 'cause of my longin' fer the real thing, I raises the paper horn ter my lips an' gives a long, seductive grunt. It weren't so throaty nor so far reachin' as it woulder been had the horn been bark, but jest the same it were a pretty fair imitation of a love-sick lady moose. I could feel the canoe tremblin' 'cause of Willets, an' wondered how he'd been able to shoot that bull moose himself.

"'Joe,' he gasps as though he were freezin' ter death, 'don't that sound gre-e-at! Ca-a-ll ag'in!'

"I were jest a-raisin' the horn ter my lips, enjoyin' the fun fine, when I hears a twig snap back in the trees, and says 'Sh-s-s, Sh! That's 'im!' under my breath, 'fore I knows it.

"Then I touches my grinnin' lips ter the horn an' gives a gentle plaintive little rumble that meant jest every nice thing known ter moose love an'd bring an alligator ter his knees, I reckon, while with the other hand I splashes at the smelly water. Now I've been a-doin' this kinder thing all my life, an' when I comes ter these finishin' touches, no matter if I'm ony makin' believe, I naturally expect somethin' ter happen. An' by genuine jump-ups, somethin' did happen!

"Sudden as lightnin' there were a crash over our heads, an avalanche seemed ter be comin' right down on top of us —an' there stood the biggest, ugliest lookin' bull I've ever seed. His eyes were blazin' fire, an' his horns looked like pine trees. Willets were right under his bell, an' soon's he could come ter life he gives one awful yelp and plunges headfirst inter the water.

"'Shoot!' I howls as he goes over, clean forgittin' he hadn't a gun; an' then feelin' none too easy myself, I follers the same way.

"The pond weren't more'n a few feet deep, so we gits to our feet an' wades across lively with our heads an 'shoulders out. I hears the pesky critter churnin' the canoe inter kindlin' behind me, but don't bother wastin' time lookin' back.

"Willets gits ter the other side first an lights out at a good pace, but I soon overhauls him.

"'Hold on,' I shouts, layin' hold of his streamin' coat tails. 'What's yer hurry?' He turns round, his face white in streaks, an' his clothes oozin' mud at every seam. His specs is danglin' down his shirt front, which looks like a burnt pancake. 'My land!' I gasps, 'if yer ain't a sight—yer best clothes, too!'

"He don't answer, but commences pinchin' first one wet leg an' then t'other. 'Tell me, Joe,' he groans, 'have I got em—have I got 'em?'

"'Got what?' I asks, wonderin' what he kin mean.

"'Am I drunk, or dreamin', or what? Ain't we in Ner York City? Ain't that a moose that come at us? Quick, tell me!' He's most blubberin' with anguish.

"'I reckon yer ain't extra drunk, nor dreamin' nather,' I grins. 'I belive this her's Ner York all right, an' I kin most always tell a moose when I sees one close as that feller was. So yer ain't got 'em no more'n I have. But gosh dern it! why didn't yer tell a feller yer kep' 'em erbout these parts, an' not go an' startle me that away?'

"'Don't blame me,' says he, peerin' past my shoulder, scairt stiff the brute'd smell out our tracks an' run us down. 'Thar's squirrels, wild uns, hereabouts, but I never heard tell'n no moose.'

"'Waal, that ain't no squirrel, nor chipmonk rather, but as healthy a lookin' specimen of a bull moose as I've ever laid eyes on,' I answers, gittin' hot along of slime wanderin' round inside my shirt an' slippin' off'n my hair inter my eyes.

"He give a sorter gasp an' brightens up. 'I knows, Joe,' says he, 'it broke lose from the Zoo. I might a thunk er that afore.'

"'Of course yer might er if yer hadn't —Enyway, let's git back an' git inter dry duds, eh?

"'An' leave that there monster cavortin' round loose?' says he. 'What'll come of the widders an' orphans I'd like ter know? No, Joe, yer called it outer its cage over yonder an' yer'd better git it back, an' right lively too, afore the perlice discover the rumpus.'

"I see right off that Willets ain't goin' ter stand fer none of the blame, but he'll pile it all onter me, an' is nothin' but a skunk all through, an' I git that hot with the flames of anger that bust up inside me that my clothes are dry in no time. 'Cause it weren't my fault nary a bit. He should 'a' said in the first place that less'n a quarter of a mile away were a poor old solitary bull eatin' his heart out fer company an' listenin' night after night fer the call o' love. When he heard it he come—jest as you or I woulder done had we a-bin in his shoes—an' now he'd have ter go back, an' I'd have ter take him! Gosh!

"I sees a bit of the Zoo roof over the trees, so grunts once or twice through my hands to bring the bull this way. Willets makes a break fer a tall maple an' climb up like a cat. I reckoned the critter'd be that lonesome he'd take after any noise that he could fool himself inter thinkin' sounded moosey, an' I were right. Next moment I hears him wallowin' 'cross the pond, erbout a mile-a-minute pace, an' then lets out a peg

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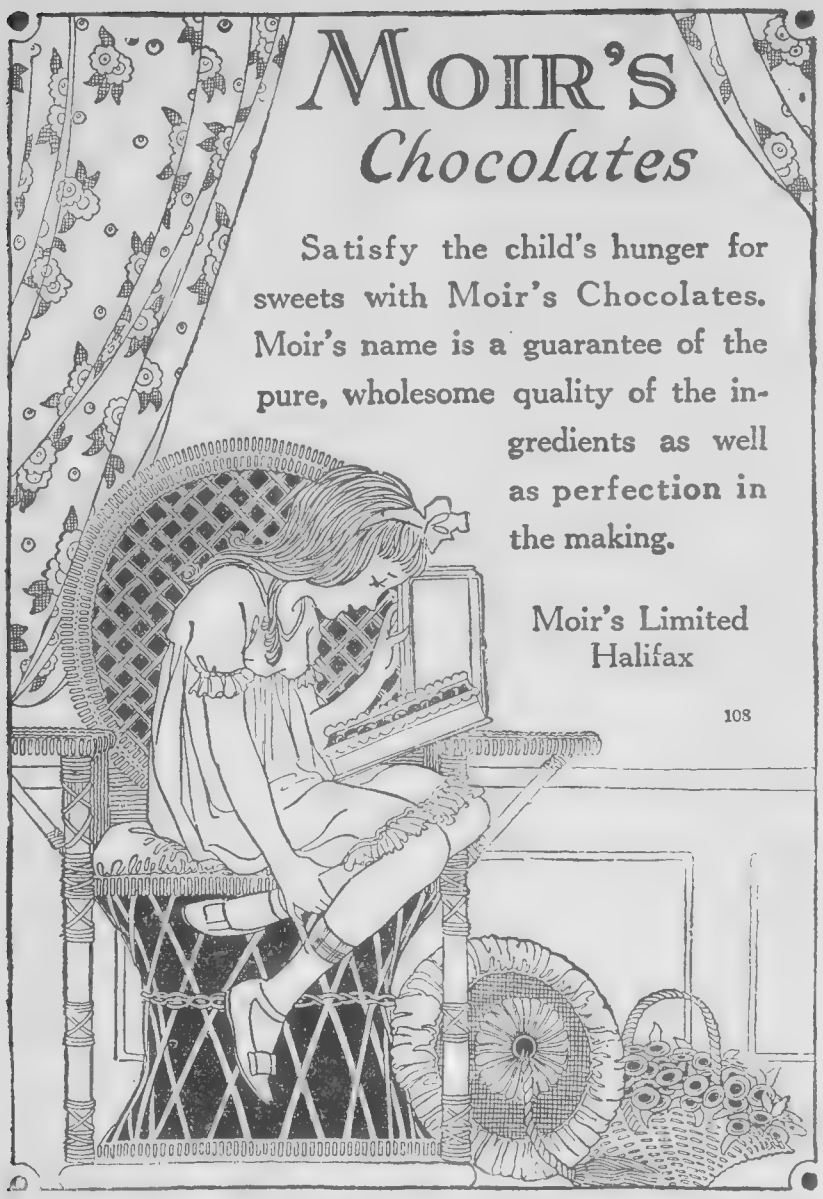

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Grandma Goes Up

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

GRANDMA MILES stirred, turned over and listened. Then she sat up and drew her frilled nightcap away from one ear, and listened again. The moonlight poured in from the window at one side of the old four-poster bed, silvering the plain little room and casting into high relief the old lady sitting there under the log-cabin quilt, listening so intently, one bony, gnarled, old hand clutching the coverlid, the other holding back her cap. Presently she gave a nod.

"That child," she muttered softly, "has the croup!"

She got out of bed onto a circular rag-rug and began to hunt for her slippers. She slipped them on and then wrapping herself in an old kimona of her daughter-in-law's she trotted from the room. Soon she was leaning over her grandson's cot.

After a moment or two the child's mother, a heavy sleeper, awoke, stirred and sat up.

"What you doing, Gramma?" she cried sharply.

"Now, don't yew git to fussin', Sairey," admonished the old lady, gently. "I'm jest a-givin 'this child somthin' t' break up his croup. Lay right down. He's better now."

"Now, Gramma, how often have I told you you mustn't dose him like that! You want to ruin his stomach?"

"He like t' have choked right up in his sleep, Sairey," explained Grandma Miles. "Yew an' John bein' sech hard sleepers, yew'd never even a' heard him, poor lamb."

"What you give him?" demanded Sarah Miles, suspiciously.

"Jest a little ipecac. That's what I allus dosed John with. There! The wee pet's gone right t' sleep agin, Sairey."

But Sarah flung up her arms in a gesture of despair. Before she could find words, however, John Miles awoke, grunted and mumbled:

"Whassa matter, anyway? What you two spatting about now?"

There followed one of the all too frequent scenes, in the midst of which little Jack re-awakened and commenced to cry. Grandma Miles elbowed aside by her masterful daughter-in-law, retired crestfallen. The next morning they told her in plain words that she must mind her own affairs. But Jack was well, and he kissed and hugged his granny which in itself was enough to make the old lady happy, though her heart was still sore whenever she allowed herself to dwell upon family misunderstandings. In the afternoon her little favorite, Grace Westover, called to see her, bringing a great bunch of blue asters. Grace was the village sunbeam. She was an orphan living with a stern aunt, who treated her as a child although the girl was twenty past.

"Just like your eyes, honey." said the old lady, as she buried her face in the cool, fragrant blossoms. "Take this easy chair and tell me what's a-botherin' yew."

Grace started.

"Why I wasn't ——I'm not ——" she began stammeringly. "Do I look as if——"

Then she blinked rapidly, and half turned her head away. The old lady took one of her hands and patted it.

"Never mind, dear. Don't yew tell me a thing if yew don't care t' speak 'bout it."

"It—it's nothing," said Grace, trying hard to smile.

"The tea's on the hob an' I made cookies this mornin.' Sairey ain't tew home ner John neither, so mebby yew wouldn't mind fetchin' the things, yourself? I ain't as young as I once was, honey, an' seems like when I git settin' down I like tew stay put."

Grace sprang up.

"Why of course I'll do the honors, Granny, dear. We'll drink our tea right here in the bow-windows among the plants and it'll seem like a picnic, won't it?"

Grandma Miles watched the graceful young creature as she stepped busily about, carrying the blue-willow cups and pouring the tea. If only her daughter-in-law had been like this girl! She half sighed. A trifle wistfully she glanced from time to time over her "specs" at Grace's face, where an unwonted pallor and eyes that lacked their usual sparkle belied the girl's words. As soon as she had entered the room Grandma had known that something was troubling her. But she wouldn't force her confidence. That was never Grandma's way. They drank their tea and retailed pleasant village gossip, and Grace seemed almost to recover her old spirits. But suddenly she laid her cup down and glancing up caught the old lady's sympathetic eyes upon her. She looked away, bit her lip and then in a rush of feeling gave voice to her trouble.

"It's Aunt Mina," she began, heatedly. "And it's really been going on for months only it wasn't till yesterday we had our first open break."

The old lady nodded. Well she knew Miss Mina—a harsh, hard spinster, rich and close-fisted and crabbed.

"She wants me to marry old Jake Ballister, so his farm and hers can be all one. You know we live at the very end of the village, and our farm—Aunt Nina's I mean—extends down to the concession-line, where his begins. It's just greed on her part."

"Why," asked the old lady, calmly, "doesn't she marry him herself?"

"He wouldn't have her. No matter how old a man gets to be, Granny, he still thinks he can get a young girl."

"Does he want yew, honey?"

"It doesn't matter whether he wants me or not," said Grace, coolly." He's not going to get me. Nobody is. I'm going to the city to earn my living."

Grandma Miles was silent for a few moments.

"Mebby yew could, honey. Yew ain't got much money though, I take it. I have a wee mite—nigh two hundred, I guess ——"

"Oh, Granny, do you think I'd take a cent of it? Why I was just telling you what I was planning to do."

"I know," nodded the old lady. "I don't much blame yew for wantin' t' git clear of Miss Mina, either. She's one o' them that's let the world harden her—'stead o' soften. A pity! It's as easy—an' far better—t' grow old kindly. Dont ma'ke one so wrinkled an' worn, either. A kind heart keeps it's youth longer, dearie. But we'll say nothin' more 'bout this jest now. Here comes Sairey."

At supper time John Miles was full of the new car he had just purchased. Sarah, too, could scarcely speak of anything else. Grandma listened as she buttered bread for Jack.

"I hope yew ain't a-goin' t'ask me t' git into that thing, John?" she remarked, fearfully.

"Just as you say, mother," laughed her son. "But don't call it a 'thing.' This little gas buggy is no tin 'flivver' I'd have you understand! I planked down a fat sum for her."

"Gramma acts like it was an airyplane or somthin'," complained John's wife. "Why, all the old ladies round here are great for cars. Some can even drive."

"I ain't never rid in one an' I ain't a goin' tew," said Grandma gently, but firmly.

"Oh, speaking of airplanes there's to be one at the fair at Greenville," remarked John. "I'd sure like to go up in it. They'll take you up at the rate of a dollar a minute."

"Don't yew do it, John," cautioned his mother, and the others laughed.

Jack begged to be allowed to go to the fair.

"No, you must stay with Gramma," his mother said, decidedly. "And for goodness sake, Gramma, don't you fill him up with a lot of rich stuff while we're away, and have him sick on our hands."

Early the next morning John and Sarah took the single buggy and drove to the fair, ten miles away. They had intimated that they might spend the night at cousin William's place in Greenville. Grandma and Jack waved cheerful

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Grandma Goes Up

Continued from Page 8

good-byes and spent a happy morning together. It wasn't until afternoon that Grandma noticed the little fellow coughing. He had always been fairly robust except for a propensity to take cold easily, but in the back of the old lady's mind the dread specter of pneumonia constantly hovered. Grace Westover dropped in about four o'clock and Grandma Miles imparted some of her anxiety to the girl.

"He's some fevered, too, I think," she concluded. "An' 'taint nothin' I've fed him, for he's only had bread an' milk an' a mite of apple sass. So it must be he's comin down with a heavy cold. Mebby bronchitis. Deary me! I wouldn't had it happen for a farm!"

Grace felt the child's head. He lay on a lounge, tossing restlessly, coughing, and complaining of a pain in his chest.

"Don't worry, Granny," she said, calmly. "He does seem out of sorts, but between us we'll see what we can do. I'm going to stay with you in case you need help in the night."

Grandma thereupon became less worried for a time. She fixed up an onion-and-meal poultice and put Jack's feet in mustard water and himself in bed, giving him a drink of hot lemonade. His temperature continued to rise, however, and at ten o'clock Grandma suggested a doctor.

"'Tain't that I can't do as well as any doctor, dearie, but his ma would blame me if I neglected callin' one in. I guess yew'd best run down an' fetch Doctor Brown."

But Grace returned in twenty minutes with the news that Doctor Brown was at Greenville and not expected back till next day. The other doctor had left that very morning to attend a medical convention in the city.

"Deary me!" cried Grandma, in some dismay. "An' so we must wait till mornin' after all! I don't expect his ma an' pa much afore noon. Ain't there no doctor now over to Plummer's Corners?"

"No, he left some time ago. But wait! Come to think of it, there's a splendid doctor at Kay's Crossing. That's about seven miles down the valley. If only we could get him!"

"Now, that's a first rate idea, honey! Yew're all out o' breath so I'll jest slip on my bonnet an' cape an' run acrost to Clinton's myself en' 'phone that there doctor. We ain't got our 'phone in yit."

In five minutes she was ready, her placid old face framed in a black tie-bonnet that was trimmed with a little wreath of turple pansies, and a heavy dark cape covering her stooped shoulders.

"I was a-goin' t' take a little lantern but I see it's nice bright moonlight to-night," she said, drawing on her lace half-mitts. "Jest yew sit by him dearie an' keep changin' the poultices. I ain't a-goin' t' be long, but if them Clinton folks are all away t' the fair mebby I'll have to go on to Sandover's."

Then she went out. She crossed a large field and took a footpath leading through a pasture to Clinton's, the nearest house with a telephone. But it was just as she had half-expected. The Clintons were away. Bravely and resolutely she plodded on out to the road and up a few hundred yards further to a cross-road. From this point she could see the Sandover house standing on a hill, stark in the moonlight. But no gleam of lamplight came from its windows.

"Deary me! S'posin they're all away, too!" muttered the old lady, in dismay and perplexity.

But she reflected that perhaps they might have left a door unlocked somewhere. She might make an effort to get in to the 'phone, at all costs. So trembling now a little, in her eagerness, she set forth to climb the somewhat steep hill, first traversing a low, flat field and crawling through a wire fence. Just as she reached the top of the slope however, she heard a peculiar noise. It didn't come from the house, but from a field off to her left. She stopped and listened. One of those pesky autos! But what was it doing in the middle of Sandover's oat field? She strained her eyes but could see nothing. Ah! Now she had it. The Sandovers were just back from the fair. She knew they had a car. So on she went, not to the house but in the direction from which the throbbing, purring sound came. She'd get Billy, whose legs were younger than hers by sixty years, to run and do the 'phoning.

But when she finally sighted the machine it wasn't an auto at all! She stopped short and blinked. There in the moonlight on the field rested a kind of giant bluebottle. She knew what it was though, for sh'd seen pictures of them.

"Well, I declare to goodness! If 'tain't one o' them there airyplanes!" she exclaimed, aloud.

A young man in a short belted jacket, and with a helmet and cuffed gloves was stooping over the fuselage, tinkering with something. He was smoking. But at her sudden exclamation he looked up, equally surprised.

"Why, hello Grandma!" he sang out in a friendly voice. "Where on earth did you spring from? I thought the people round here were all dead and buried!"

"Good-evenin'," said the old lady, politely. "But I reckon I ain't acquainted with yew, young man."

"My name's Derby," said the young man, removing his pipe. "I came down for a smoke. Not supposed to smoke in the machine you see, and I was dying for one. Just wasting away, so to speak. Hadn't had one all day."

"Derby? Ain't no folks round here by that name," said Grandma, reflectively. "Happen yew live over to Greenville?"

"No, I come from the city. But I've been over Greenville all day more or less. I'm on my way home now."

"Derby—Derby," Grandma continued to murmur and then in a flash she remembered where she had heard the name. "Why yew must be that Daredevil Derby I been hearin' them tell 'bout!"

"That's me," said the young man, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"Do tell, now! Well, I swan!"

Then she told him what had brought her there at this hour.

"Kay's Crossing! Why, that's just down the valley a bit," said Captain Derby. "I could fly there in seven minutes—less, in fact. Want to come?"

Grandma thought she hadn't heard aright.

"What's that, young man?" she demanded, sharply.

"I say, do you want to fly down with me and get that doctor? I could bring you both back, too, and lose less than fifteen minutes all told."

Grandma's mouth opened and then closed. She began to stiffen.

"Yew ain't a-tryin' t' git smart with an old woman like me, now, young man!" she protested.

"Never, Grandma! I mean what I say. And you'll be as safe as the Bank of England. Why,this little old bird is fairly human. I talk to it sometimes and it understands every word I say. And we won't fly high if you don't want to. We'll just clear the tree-tops, the barns and windmills, and you'll have the doc at the wee chap's bedside before half-an-hour. Every minute counts if—well if it should happen to be pneumonia."

Grandma had commenced to shake her head in a very emphatic manner and to back away but at the last sentence she paused. A picture of little Jack on his fevered couch came to her with a stab of compunction. Even if she did manage to 'phone to Kay's Crossing it would be an hour and more before the doctor could be up because the roads were very bad down the valley. And to think she could have him here in a few minutes, just— well just by being a little courageous! Fly! Poor Grandma found herself "all of a tremble."

"I—I ain't never rid in an auty young man, much less one o' these contraptions," she quavered.

"Well, you've missed the fun of your life then, the intrepid young man observed with a laugh. "Come! I've an extra helmet and jacket here. Let me help you on with them."

Grandma still held back uncertainly. But the young man was masterful. He brought the articles out, and whistling softly to himself began to assist the old lady off with her bonnet and wrap and into the aviator's clothes. Before she knew it she was in the machine. She started to speak but found that she couldn't hear her own voice.

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An Appealing Home Scene

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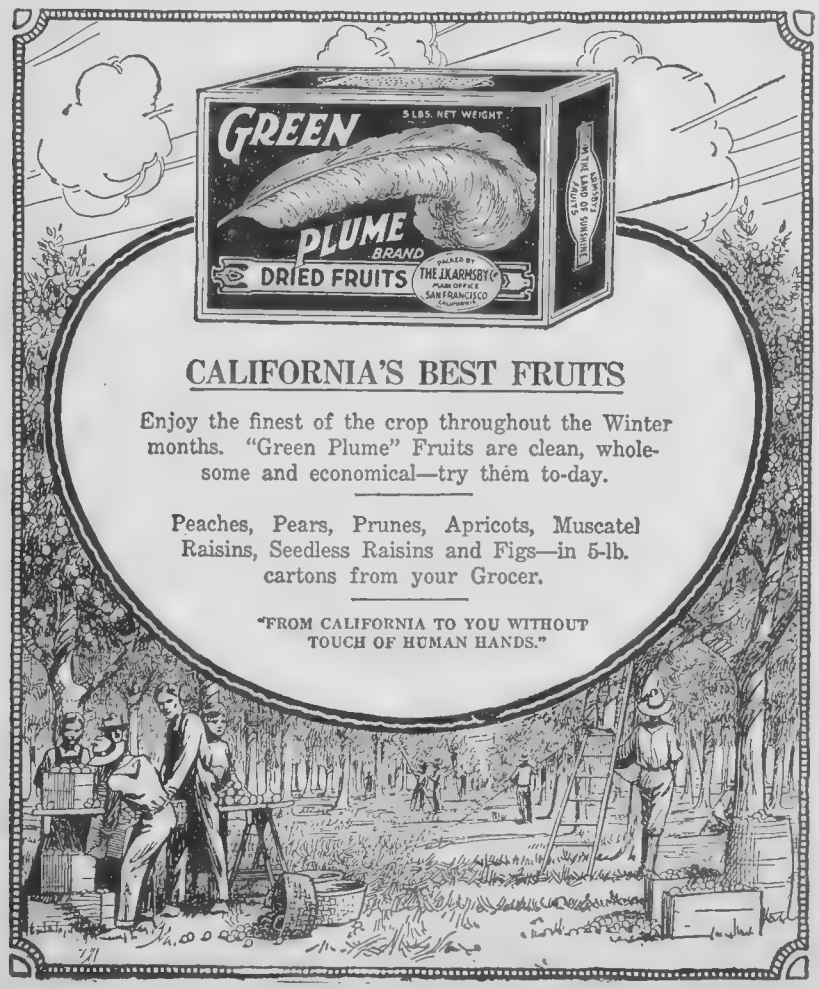

Grandma Goes Up

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"I heard you, Grandma," shouted the young aviator, nodding. "It's your helmet—the air pressure you know—hard on the ear drums. I'll be very careful. Don't be a bit afraid, now,"—and he took his own seat.

He said other things which came to her but faintly—"contact"—"wings"—"transmission"—"air pocket"—"tail-spin" "stunt-flying." Presently she understood that he was explaining the airplane and that he meant they'd go straight and do no "stunts" en route. She nodded back at him vaguely, her old face set and white, her eyes full of fear but of courage, too. The car began to tremble and throb, and this was followed by a wobbling motion of the 'plane, a spinning of the wings and a gradual rushing of air past them.

They were off! Higher and higher they rose, light as the air itself. Grandma clutched the edge of the car, and held her breath, giving it out in great gasps. At first she didn't dare look down, but after a minute or two curiosity got the better of fear and she saw a moonlit countryside dotted with flattened-out objects that she knew afterward were barns, steeples and roofs. Patches of silver were water. Long, winding, grey threads were roads. The bosom of mother earth looks strange from aloft.

"We're flying very low," Captain Derby called back.

But she couldn't hear him. Presently he waved a gauntleted hand to the right and down.

"Here we are! Just five-and-three quarter minutes," he cried, and she understood that they were just over Kay's Crossing.

There was the bridge and the rapids and the little village itself nestling against the hillside! Grandma peered down wonderingly, her fear forgotten. This was magic itself! Why, it usually took her and Sairey the better part of an hour in the covered buggy! The old lady blinked and looked down again. No, there was no mistake about it. They were at the Crossing. And the airplane now began to nose toward the ground, slowly, gracefully, like a giant bird. They landed in a field above the bridge.

"I'll undo your helmet, Grandma, but we needn't get out," said the aviator, suiting the action to the word. "There'll be people here in no time and we'll be surrounded so we can just sit tight and send someone for the doc. There!"

"I can hear you now, all right. My, ain't it plum wonderful!"

"Six minutes—and easy going at that. I could have done it in three."

"Well, I'm much obliged t' yew. I s'pose, though, yew'd really have liked a nice young lady 'stead if an old body like me!"

"I don't know, Grandma. An airplane isn't much of a place for—er—that sort of thing, and anyway I haven't got a girl. I'm too bashful or something."

"Do tell!"

"That's right. I don't make a hit with the fair sex. I'm as cool as you please up in the clouds, but down on terra firma in a parlor I'm—nix,"—and Captain Derby shook his head sorrowfully. "Here come some men, running," he added.

"Yew come an' visit me some time, young man," said the old lady, intent on his first words, "an' I'll interdooce yew to a mighty nice young lady, so I will. She's a mite lonesome-like, too, an' she's talkin' of goin' tew town, but mebby we can stop her yit."

Captain Derby looked only mildly interested. He supposed the old lady had in mind some red-cheeked, husky, fat-armed dairymaid.

"I guess I ain't told you my name," Grandma said apologetically. "I'm Mrs. John Miles, senior. The young lady I mention is Miss Westover an' she's a-stayin' with me overnight."

And now the young man did look interested. He swung around.

"Is her name Grace?" he demanded, and at a nod from the old lady went on in a rush: "Well, if this isn't Chink's luck! I've been wondering if I'd ever have the good fortune to meet her again. I

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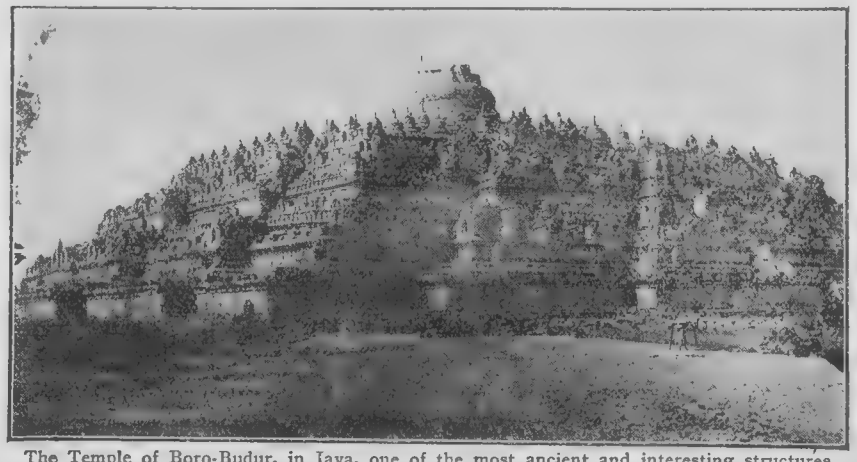
UNHEARD OF WORLD WONDER SOON TO BE BETTER KNOWN BY AEROPLANE SERVICE

By Francis Dickie

A striking example of how fast the world is progressing is the recent announcement which comes from the Malay Archipelago that an aeroplane service will shortly be started to carry mail and passengers between the various islands, where for centuries old ways have been tenaciously clung to. The most interesting thing in connection with this is that perhaps Boro-Budur, one of the wonders of the world, will become better known to the outside world through being visited by travellers. Though requiring more labor to build than the Great Pyramid of Egypt, and though an infinitely superior work of architecture, the wonderful temple, for some strange reason not explainable, has remained utterly unheard of by the world at large. It stands in central Java, and is the greatest structure of ancient times, remaining to-day in a good state of preservation. As seen in the accompanying photograph, it is a series of galleries, cupolas and spires, surmounted by a vast central dome fifty-two feet in diameter. The temple is one hundred and fifty feet high, from dome top to level of the plain, but there are two more terraces six and ten feet below the ground, which were covered up by the ancient builders to strengthen the rest of the building while under course of construction. The whole interior is one long line of bas-reliefs telling all the incidents in the life of Buddha, which carvings if placed on end would reach over three miles. The temple is 2,000 feet to a side, or a walk of more than a third of a mile around. It was built in the seventh century A.D. by Buddhists as a shrine in which to place a vase containing some of Buddha's ashes. It became jungle covered and forgotten in the 15th century when the country was overrun by Mohammedans. It was discovered in 1814 by Sir Stamford Raffles, Lieutenant-Governor of the island, who had reclamation work begun, which was continued by the Dutch when they took over the island at the end of the Napoleonic wars. Due to this the temple is in almost as good a state of repair to-day as when work was abandoned on it five hundred years ago.

With an aeroplane service to the island this wonderful piece of ancient work will undoubtedly at last receive the attention it deserves by many travellers being able to reach it quickly and easily.



The Temple of Boro-Budur, in Java, one of the most ancient and interesting structures of the world.

The Message of The Bells

Written for the Western Home Monthly by M. Eugenie Perry

SLEIGH bells, ringing merrily through the frosty air, bring ever to the mind memories of Christmas—pictures of Christmas, mad, sad, or glad, that crowd the gallery of memory's hall.

Bell Faire, more familiarly known to her friends as Bluebell, owing to the extreme blueness of her eyes, raised her head to listen to the cheerful jingle; then the disturbing sounds in the outer office of typewriters clicking, and voices raised in argument, faded away. Had some message reached her from the bells? Tugging at her heart she felt a strange lure, the lure of wild places, and silent—silent save for the wind sweeping through the Christmas trees; an owl calling plaintively to his mate; or a prairie wolf, lonesomely howling.

Not from her familiar gallery of Christmas scenes, this haunting vision came—for those centered chiefly round a red brick house, set snugly in a trim acre, which hovered picturesquely on the edge of a small Ontario town—the home where her parents had lived and died—the birth-right which her brother had exchanged for a mess of pottage, in the form of a cheerless shack, on a bleak Saskatchewan farm. For the call of the West had drawn him as a magnet, and Bluebell, too, had followed the long trail.

So not from her past the sleighbells' dream-scene came—and it had come before—some weeks before, when holding in her hand the letter which her kindly aunt had sent, to bid her share the Christmas feast with them—the first gay winter bells had cleft the air, and brought with them the vision of the wilds.

"Oh, fair Miss Faire, 'tisn't fair, I declare
To hear my heart with an 'I don't care,'
To my dearest hopes don't sound the knell
For I'm yours to a fare-ye-well, Bluebell."

Still those palpitations, reader mine, this is not the hero approaching, merely a "cub" reporter, named Tommy Hurley, who fancies himself clever, and persists in warbling this ditty to an unfeeling Bluebell, on sundry inopportune occasions, causing dreams and visions, and such-like profitless trifles to vanish, leaving one confronted by such prosaic, but board-paying realities, as a society column which had to be edited to the satisfaction of an unfeeling public.

"Hah, she dreams—as if a Christmas edition were neither imminent nor impending—prithee tell me—wood sprite, does your vision embrace whole galaxies of gaily silken-clad maidens, tripping the light fantastic through the Christmas balls?—I wish mine did."

"Who does he want to embrace, now?" asked a jeering voice from the outer office.

Bluebell looked up at the office humorist, as he stood in the doorway: "Silken-clad maidens, is it?" she exclaimed bitterly, publicity-seeking matrons, you mean—and the ones we want to write about, won't be written up, and the ones we wish to ignore, eternally besiege our door—and some complain because we tell too much about them, and some because we do not tell enough—oh, the tribulations of the poor society editor on a Manitoba paper.

"Quite so," agreed the young man, "As it should be when women step out of their own sphere, and corral the jobs that should be supporting the poor down-trodden men, are you aware, my dear young lady, that woman's place is in the home?"

"Well I've heard the fact mentioned, once or twice, and I'm some little housekeeper myself when occasion requires—if I do say it as oughtn't—but what I want to ask is—where is the home?"

"Why, this is so sudden," simpered the young man, and the jeering voice beyond the doorway was heard to enquire, with apparent irrelevancy:

"By-the-way, has anyone had any news of the Black Douglas?"

A bright flush crept over Bluebell's fair face, and came to rest 'neath her aura of fluffy brown hair, as she applied herself industriously to her scribbling.

"Yes, has anyone heard of Douglas?" asked the assistant-editor who happened to come into the main office at that moment, "he's the best special reporter we've had in this office for years, I wish some of you fellows had his brains. I'll be willing to give a raise in salary to the man who tracks him into his lair, and brings him back on a tether."

Bluebell wrote feverishly, but between the sentences which described a brilliant society function, scenes culled from the fast fading year flashed across her brain. . . . .

Jim Douglas, sturdy Scotch-Canadian, had returned from France shortly after the signing of the Armistice, apparently in good health; but who returns from that terrible maelstrom of war without some strange quirk in the brain, great or small—no one returns quite normal; and certainly on the mind of one who has behind him a long line of temperamental Scottish ancestors, who has inherited the gift of insight and the curse of a passionate heart, the sights and the sounds, the hardships and horrors, the cruelty and crime, in that land of agony, fighting for very life, must have left some terrible searing wounds.

Therefore, while his brilliant gift of writing was quite unimpaired, Jim Douglas came back to his old position, a changed man, nervous, morose, quick to take offense, and the way he glowered under his black brows, when anything

Continued on Page 12

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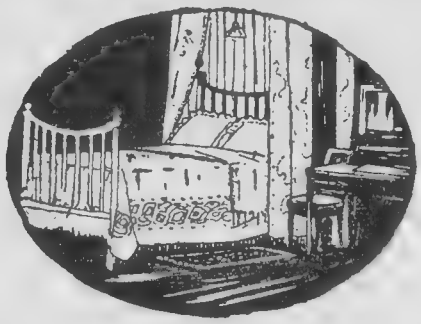

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The Message of The Bells

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annoyed him, gained for him his nickname, and as the "Black Douglas," he was hitherto known among his masculine associates.

Bluebell Faire had joined the staff during his absence, but from the moment of their meeting, the wholesomeness, the saneness, the cheerfulness of her personality had exerted on him a restraining influence. While all the motherliness of her nature had gone out to the harassed soul striving to find a safe foothold in a topsy-turvy world.

Then with the summer had come the great labor strike, and the nerves of even the most serene were strained to the breaking point. And one day Douglas flew into a rage, because, when he asked Bluebell to go somewhere with him, she had to tell him she had already made an engagement with Tommy Hurley.

Now she was not engaged to Douglas, nor apparently did he wish for an engagement—any thing cut and dried; any set course of action—being at that stage repugnant to his chaotic condition of mind; yet he felt himself terribly aggrieved; and went farther in his wrath than even sweet-tempered Bluebell would stand; so she tossed her nose into the air (nature having assisted her in this performance), and turned her back on him.

From there he went straight to a quarrel with the assistant-editor, not of the editor's making, and straight-way handing in his resignation, said he was going to find a place where nature was plenty and men were few, and wiped the dust (metaporical, of course), of the newspaper office, and the mud (actual), of the city of Winnipeg, off his feet.

As Bluebell stepped off the train at Dauphin (just two days before Christmas), and followed her burly Uncle David to his sleigh, the horses threw up their heads, and the sleigh-bells pealed out a merry welcome, immediately the vision came and went, with kaleidoscopic vividness, leaving her with that strange longing for the wild places and silent-silent, save for the wind sweeping through the Christmas trees, an owl calling plaintively to his mate, or a prairie wolf lonesomely howling.

Instinctively, she turned and looked towards the mountains, looming far to southward in their grey-white winter garb.

"Uncle," she asked, when snugly tucked away in the sleigh, "do you ever drive out to the mountains?"

"Why, not often, my dear, at this time of year; but if you like we might go out to the foothills, to-morrow, to get a Christmas tree."

A Christmas tree, she felt that her vision must surely be coming true, "Oh, uncle, I'd love it, do—do let us go."

So thus it fell that on the bright frosty afternoon of Christmas Eve, Uncle David, Bluebell, and her two young cousins, were jingling gaily along the road which led to the foot-hills of the Riding Mountains. The road was well beaten by the wood sleighs, which, day by day passed back and forth, bringing in from the hills the fuel that warmed the town.

On this day, however, they were conspicuous by their absence (their places being taken by numerous cutter-loads of Christmas shoppers, whirling busily into town), but occasional pitch-holes recalled the loads of yesterday, and caused much merriment for the children, to whom the bumps were quite part of the day's fun. To Bluebell, also, for on this occasion she had dropped quite ten from her twenty-four years of life, both in feelings and appearance. Her brown curls peeped from underneath little Flo's best Sunday-go-to-meeting hood (which that little lady would certainly not have loaned to anyone less beloved than Cousin Bluebell); it was a dainty pale blue affair, which brought out the color of its wearer's eyes, and toned in nicely with her navy blanket coat, and light blue brushed wool scarf and gloves. Even twelve year old Davie was moved to admiration, and exclaimed, "Gee, but that hood makes you look just like a real Bluebell." While the collie-dog, Scotty, curled up in the robe at her feet, looked up at her with adoring brown eyes, which told that he also admired the little lady from town. And Bluebell would have been perfectly happy, for she loved to be admired (who doesn't), but for that persistent little ache, which, since the summertime, had hovered ever round the precincts of her heart.

Ah, the joy of the out-of-doors, ah, the joy of the open places in this wonderful, wide, free, God-given country of ours.

Those dauntless, weary-eyed men, who held the long grim line in lands, where village elbowed village, and man and the works of man—when not devil-destroyed—filled every landscape, how restful to their eyes and minds must seem their own vast homeland's tracts of forest, field, and prairie!

To Bluebell, tired from the constant hurry and hustle, and roar, of Manitoba's capital, the winter country scenes, stretching away on every hand, seemed fair, indeed. The farm-houses were crude but warmly built, a back-ground of dusky woodland flanked each snowy field, and formed a haven for the prairie chicks, rising in startled flocks as the sleigh flew past. And the farther behind they left the town, the smaller and farther apart the houses grew, till as they neared the foothills, only the occasional cabin of a Galician, or of a solitude-loving homesteader, disturbed the symmetry of Nature's handiwork.

With the foothills the road begins to climb, and the trees drew in, forming vast avenues, then here and there, drew back again to show great gullies yawning by the trail, and serried hills beyond—down which the little streams in summer, leaped. And here the prairie chicks dined well on Christmas fare—the crimson high-bush cranberry; or the more lowly, but equally glowing seed apples of the wild-wood rose.

Soon, the dark spruce trees showed up on every hand, and Uncle David drawing up in a cleared space, everyone piled out, including the dog, who circled madly round the clearing, barking uproariously for sheer joy of living. And leaving the rest to search out a suitable Christmas tree, Bluebell (to straighten the kinks out of her limbs), raced after him.

"Bow-wow," said Scotty, "here's a play-mate after my own heart; why not take a whirl down that little side track, while we're at it; might be a silly rabbit or something about."

So, running a piece, then looking back, and barking an order to come on, he soon enticed her down the winding mountain trail. But presently she paused, not wishing to wander too far from the sleigh. At that moment, perhaps something startled the horses—a goad in a fairy hand, who knows—and out upon the winter air the sleigh-bells sharply pealed.

Bluebell caught her breath, for right under her eyes, a little mound of snow on a stump, startled perhaps by the noise, resolved itself into a fluffy snowy owl, and flew off, hooting dismally; while from the woods the plaintive "Who-who" of his mate answered his call. Then through the evergreens a sudden gust of wind swept searchingly; and in the distance, far down some dim forest aisle, lonesomely, eerily, howled a prairie wolf. The vision—come to life.

Then she came back to the realization that somewhere on ahead Scotty barked insistently, and that she was bound to follow. The dog had stopped on the edge of another little clearing, in the centre of which a tiny wind-tight cabin stood, uninhabited of course, for on this frosty day no smoke issued from the chimney, and yet —— the tracks to the door had been beaten since the last snow.

And now the dog crept forward with a whine, pausing as if to listen now and then, but ever drawing nearer to the door. And fascinated, Bluebell followed on until a groan, long-drawn, and low, disturbed the wintry air, she paused, and terror clutched her heart; she longed to fly, but no, perhaps 'twas some poor soul in need of help, a call that never failed with Bluebell Faire. The groan again, the dog now whined in fear or sympathy, and on the threshold, crouched. With trembling hands she raised the latch, and pushed the door ajar—a clean, bare room, but icy cold; and in a bunk against the wall, a sick man, unkempt, unshorn, his dark eyes glazed with pain, a sorry sight for any kindly soul, but for this one small girl of all the world,

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The Message of The Bells

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a tragedy. With one choked, heart-wrung cry, she reached his side.

"Jih—Jim, my dear one," then his dull eyes cleared, and with a murmured sigh of "Bluebell—mine," he slipped again into the waiting depths.

In ten minutes Bluebell had Uncle David at the shack, and the fire was already beginning to crackle in the stove, and very shortly afterwards hot tea was forcing its way down the sick man's throat; while warmed blankets, and vigorous rubbing were bringing the circulation back to his body. They found one foot bandaged and badly swollen, which they judged might account for the condition of affairs.

When he was sufficiently recovered to talk and marvel at the miracle of their coming, Jim told his story.

"Yesterday morning I was cutting down a tree for fuel, when through some rottenness in the wood, it came down sooner than I expected, and caught me across one foot, crushing it rather badly. I managed to free my foot and crawl to the cabin, but I had very little wood in, and this morning it was all gone, and my foot was so swollen and helpless it was simply impossible for me to go out for more. So I crept into the bunk hoping to keep myself warm with the blankets till noon, when Mike (the Galician who brings my supplies two or three times a week) should have been along. But I suppose he's off to some Galician dance, and those affairs usually last two or three days. I don't remember anything much after noon, till I looked up to see Bluebell leaning over me. I suppose if she hadn't come I'd have frozen to death, but perhaps she was bound to come—she's one of those people who never fail to give help where help is most needed."

"But I did fail you, last summer," she protested," and sent you out to the wilds—to this."

"I sent myself," he contradicted, the brows above his grey eyes drawn down fiercely in real "Black Douglas" fashion "in the state of mind and temper I was in, I certainly wasn't fit to associate with human beings. Coming out here was the best thing that could have happened to me. I feel like a new man, or did until this beastly accident, and now, I suppose, I'll lose my foot. Fate evidently thought I brought too many limbs home from France, and decided to rectify the mistake."

It was evening when they laid Douglas, rolled in blankets, on the straw in the bottom of the sleigh, and began the slow journey back to town; but Bluebell sat beside him to help ease the pain over the rough places, so the trip was not as agonizing as it might have been, and ahead waited a doctor and Aunt Ellen's motherly care.

Church bells, chiming for early communion, awakened Bluebell Faire on Christmas morning—joyous bells; joyous morning, joyous Bluebell—Peace on earth, good-will to men'—Bluebell's heart had found it's haven of havens, and Jim would not lose his foot.

The living-room (which was also the dining-room), of the farm house, was, in its ordinary garb, a rather crude and plain apartment. But on this glad day, its crudities were hidden or softened by gay decorations of crimson and green; and the Christmas tree, though already denuded of its Santa Claus gifts, still glittered and tinkled with trifles of tinsel and glass. At one end of the room the big burner glowed with cheerful warmth, and stretched on a sofa in the warmest of warm corners, Jim Douglas lay, and blessed his lucky stars, which had guided him in his hour of shipwreck, into this cheerful port.

And then came Bluebell, clad in a dainty pale blue gown which set off her petite prettiness to best advantage; while the encircling string of pale pink coral at her throat, and her cameo brooch harmonized with her glowing cheeks. Aunt Ellen was busily occupied in the kitchen preparing the Christmas feast; and Uncle David had considerately carried the children off to eleven o'clock service, and while the sound of departing sleigh bells was still thrilling the air, Bluebell, sitting by his side, her little hand in his, told her lover of the message of the bells, that seemed to her so strange.

"Strange and yet not strange," he pronounced, the mystic far-flung vision of the Scot, widening his grey-black eyes; "for if you thought of me each waking hour, and if the thought of you filled all my dreams—surely our dream ships must have met and passed on the ethereal waves that rolled between, bearing some message from my soul to yours. And all these months I've spent in Nature's haunts, I've ben distressed by bells, obsessed by bells, possessed by bells.

"First most distressingly, the bluebells came, nodding their gaceful heads at me, and from them fairy whispers seemed to come, that formed a sort of chanting in my mind:

'Bluebell, Bluebell, who so fair as Bluebell
Fairest, sweetest Bluebell—Bluebell Faire.'

"Then in the season of the autumn hush, came church bells, stealing over fields and woods, and when the world was gay, I thought them wedding bells, saw Bluebell Faire a white-clad lovely bride. Then when the days were dull, and dirging the dying year they came—fear clutched my heart, and dread that some grim fate would snatch my fair Bluebell, obsessed my hours.

"Last came the sleigh bells, last and most persistent of them all—they seemed possessed: Cheerful and merry like my little Bell were they, and seemed to say 'Come back, come back, come back, come back' and I —— I could not come until the task I'd set myself was done."

"And so the bells brought me to you," said Bluebell softly, slipping a loving arm around his neck.

"And just in time," he said, drawing her close, her fair hair mingling with his Douglas black, "but no doubt it was ordained from the first, that you should be in time, these things are not of chance."

"Well, certainly, life in the wilds has improved my health and temper; and some of my crotchets I've worked off on my book—which would be written, whether I wished or not— hot stuff, too; a novel with a theme based on the rehabilitation of social life, as made necessary by the changed psychology of the human mind, incident to the world war."

"Help," murmured Bluebell, but he merely pinched her ear, and pursued his theme:

"It's all ready to go to the publishers—and I think it will sell, being both timely and sensational, if nothing more. So now it only remains for me to find a job—then, in the words of that 'cub' Hurley, 'I'm yours to a fare-you-well, Bluebell.' "

"A job? Oh, that's easy," cried his sweetheart; and told him of the assistant-editor's offer. "So you see, you get your position back, and I get a raise in salary."

"You do, eh? And how long do you suppose I'm going to let you earn it, Miss?"

"Oh, ever so long,"

"All right then, all right; just to show how agreeable I've become, we'll make it long, all of six months, say, till the bluebells bloom again in the hills; and then, little girl, mine, how about a honeymoon in the mountain cabin, with the wind whisp'ring through the ever-

Continued on Page 56

Market Prices—SEEDS

McKenzie's Latest Quotations: Brandon—Calgary

February 20, 1920. Subject to change without notice

GRASSES

	Brandon 100 lbs.	Calgary 100 lbs.	Bags contain	Price
BROME—Gold Standard	$28.50	$29.50	100 lbs.	50c
BROME—Gilt Edge	26.00	27.00	100 lbs.	50c
WESTERN RYE—Gold Standard	26.50	27.50	100 lbs.	50c
WESTERN RYE—Gilt Edge	24.00	25.00	100 lbs.	50c
BROME & WESTERN RYE (Mixed)	24.50	25.50	100 lbs.	50c
O.K. PASTURE GRASS	32.00	33.00	100 lbs.	50c
TIMOTHY—Gold Standard	22.00	22.50	120 lbs.	60c
TIMOTHY—Gilt Edge	20.00	20.50	120 lbs.	60c
TIMOTHY—Silver Standard	18.50	19.00	120 lbs.	60c
SUDAN GRASS	21.00	22.00	145 lbs.	50c
MILLET—COMMON—Gold Standard	7.60	8.60	145 lbs.	45c
MILLET—COMMON—Gilt Edge	6.75	7.75	145 lbs.	45c
MILLET—GOLDEN	8.50	9.50	145 lbs.	45c
MILLET—HOG	7.50	8.50	145 lbs.	45c
MILLET—JAPANESE	12.50	13.50	145 lbs.	45c
MILLET—SIBERIAN	7.65	8.65	145 lbs.	45c

CLOVER AND ALFALFA

SWEET CLOVER— White Blossom (imported)	37.00	38.00	160 lbs.	65c
(Alberta Grown)	43.00	42.00	160 lbs.	65c
ALFALFA—TURKESTAN (Genuine)	60.00	61.00	160 lbs.	65c
ALFALFA—No. 3253 (Choice)	51.00	52.00	160 lbs.	65c
ALFALFA—MONTANA Grown	60 00	61.00	160 lbs.	65c
ALFALFA—LISCOMB (Variegated)	70.00	71.00	160 lbs.	65c

SELECTED NORTHERN GROWN FIELD CORN

	bushel	bushel		
IMPROVED LEAMING DENT.	$3.60	$4.00	2½ bush.	50c
NORTHWESTERN DENT	4.20	4.75	2½ bush.	35c
MINNESOTA No. 13 DENT	4.15	4.50	2½ bush.	35c
LONGFELLOW YELLOW FLINT.	4.65	4.90	2½ bush.	35c

Prices quoted are for lots of 5 bushels or more; for 2½ bushels and less than 5, add 5 cents; less than 2½ bushels, add 10 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS

	100 lbs.	100 lbs.		
SPELTZ (Selected)	5.75	6.25	100 lbs.	35c
	bushel	bushel		
SPRING RYE (Selected)	2.55	2.85	2½ bush.	50c
BUCKWHEAT (Common)	2.50	2.75	2 bush.	35c
	100 lbs.	100 lbs.		
SUNFLOWER for Ensilage	21.00	22.00	100 lbs.	50c

BULLETIN No. 1

Since drafting prices for our catalog, markets have fluctuated considerably. Some stocks are higher, some lower; both seed grains and grasses.

Buyers should write us regarding their needs. Our aim is to give buyers the advantage of the market whenever possible.

The market on grass seeds has been fairly firm. When stocks begin to run out and shortage develops, prices will show an upward tendency. We recommend farmers to buy now, while the best samples are available.

Our stocks were never better than this year, exceptionally clean and of unusually high vitality.

SELECTED SEED OATS AND WHEAT

Stock Number	Brandon price per bushel	Calgary price per bushel	Bags contain	Price
K32—OATS, ABUNDANCE	$1.19	$1.19	3 bush.	25c
K42—OATS, AMERICAN BANNER	1.23	1.23	3 bush.	25c
K52—OATS, VICTORY	1.22	1.22	3 bush.	25c
K62—OATS, GARTON'S 22	1.24	1.24	3 bush.	25c
K82—WHEAT, MARQUIS	3.00	3.15	2 bush.	25c

When Fort William spot or May price for Commercial grade No. 2 C.W., is 88 cents or less, the price will be as per above; but on every advance of market over 88 cents, these prices advance concurrently.

Price will be established according to the close of the market on the day order is received.

Prices quoted above are for lots of 30 bushels and upwards.

WRITE FOR SPECIAL PRICES ON CARLOAD LOTS.

PEDIGREED AND IMPROVED SEED OATS

3279—McKENZIE 96	$2.20	$2.35	3 bush.	60c
3212—BANNER SPECIAL STRAIN	1.75	1.90	3 bush.	35c
3213—BANNER, REGISTERED	1.95	2.15	3 bush.	35c
3217—ABUNDANCE	1.50	1.55	3 bush.	35c
3292—SEGER or VICTORY	1.50	1.60	3 bush.	35c
3281—GOLD RAIN	1.50	1.65	3 bush.	60c
3293—GARTON'S 22	1.50	1.60	3 bush.	35c
3214—NEWMARKET	1.50	1.55	3 bush.	35c
3215—SIXTY DAY or JULY	1.55	1.65	3 bush.	35c

Prices quoted are for lots of 12 bushels or more, for 3 bushels and less than 12, add 5 cents; less than 3 bushels, add 15 cents.

PEDIGREED AND IMPROVED SEED WHEAT

3179—RED BOBS	$8.90	$9.25	2½ bush.	35c
3190—KITCHENER GOLD STANDARD	4.40	4.75	2½ bush.	35c
3192—KITCHENER GILT EDGE	3.45	3.90	2½ bush.	35c
3185—MARQUIS GOLD STANDARD	3.45	3.75	2 bush.	35c
89 P—MARQUIS, REGISTERED	3.85	4.15	2 bush.	35c
91 X—MARQUIS, REGISTERED	3.55	3.85	2 bush.	35c
3201—PRELUDE GOLD STANDARD	3.80	4.05	2 bush.	35c
3189—RED FIFE, DR. SANDERS EARLY	3.80	4.05	2 bush.	35c
3180—DURUM or MACARONI	4.50	4.75	2 bush.	35c

Prices quoted are for lots of 10 bushels or more; for 2 bushels and less than 10, add 5 cents; less than 2 bushels, add 15 cents. Our Gold Standard Kitchener is specially recommended; you cannot get better for quality or pedigree.

BULLETIN No. 2

GARDENING.—One of the many problems facing the country at the present time, is, how to keep the boys and girls on the farm and discourage the undue crowding into the larger cities. Improvement in home conditions and surroundings on the farm constitute an important factor. Start a garden this year, we make it easy for you.

McKENZIE'S TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL CATALOG

88 Pages, Profusely Illustrated.

Everything described in a simple manner so as to convey a correct impression. A real help to farmers and gardeners in the West. Write for a copy.

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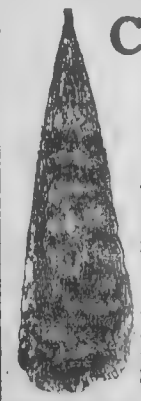

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Special to Ladies

Any amount of combings made up for $2.00. New hair added, if desired, from $2.00 worth up.

15c. postage.

All toilet articles carried.

ELITE HAIR PARLORS
283 Smith St., Winnipeg, Man.

A Strange Awakening

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Nestor Noel

THAT Harold would one day want to marry and leave her for another woman, his mother, Mrs. Parker, well knew; but that he should spring it on her all of a sudden, and above all that he should have chosen the dark-skinned, dark-eyed Carlotta was an unpardonable offence. It had so angered Mrs. Parker that she scarcely remembered what she had said. Her son had come to her in a straightforward manner and told her of his intentions, and the mother had listened at first in astonishment and then in anger. True, she had tried not to show her feelings, but Harold had divined them, and it only needed a few, hasty words for mother and son to part estranged.

Because Carlotta lived in the ranch touching theirs, was no reason why Harold should lose his senses over her. Marian, in the next ranch, was much more sensible. She was cool, serious and dignified, and would have made an excellent daughter-in-law. When will young men learn to choose their wives according to their mother's tastes?

Harold had rushed off to give vent to his feelings, and he had chosen Black Beauty to ride. Black Beauty was a thoroughbred and was all that a good horse could be, but he was not yet quite broken to the saddle, and Mrs. Parker knew it was rash of her son to take him to-day, but then Harold's mood had been a rash one and he had just followed his instincts.

The mother sat in the porch, her unseeing eyes staring out ahead of her and she did not notice that a ragged little urchin was running full speed in her direction. She only knew that the time had come when Harold was obliged to choose between his mother and his sweetheart, and he had chosen the latter. That hers was the common lot of all women, was no compensation to Mrs. Parker. She had always fondly imagined that when his time came, Harold would be an exception to the general rule, and he would choose wisely, oh, so wisely, and they would continue to live as before —only there would be one more. At the first mention of marriage, a pang of jealousy had shot through the mother's heart, but she had tried to stifle it, until Carlotta's name had been mentioned. Carlotta! What could she expect of that Spanish, gipsy-like girl? She did not want to live with her—that was certain. Nor did she want her son to go and make another home. How could Harold love a wild girl like that? She had never done a day's work. She would surely unsettle any house which she entered. She was always dancing, with castanets in her hands, or singing weird, romantic songs, in that unearthly language of hers. Spanish might be poetic, all right, but when one did not understand a word of it—oh, what was that dirty looking boy doing on her porch?

"Come quick—presto!" he cried. "The hombre—he kicked! He dead!"

Mrs Parker did not need a second bidding. She arose and shaking the ragged messenger, she asked. "Who do you mean—not Mr. Harold?"

"Si—yes," replied the boy. "He dead—dead."

He threw himself on the ground and lay one moment inert; then jumping up again, he grasped Mrs. Parker's dainty silk skirt and fairly dragged her after him, down the long, long walk, until they came to the great gate. The boy climbed this and was over in a second. Mrs. Parker opened the gate, but she did not pause to shut it. She must not lose sight of the ragged urchin, now dashing along full speed ahead of her. Breathlessly, she followed him, but she paused in horror a moment, for a horse dashed by her—a horse whose saddle hung on one side, and whose rider was not there. And the horse was Black Beauty.

Only now did the mother realize what must have happened. She already saw her beloved son, dragged along by Black Beauty—perhaps crushed or dashed against a rock. O why had she parted with him in anger? She would give all she had to see him once more beside her, alive and well. She would give him, oh, how gladly she would give him to Carlotta now. But it was too late.

They were nearing a dirty little shack, it could be called by no other name. Could her son be there? He who had been used to the daintiest and the best all his life, could he now be lying there? True, he was dead, or so she had heard, and if so, he could not feel, but the mother did not realize this. To her, Harold was still alive.

At the door of the shack, a woman stood—a woman of surpassing beauty. Dark-skinned and dark-eyed she was, it is true, this young Carlotta, but the passion, the depth in those wonderful eyes, the love and the romance were enough to turn a young man's head. Stately in her beauty, she stood there, as if it was her right. She made way for the mother, and together they entered.

On a rather dirty-looking pallet, lay the boy they both loved. His fair, slightly curly hair shone in the morning light, and his pale, pale face looked beautiful—as if he slept. Some half dead flowers had been placed in the listless hands, hands more used to hold the reins than to hold bouquets.

"Have you called a doctor?" asked Mrs. Parker of Carlotta.

Strange that she should turn to the young girl, for the mistress of the house, an aged Mexican might have answered her. But the old woman spoke no English, and somehow, Mrs. Parker could not turn to that dirty unkempt person.

"We have sent," said Carlotta. "But it is no use. He is dead."

She knelt beside the bed and took one white hand in hers. Even before the mother's eyes, she did not hide her right to be there.

The old Mexican woman wailed in grief, the ragged little urchin, and several others of his kind, started moaning and crying. The mother turned away. Her eyes were tearless, for her grief was too great. She walked towards the dirty window and glanced out. It mattered not that its panes were smeared, for she only saw a riderless horse, and a handsome boy. The boy was dragged along the ground. Could he be her boy? There was that awful cut on his forehead. She had known it would be there. All her life she would see that sight, and never any other. What did it matter to her now, who knelt beside his couch? Mrs Parker turned again towards the Spanish girl. She had beads in her hands. She was, doubtless, calling on the Virgin. What good could that do, Mrs. Parker asked? Ah, well, if the girl found any comfort in the act, it didn't hurt anyone. For herself, she knew, there was no comfort left either on earth or in heaven. But the flowers, they were incongruous. Who had thought of putting flowers in Harold's hands? She bent over her boy, and taking the flowers away, she threw them on the floor. The ragged audience burst out again in wails. But Mrs. Parker did not heed them. She saw only one thing, only one person. Even Carlotta, with her beautiful head bent in prayer, did not see what the mother saw. A faint color crept into the boy's hitherto lifeless cheeks, a twitching movement showed on his lips, and as Mrs. Parker felt the hands she knew, yes she knew it first.

"He is not dead," she whispered.

Carlotta looked up, questioningly.

"He was stunned," said Mrs. Parker. "Clear the room of this crowd. Throw open the window wide and give him air. Then get me water."

"Aqua," cried Carlotta, to the Mexican woman, and soon, holding a none too clean basin between them, mother and

Continued on Page 56

BABY SUCH.

Infantile Diarrhœa

33, Trafalgar Road, S.E.

SIRS,—I thought you would like to know of the splendid results after using Virol. My baby was suffering from DIARRHŒA badly, and I was advised to leave off milk for a time and give him *Virol and water only*. This I did for over a week; the diarrhœa and sickness stopped, and I was able to gradually add the milk until he was back on normal feeding. I continued the use of Virol with his milk for about 2 months. He was 8 weeks old when I started with Virol, he is now 10 months, and as you see by his photo he is the picture of health.

I remain, yours truly,
HELENA SUCH.

Virol increases the power of resistance to the germs of disease and replaces wasted tissue, it is therefore a valuable food in Measles, Whooping-cough, Infantile Diarrhœa, Influenza, etc.

VIROL

Sole Inporters: BOVRIL, Ltd., 27, St. Peter Street, Montreal.

S.H.B.

For Only Two Subscriptions
We offer a
Cream Jug and Sugar Bowl

This china is pretty Japanese ware, and is hand-decorated. The manufacturers have only a limited quantity on hand, so we urge our readers to take advantage of the offer quickly.

We send this premium by parcel post, so it will not cost you a cent.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS
The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG

FREE Rex Wonder or Rose Bud Ring
Set with rose bud or Rex sparkler. Your size for 12c, both for 22c. Warranted 3 years. Gold Filled.
Rex Jewelry Co., Dept 2, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Shadow of The Gate

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Robert Cove Lloyd

I.

WELL, Edith, I suppose we had better shake hands and say good-bye?"

Thus uttered John Cottingham to his wife, voicing his question with rather an air—or undercurrent of painful regret.

But Edith failed to observe—or purposely ignored the wistful note in her husband's utterance—and giving him a perfunctory hand-shake and a coldly spoken word, the woman—who was of medium height, and notwithstanding her thirty-eight years, beautiful to look upon—hastily left the lawyer's office.

John Cottingham, somewhat in a daze, took leave of Mr. Barbour, the solicitor, and almost mechanically followed his wife's example. As the door closed behind him, the man proceeded on his way, as once in a trance; his legs carried him because it was their customary duty; but his mind was wandering way back in the past, conning over the years of happiness that he had shared with Edith.

The man, verging now into middle-aged appearance, although still under forty, as he slowly made his way down the street, could not bring himself to realize that for him, happiness—as the average contented married man counts happiness—was finished. His world, his future, seemed to stretch out before him as one vast blank. It was as if a wall of solid masonry had suddenly arisen between John Cottingham and, and everything.

And it was a position created by himself, or rather of his own suggestion. The woman had at the time seized on the suggestion eagerly enough, she had given her husband no opening to change his mind, and so, the dreary, drab little scene had been enacted in the lawyer's office. The various deeds and documents had been duly signed and witnessed and the legal separation of John and Edith Cottingham was accomplished.

Oh, the pity of it? And yet, perhaps, who can dictate, and say how the hand of fate, or the law of nature shall work its course.

A thousand times after the husband had made the proposal of mutual separation—the occasion had been at the close of a scene even more bitter than usual—he had repented his hasty words—they were hasty, and deeply the man was now suffering.

John Cottingham loved his wife now, just as intensely—if not perhaps so reverently—as when they had first, as almost boy and girl, plighted their troth. And yet he had raised the question of legal separation, and had dumbly, as it were, allowed the whole hateful business to go through to the bitter end.

And now, as Cottingham paced the streets, he could not as yet bring himself to turn his steps in the direction of the room he had taken, he vividly recalled that last dreadful scene with Edith.

"Ah!" muttered the man, giving utterance to his thoughts, "How hateful it had been, and after all, how unnecessary, what a stream of abuse she had poured upon him, principally because his present earnings did not enable her to dress as smartly as she wished."

At this moment John Cottingham was jostled somewhat by a passing family party, father and mother, and several merry boys and girls. This interruption of his musings gave the unhappy man a different trend of thought.

"Most hideous mockery of all, many of the unpleasant scenes had taken place in the presence of Dick and Elsa."

At this turn in his meditation John's mouth took on a hard expression, and he savagely clenched his hands.

"Yes, that's the pity of it," his now active mind continued. "The children, the happy home life that should have been their birthright, more especially at this time, just when they are emerging from the childhood stage—" Richard, generally known as Dick, was seventeen, and Elsa some eighteen months younger.

"Where is their home—their birthright?" Cottingham groaned as his mind made reply: "Gone—gone—all gone!"

II.

Elsa had elected to stay by her mother. She viewed events from her mother's point, and the two had taken an apartment down town, and proposed obtaining employment in one of the stores; they would then, so they imagined, have no difficulty in dressing as they wished.

But the boy had imbued an intense hatred for all of the miserable, petty "squabblesomeness," and had determined to get right out and "batch" on his own.

Dick did not pretend to judge his parents—but his was a nature that demanded love and happy surroundings, and this, during the latter years of his life, he had missed.

Undoubtedly John and Edith were both passionately fond of their children, and when the final break came they began too late to realize just how much was overdue to the boy and girl—and perhaps especially so to the boy.

And the Cottingham household became scattered. Dick went with a cold, hard, stern look on his young face, really his heart was aching, and likely enough a word just at that stage to his parents might have righted matters, but fate, cruel, hard, calculating fate had ruled it otherwise.

III

And then the days passed by, the weeks stretched into months and subsequently rolled on into years—in fact it is now three years or rather more since the Cottinghams signed the deed of mutual separation.

"Three years odd, of miserable discomfort and loneliness," forlornly pronounced John, as he sat one night in his lonely bachelor apartment.

Frequently during this period the man had reproached himself, blamed himself, scourged himself (mentally of course), and then on these occasions he had often been almost on the point of going to his wife and begging, yes, on his knees, begging that they might become once more reconciled, and might again make a fresh start.

But the inherent pride that was in the man invariably barred the way.

John Cottingham had chanced to meet his wife on the street once or twice—perhaps it might have been on three or four occasions—but, however, each time she had frozen up and passed her husband with a stony stare.

Ah, the pitiful, halting ways of frail man and woman. Ah, me! If only they had held on to their early happiness with both hands.

And so John Cottingham continued in his "threadbare existence," mourning for the "might have been."

Mrs. Cottingham had speedily realized, after the separation, the futility of the act and she had came to a full understanding of how much she loved John—Oh, so much more now that he was to all intents her husband no longer.

She, too, had several times contemplated reconciliation, but like John, she too, was mastered by the monster "pride"—that insatiable ogre consumes or quenches so many good intentions!

And so the time dragged by. True, Edith had the companionship of Elsa, and this helped somewhat to relieve the pressure of regret.

Meantime Dick had settled down to his new mode of life; he made a few friends, but gave himself up seriously to his work, and he had now made quite a footing in the office of Bradley, Martin & Martin, a firm of wholesale wool merchants with whom young Cottingham had been placed when a lad of fifteen, and was well on the road to a successful commercial career.

The boy had not seen his parents since the general break up of the home, but he had occasionally met his sister. Elsa had of course given Dick news of their mother. However, the brother and sisters had not very much in common, the

Continued on Page 17

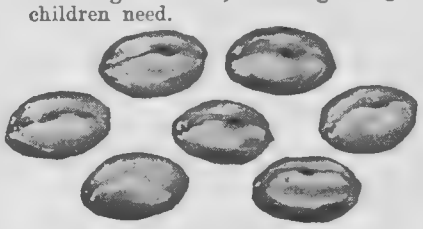
Facts for Mothers

Scientific Reasons for Bubble Grains

Outer Wheat
Does Not Digest

Experiments show that outer wheat goes largely undigested, however fine we grind it.

Yet it is rich in rare elements, including minerals, which growing children need.



Puffed Wheat
Does Digest

That's why Prof. Anderson invented this great process.

These are whole grains, steam exploded—puffed to 8 times normal size.

Over 100 million explosions occur in every kernel—one for every food cell.

The food cells are all blasted, as cooking cannot do. And blasted food cells are fitted for easy, complete digestion.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat made wholly digestible. Every atom feeds.

After School
Cookies or Puffed Grains

What for hungry children after school? Cookies are a part-wheat food. Confections must be restricted.

But crisp any Puffed Grain and douse with butter, and you have an ideal food confection.

These flimsy morsels taste like nut-meats toasted. Yet they are simply grain foods made easy to digest.

Milk Dishes
Should be Encouraged

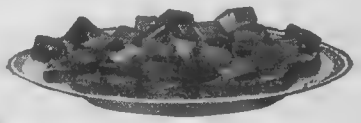
Milk for children is a most important food. It supplies vitamines.

Authorities say a child should drink at least a pint a day.

Puffed Grains make this dish enticing. They are airy, flaky, crisp and toasted—four times as porous as bread.

At Bedtime

The ideal dish is some Puffed Grain in a bowl of milk. It ends the day in a delightful way, and it doesn't tax the stomach.



In Candy

Puffed Rice adds a nut-meat flavor and makes the candy light. It makes each piece half candy and half grain. Stir plenty of Puffed Rice in.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

Whole Grains Steam Exploded

Serve with cream and sugar in the morning. Mix in every dish of fruit. Use as wafers in your soups. Scatter like nut meats on ice cream. Keep all three kinds on hand so people have their choice.

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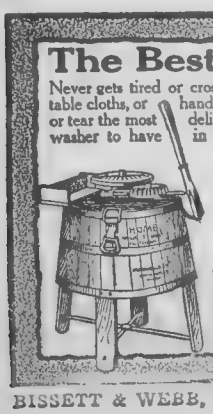

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A STORY WRITER is never what you expect from his writings. I have been disappointed in every author that I have met. So I preserve my anonymity to avoid disappointing others.

I have come to the conclusion that the writer is not to blame for this. It is to his credit that you can see him in his writings. It is not his fault that you do not see him in himself. A man is not easy to find. I did not find myself till a year ago, and then it was through a book of mine.

I had no idea previously that my real self was to be found in my work, except, perhaps, when I wrote about children. I love all children much and my own beyond words. I always said I was an unsentimental man who wrote sentimental stories, because sentiment sold; and I thought that I had had enough to knock the sentiment out of me.

It was my fourth novel, "John Dormer," which set me thinking. It was sold, both as a book and as a serial, before it was completed; and, as I am a man who looks forward and not back, I should naturally have dismissed it straightway from my mind; but I didn't. I was continually going over the scenes between Felicia and John; and gradually I added fresh scenes. Not because they added to the story, or because a sequel was needed, but because I liked to hear them talk to each other—though I made them talk terrible nonsense! And suddenly the truth dawned upon me. John Dormer was myself; and he had done what I wanted to do.

I will not weary you with the plot of the novel. It has had a large sale and probably you have read it. The main point, and the point of likeness to myself, is that John was a prosperous, practical man of forty, unsuspected of sentiment even by himself. In a moment of self-analysis he discovered that his prosperity did not content him; that all his life he had hungered for romance; and he went out from his countinghouse into the world and found—her!

I did not quite reach the point of owning to myself that I wanted romance, or expected to find "her." I put it that I desired to get outside the four walls of my study and "see life"; to travel and learn to know the world.

A few years earlier I could not have taken such a trip, if I had wished to; but now there was no reason why I should not. Five years before I could not have afforded it. Eighteen months back I could not have left my two little children. (I was a widower.) But now I was well to do, thanks to the spinnings of my brain, and I had no uneasiness in leaving the children with the charming lady who presided over my house. She was not very old—about twenty-eight—but she was very capable. She was goodness itself to my little ones; and it was their fondness for her which had induced me to ask her to come and take care of them, when her worthless husband died, and left her penniless; that and my desire to help her, and my liking for her.

"You will understand, Beatrice," I said—I had known her since she was a child, and called her by her Christian name—"that I don't wish you to be just a superior housekeeper, or a head nurse. I want you to be a—let us say a young aunt, or a big sister, to the children; to be the lady of the house, and make the house a home for them. You are—excuse me—a bright young thing; and it's your brightness that I desire for the children. So you must make the house your home too, and feel at liberty to enjoy yourself. Will you come and see if you can be happy with us"?

"How kind you are!" she had cried. "Indeed I will come! And I will make it a happy home for them; and for myself; and" —she held out her hand with her pretty smile—"for you."

She had kept her word, and made us all very contented and comfortable. The children ran about at her skirts and adored her. The servants competed to please her—she was one of those women who are fond of their servants, and make their servants fond of them—and I found her a companion to me, as well as to the children. She took as keen an interest in my affairs as if they were her own, and saved me every labor that she could take upon herself. She kept my accounts and made out the checks for me, and even entered up the records of my stories and wrote business letters for me. I proposed to give her a power of attorney to manage my affairs while I was away. She frowned and pursed her lips when I suggested it; but after a moment she smilingly consented.

"I am rather frightened," she owned; "but, of course, I shouldn't like you to choose anyone else instead. I shall do my best. And you won't grumble. You never do."

"You never give me the chance," I said. "Thank you!"

"It is I who have to thank you," she insisted. "I—I do, you know."

So it was settled; and I arranged to go first to South Africa, by the Union-Castle Line; and then back to Marseilles by the East Coast route; and then to take a trip round the Mediterranean home.

Beatrice brought the children — Bob was eight and Elsa was six—to Southampton to see me off. My last recollection was of her buttoning up Bob's overcoat—there was a cold wind—and putting a wrap over Elsa, and then standing with one arm round each, as the ship moved away, followed by a crowd of screaming sea gulls, showing up white against the black sky.

"God bless them!" I muttered. "All three of them!—If I met a woman like her!—Well, now for life!"

"Then you is a doose, auntie!" Elsa cried.

I did not like to say "romance"; but that was what I meant. In plain English I intended to marry again, if I found the right woman; the woman who is in all my tales. She is always the same—the lover and comrade of the man. That is all that matters.

But it matters very much, and I meant to make quite sure that I had found just this woman, before I married her. I had made one mistake which had imbittered the best years of my life, and I was determined that I would not make another. I was no longer a boy to be carried away by a pretty face and a touch of moonlight, I told myself. I could weigh a woman in the balance; and I would—before I fell too far in love with her.

In the earlier portion of the voyage I weighed Miss Marvain; the first really clever woman I had ever met. I cannot pay too high tribute to her intellectual charm. She had travelled much, and read much, and thought much, and colored it all with her original and kindly personality; she was good-looking and good-humored, and in all respects worthy of esteem. But she was—at any rate outwardly—less soft-hearted than I liked a woman to be; and she did not care for music or for children. My idea of her received a blow when she sang flat at the second Sunday's service—Beatrice was a delightful singer and had rather spoiled me. The idea was killed when she shrugged her shoulders at my playing so much with the children on board.

"It is casting pearls before—nice little pigs!" she said. "Of course, if there were no one else to play with them I'd

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The Shadow of The Gate

Continued from Page 15

girl was rather shallow, and of a totally different nature to Dick, and he did not in consequence view these meetings with any special degree of pleasure.

Nevertheless, although Dick had neither seen his father or mother, nor made any attempt to reach them, still he thought constantly of them, and it would have been the joy of his life to have seen them again united. But——.

Dick Cottingham, however, was a true son of his parents and had duly inherited the trait of "pride," and of course the "monster" would not allow the boy to make a move.

And so—— and so—— and so!

And then the European bubble burst—and war was on. The Hun was out to trample on his supposedly weaker neighbors, and Dick Cottingham, together with countless other noble kindred spirits, went forth to fight, and uphold with honor the dignity which rightly belonged to humanity and justice; the dignity which the treacherous Hun had usurped in so flagrant a manner.

Before going overseas, the boy broke down his barrier of pride and visited, first his father, and later his mother.

Dick endeavoured to effect an understanding between his parents, but his efforts were futile. In both cases it was pride—the same old ogre—that interfered between the boy and his fond hope.

John Cottingham had greeted his son with a quiet joy which spoke volumes for the heart-hunger of the man, and he viewed Dick's point of duty towards the Empire, with keen approval, he had himself tried to enlist, but without success, and he was glad indeed that his boy had taken the right step.

But when Dick had mentioned the possibility of fixing matters so that his father and mother might become reconciled, the elder man looked at his son with a hard, hurt expression in his eyes as he answered:

"Impossible, my boy, impossible! Your mother would not think of it. Besides, I could not humble myself, Dick.

And later, when Dick Cottingham approached his mother, Edith met him with open arms, but in answer to his entreaties that "she should make it up with dad, and—"

She broke in with:

"No, Dick, I can't go to your father, I could not stand it——" and more to the same effect.

And Dick went over-seas with sad, sad thoughts.

IV.

When Dick left for the other side, both John and Edith Cottingham went to the depot to see him off, and thus husband and wife met and spoke together for a few brief minutes, the first speech between John and Edith since that never to be forgotten day in Mr. Barbour's office.

Nothing but common-places were uttered, but somehow, the man's heart was afire, and the light shone from his eyes for the woman he loved—yes, still loved.

John Cottingham mentally recalled the days when Dick was a mere baby, just toddling, "what joyous days those had been."

The occasion seemed to have opened the flood-gates of the man's memory—and as the train ran out he glanced at his wife, almost expecting to see the reflecting glow in her face, but Edith looked coldly at him, and in icy tones voiced:

"Well, he's away!"

That was all the woman uttered, and without so much as a parting word or glance, she turned and hastily left the station.

Oh, woman! those freezing tones and looks were only a blind, a screen between the world, her husband, and her pent up emotion.

Edith Cottingham's whole thought, as she sped from the platform, was centered in her boy.

And after all why not? Was he not her "Richard" her first-born, and now he had gone on active service, gone, perhaps never to return.

And thousands of mothers sent their sons to fight, not knowing whether the dear one would return.

As the last thought was registered, Edith Cottingham suddenly stood still, and uttered aloud:

"Ah, yes, but my Dick has missed the joy of leaving father and mother hand in hand. Poor Dick. It has been very hard on the boy."

The current of thoughts thus turned to her husband, the woman was so thrilled with love for the father of her son, that she hurriedly retraced her steps into the depot, with the intent of humbling her proud nature.

But the man had gone.

If only he had realized the true state of Edith's feelings? How eagerly he would have met her half way?

But John Cottingham had only noted the cold look. And that had been sufficient to deter him from making any advances.

Alack a day!

"He little knows a woman's heart
Who deems it may change."

And so pride—assisted by circumstances—still remained the barrier.

V.

And the early months of the war went by—ah, so swiftly, but crammed to over-flowing with stupendous deeds of daring. Ye gods, how those gallant lads "kept the bridge." And anxious eyes at home went ceaselessly, day by day, through the columns of casualties published in the papers, and as they scanned the last name on the list, with thankful hearts they would be "buoyed up" to wait for the next list.

And thus it was with Mr. and Mrs. Cottingham. They were both utterly lonely, for Edith was now quite by herself, Elsa had recently married a young officer, prior to his going over-seas, and the girl was staying with her husband's relatives.

So the fates, which had separated man and wife, now gave to John and Edith one paramount thought in common, Dick, over-seas fighting in the trenches, was all, and everything to both his parents.

And in the spring of 1916 the British and French offensive began. Back and still further back the Hun was driven—and then on July 1st the Battle of the Somme commenced; finally culminating in grand, glorious victory.

But sadness was mingled with the gladness, for the casualty lists were heavy, sorely heavy. And Dick Cottingham's name was among the "Killed in action."

It was the evening of a beautiful summer day when John Cottingham read the brief record of his son's death in the paper, and for some minutes, stunned by the news, he sat as in a trance, but then, moved by a sudden impulsive flash of inspiration, the man promptly left his room and rapidly made his way across the city.

Dusk had fallen when John, taking a short cut, entered a pretty little ornamental park. It was indeed a beauty spot in the centre of the city, and in the earlier days he had oft times sat with Edith on one of the benches; chatting in loving comradeship, as they watched their children playing near by.

"It seems like yesterday." thought the man, and now a wealth of recollections came flooding into his mind as he hurried along the well remembered path. But his reverie was suddenly interrupted, for as he turned a corner, John Cottingham collided with, and nearly overturned somebody coming from the opposite direction.

In a confusion of apologies, Cottingham barely noticing that the person was of the female sex, was about to pass on, when suddenly the woman spoke in tremulous tones:

"John, I—I wondered if you had heard. And knowing how much you loved the boy—I—I was coming to you ——."

At this instant, John Cottingham suddenly gathered Edith fiercely in his arms, and huskily said:

"I was on my way to you, dear heart. We will bear it together. Shall we try once more, Edith?"

The woman's reply was muffled as she buried her face on her husband's shoulder, but to John Cottingham it was sufficiently intelligible—and his arms tightened round his wife.

And so these two people, leaving the shadows behind them, passed in through the portal of the gate of love, and—even in the midst of their mourning for Dick—claimed the happiness that lies beyond the gate for those who—by a sufficiency of love and forbearance are strong enough to emerge from "the shadow of the gate."

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INCOME TAX RETURNS

The time has again arrived when the voice of the Income Tax man is heard in the land. In this connection the suggestion recently made by a branch of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers is worthy of some consideration. It was recommended that instead of charging the tax for each year separately, the tax should be charged on a three-year basis. As the tax is at present administered a farmer may make a lot of money one year and have to pay a heavy tax and the next year he may have a crop failure and suffer heavy losses but he would not be able to deduct this loss from the profits of any succeeding year. As an example, Farmer Jones finds that for the past three years his farming has resulted as follows:

1917 Net profit,	$10,000	
1918 Loss,	15,000	(crop failure)
1919 Net profit,	5,000	

This means that Farmer Jones has worked for three years and made profits totalling $15,000 and lost $15,000, so that he is no better off financially as a result of his efforts. But the income tax man will tax him on the taxable portion of his 1917 profits of $10,000; no tax will be charged for 1918 but for 1919 Mr. Tax Collector will want a further payment from Mr. Jones, and Farmer Jones will find it is no use to say that after three years he has made no profit, in fact he has actually had a loss because he would have to pay the income tax for 1917 and 1919 out of his capital funds.

This illustration shows what a strong claim the farmer has for a change in the provisions of the Income Tax Act. The small tradesman in the rural district also suffers at times in much the same way as the farmer does because a crop failure in a district affects practically everyone in the district.

A number of instances have occurred where a taxpayer has paid more than he should because he did not fill in the income tax papers correctly. Every man subject to the tax must for his own protection keep an elementary set of books. If these books are properly kept the filling out of the income tax return should give little trouble. It is time and money well spent to keep a proper set of books, however simple they may be.

Who Gets the Exchange Discount?

A reader recently wrote to the Western Home Monthly as follows:

Prince Albert, Sask.
16th Feb. 1920

Financial Editor,
Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Dear Sir:—I bought a draft for $100 payable in New York, several days ago and the bank charged me $116.25. My friend in New York tells me that he only got $100 for the draft. Now I know that the bank charged 25 cents for the draft but I would like to know who got that other $16.

Yours truly,
"Dollar for Dollar."

This reader asks a question that is being asked by many people. The exchange problem is always such a mixed up affair to the average man that he begins to think there is a "nigger" in the fence somewhere. In the instance referred to by our reader, nobody got the $16 he is so anxious about. His friend in New York could have gone to the bank—if the rate of exchange remained at 16 per cent—and he could have obtained $116 in Canadian bank notes for his New York draft of $100. But if he went into a New York store to buy an overcoat priced $116, the storekeeper would want American money for it, not Canadian. He would not get more than $100 of goods for the Canadian bank notes with a face value of $116. Why? Because Canadian bank notes are not real money, they are just promises to pay a certain amount of money.

These promises to pay are sold in New York just like tea and sugar is sold. When tea is scarce the price goes up and when there is more sugar than people really need, the price goes down. Canada is buying such tremendous quantities of goods from the United States that every month we have to pay very large sums of money to our American cousins. We buy more from them than they buy from us and we have to pay them the difference. If we paid that difference in actual gold there would be no exchange rate to pay, but we are not paying it in gold, we are paying it in paper money. In consequence there is so much Canadian paper money in New York that the bankers are not very anxious to buy it. The supply exceeds the demand and just as the price of sugar goes down when there is too much sugar on the market, so the price of Canadian paper money in New York goes down when there is too much of it on the market.

A simple illustration of this is as follows: Jack Canuck owes Uncle Sam $20.00 for a set of books. If Jack Canuck gets a $20.00 Canadian gold piece and sends it to Uncle Sam the debt should be paid because there should be no discount on gold pieces. But the Canadian government has placed an embargo on gold shipments and all that Jack Canuck can do is to send Canadian paper money for $20.00 to Uncle Sam. Paper money is not really money but just promises to pay money. Uncle Sam has so many of these promises to pay that he is not anxious to cash them at their face value, so there is a discount on Canadian paper money in Uncle Sam's country.

You do not like the idea of a Canadian dollar being sold at bargain prices in New York, do you? What are you going to do about it? You can help to remedy the situation. Buy goods made in Canada, produce more than you need so that the surplus can be exported to other countries, work hard, save money and buy Canadian goods.

What are these Trust Companies?

How often have you heard the above question? In days of old there were no trust companies—why have they become so important nowadays? Before trust companies came into existence it was a very common thing to read that John Smith or Thomas Brown or some other person, had died and when his will was opened it was found that the family doctor or some other intimate friend had been appointed executor of the will. Now, the duty of an executor is to do those things which the will states are to be done. Suppose an old friend of the deceased, a furniture salesman, is appointed executor and the will states that $50,000 which the deceased left in the bank is to be invested in real estate mortgages. It is quite possible that the furniture salesman never had $50,000 to invest before. He has very little idea how to start about it so he goes to a friend in the city to get advice. He gets advice and follows it with the result that at the end of five years he has lost $10,000 in bad mortgages. Why did he lose all this money? Because his particular business was selling furniture, he knew nothing of real estate mortgages. He felt it was his duty to act as executor of the estate of his old friend. He followed another man's advice which turned out to be bad advice. There were no trust companies in those days. Could you blame a furniture salesman if he knew nothing about investing large sums of money? After many years during which much money was lost by incompetent and inexperienced executors, somebody decided that it was time things were changed. It was not fair to ask a furniture salesman to be responsible for investing large sums of money. So the first trust company was formed and as the years went by more trust companies were formed

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until to-day we have many of these strong well managed institutions doing business in our midst and relieving the furniture salesman of his responsibilities and saving the beneficaries from losing their money.

What are the duties of a trust company? They may be briefly stated as follows:

1. Taking charge of deceased persons' property and realizing upon it and distributing it according to law.

2. Renting houses, making collection of rents, attending to repairs, insurance, taxes, selling real estate, etc.

3. Investing and managing trust funds, by placing money in mortgages or other forms of investment.

4. Taking charge of the winding up of companies, assignments and bankrupt estates.

MANITOBA'S PUBLIC ACCOUNTS

The people of Manitoba should be particularly pleased with the financial condition of the province as outlined by Hon. Edward Brown, provincial treasurer, when he submitted the public accounts for the past year to the legislature. Mr. Brown reported that the largest surplus in the history of Manitoba had resulted from last year's transactions, the actual surplus being $441,285. It will be remembered that the government estimated last spring that the revenue collected during the year would amount to $8,450,000 but this total was exceeded by $536,076, the actual amount earned being $8,986,076. According to the original plans of the government the expenditure for the year was expected to amount to $9,161,274 but it is satisfactory to note that, for various reasons, the government was able to keep the actual expenditure down to $8,544,790, which was $616,483 less than it was expected to be.

The provincial treasurer made particular reference to the increased assistance which the government has been able to give to educational and agricultural development In the four years from 1911 to 1914 the previous administration spent $2,472,390 for educational purposes spent $2,472,390 for educational purposes, whereas the present government had been able to devote $4,550,250 for these purposes during the past four years. Dealing with financial assistance for agricultural purposes he pointed out that the previous administration expended $1,500,820 during its last four years of office, whereas the present government had spent $2,301,930 during the past four years upon measures designed to develop the agricultural resources of the province.

"We have not embarked upon or given aid to any undertaking outside the legitimate functions of the government." said Mr. Brown in the course of his speech, and then went on to say "We have not pledged the credit of the province to any undertaking of a private character, as the only guarantee of bonds which has been issued under this government outside of strictly government undertakings during our five year term of office have been for the benefit of the Winnipeg General Hospital, an organization which at least is of a semi-public character doing a great deal of work in the public interest.

Dealing with the agricultural development fostered by the government, the provincial treasurer stated "By means of certain measures in the form of aids to agriculture we have helped to open up the backward districts and have increased generally the production of grain of all kinds and dairy products, such as butter, cheese and cream. We have also increased greatly the production of livestock, such as horses, cattle, sheep and swine and following this new production business in all lines has been stimulated." Mr. Brown gave due credit to the farmers of the province for the great part they had played in the development of Manitoba during the past five years, and pointed out that 1919 had been one of the most prosperous years in the history of the province.

Last year the government gave further practical proof of its desire to assist the men who have been on active service when it passed the Soldiers Relief Act. During the year 2,284 soldiers benefited as a result of this legislation and relief to the extent of $180,362 was provided by the government for these men.

Expenditures on capital account for the construction of buildings, good roads, etc., amounted to $4,243,088 during 1919. In addition to this $206,751 was expended on livestock purchases for settlers and conservation of cattle of which sum there had been paid back to the government by settlers the sum of $150,091. Expenditure on the new parliament buildings during the year amounted to $1,051,773 and the total cost of these buildings up to 30th November, 1919 was $6,509,984. Expenditures for Good Roads totalled $404,016.

During the year the government borrowed $4,080,000 on debentures issued and $2,923,000 on treasury bills. The interest on the debentures will cost the province 5.45 per cent. and on the treasury bills 5.28 per cent. The subsidy received from the Dominion Government for 1919 amounted to $1,470,991, made up as follows: allowance for government $190,000; 80 cents per head on population of 613,000, $490,400; allowance in lieu of lands, $409,007 and interest on capital $7,631,683 at 5 per cent., $381,584. School lands produced $388,043 during the year, although the actual earnings on this account amounted to $452,878. The investment of provincial funds in the Manitoba Farm Loans Association was increased by $700,000 during 1919 and now totals $2,400,000. tial assistance to rural credit societies ial assistance to rural credit societies and now holds shares in the various associations amounting to $9,310. It will be noted from the balance sheet published elsewhere in this issue that the total debt of the province now amounts to $39,820,870. Total assets of the province amount to $81,744,607. These figures demonstrate the fine financial position that Manitoba has attained and is plain proof of the reasons why the credit of the province stands so high in the financial world to-day.

Easy Ways to Multiply

To multiply by 5 annex a cipher to the multiplicand and divide by 2. For example, 5×387642 is 1938210. To multiply by 50 annex two ciphers and divide by 2. The same method can be used whenever 5 appears in the multiplier.

To multiply by 25 annex two ciphers and divide by 4. Since 25 is one quarter of 100, that gives the required result.

Suppose you wish to know the price of 26,000 feet of lumber at $32 a thousand. Think of 26 as 25+1 and of 25×$32 as $3,200÷4, or $800. To that you add $32 and have the result, $832. Similarly, for 76,000 feet of lumber you think of 76 as 50+25+1, which is $1,600+$800+$32. The sum can readily be done without paper or pencil by following the rules, especially the rule to begin at the left in adding such numbers.

Again, to multiply by 525 begin at the left, multiply by 500, then by 25, and add the partial products. Take 525×28731. Add three ciphers to 28731 and divide by 2; add two ciphers to 28731 and divide by four; add the two results.

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14365500
  718275
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15083775
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At first you will have a little difficulty in determining the place of the first figure at the left, but it is really a simple matter. Here, for example, you see that 50 times the given number would begin only one place to the right, since 50 is one tenth of 500; 25 times is one half of 50 times and begins one place farther to the right, since the first figure in 50 times is a 1.

To multiply by 125 annex three ciphers and divide by 8. Similarly, to multiply by 33 1-3, 16 2-3 or 12½ annex two ciphers and divide by 3, 6 or 8, respectively. The rules involving fractions are useful mainly in approximate computation. Thus to get an approximation of multiplying by 34 take one-third of 100 times the given number. To get the exact product you must add 2-3rds of the multiplicand. 34×$432 is nearly 1-3rd of $43,200, or $14,400. To obtain the exact result add 2-3rds of 432, which means merely doubling the first three figures of the given approximate product; in this case it would be 288.

Government of the Province of Manitoba

COMBINED BALANCE SHEET

As at November 30th, 1919

ASSETS

Cash on Hand		$ 2,922,399.62
Available for:—		
Public Works and Undertakings	$ 1,761,568.12	
Drainage Districts Capital Outlay	29,428.98	
Current Expenditure	331,400.54	
Extinguishment of Bonded indebtedness and held in trust..... 651,280.43*		
Patriotic Purposes—Unexpended portion of Treasury Bill	148,721.55	
	$2,922,399.62	
Investments—		5,792,741.69
Capital Monies	1,763,310.00	
Sinking, Replacement and Trust Funds	4,029,431.69*	
	$5,792,741.69*	
Secured and Other Accounts—		8,626,772.97
Secured Accounts-Capital Monies	1,053,143.62	
Other Accounts-Revenue Monies	822,672.07	
Outstanding Revenue	1,173,372.29	
	$3,049,187.98	
Add:		
Land Agreements, Judgments and Succession Duties (See Deferred Balance Sheet)	5,577,584.99	
	$8,626,772.97	

LIABILITIES

Treasury Bills and Accounts Payable:		$ 5,178,017.43
Payable out of Capital—		
Treasury Bills	$ 2,923,000.00	
Payable out of Revenue—		
Treasury Bills	1,720,000.00	
Accounts Payable	98,201.42	
Interest and School Grants Accrued	436,816.01	
	$5,178,017.43	
Sinking Funds, Replacement Reserves and Trust Funds		4,680,712.12*
Acquired by Levy	1,032,747.48	
Appropriated from Revenue	3,052,544.42	
Obtained from Trust Deposits	595,420.22	
	$4,680,712.12*	
Stocks and Bonds:		36,897,870.34
Revenue Bearing	21,117,510.52	
Non-Revenue Bearing	15,780,359.82	
	$36,897,870.34	
Profit on Bond Conversion:		449,403.30
Surplus—		
Being Excess of Assets over Liabilities		34,376,194.38
Capital Surplus	15,135,288.82	
Revenue Surplus	680,215.29	
Deferred Surplus	18,560,690.27	
	$34,376,194.38	
Dominion of Canada		12,651,693.60
Public Works and Undertakings (Book Values)		31,536,861.98
Drainage and Judicial Districts—		
Capital Expenditure (Net)		6,147,533.34
Unsold Lands—See Deferred Balance Sheet		13,278,912.23
		$80,956,915.43
Deduct:		81,582,197.57
Appropriation of Revenue for Extinguishment of Bonded Debt exclusive of Telephone Appropriation		625,282.14
		$80,956,915.43

NOTE:—

(A) In addition to the above Liabilities the Province has guaranteed the Principal and Interest on Securities, as follows:—

Canadian Northern Railway Securities	$25,663,553.33
Municipal Debentures, etc.	1,880,329.55
Manitoba Farm Loans Association Securities	2,755,289.28
(Of this last amount $1,200,000.00 are held by the Province of Manitoba)	
	$30,299,172.16

(B) The Province has also guaranteed the Interest only on Municipal Debentures of a total par value of $99,500.00, and has guaranteed the rentals payable to the Northern Pacific Railway Company in respect of certain Railways in Manitoba leased.

Correct,

J. G. STEELE,
Comptroller-General.

The Bank of Nova Scotia

EIGHTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT

Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending December 31st, 1919

PROFIT AND LOSS

Balance December 31st, 1918	$ 749,694.51
Net Profits for year, losses by Bad Debts estimated and provided for	1,925,478.39
	$2,675,172.90
Dividend No. 197 at 16 per cent per annum paid 1st April, 1919	$ 260,000.00
Dividend No. 198 at 16 per cent per annum paid 2nd July, 1919	345,333.35
Dividend No. 199 at 16 per cent per annum paid 1st October, 1919	388,000.00
Dividend No. 200 at 16 per cent per annum payable 2nd January, 1920	388,000.00
War Tax on circulation to December 31st, 1919	89,666.67
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund	100,000.00
Written off Bank Premises Account	200,000.00
Transferred to Reserve Fund	200,000.00
Balance carried forward December 31st, 1919	704,172.88
	$2,675,172.90

RESERVE FUND

Balance December 31st, 1918	$12,000,000.00
Transferred from The Bank of Ottawa	5,800,000.00
Transferred from Profit and Loss	200,000.00
Balance forward December 31st, 1919	$18,000,000.00

General Statement as at December 31st, 1919

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in		$ 9,700,000.00	
Reserve Fund		18,000,000.00	
Balance of Profits, as per Profit & Loss Account		704,172.88	
Dividends declared and unpaid		389,754.51	
			$28,793,927.39
Notes of the Bank in circulation		23,266,962.68	
Deposits not bearing interest	$53,745,723.18		
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date	126,546,884.79		
		180,292,607.97	
		$203,559,570.65	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada		1,823,524.72	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom		110,614.00	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom		3,506,047.58	
			208,999,756.95
Acceptances under Letters of Credit			485,037.72
			$238,278,722.06

ASSETS

Current Coin	$11,806,787.18	
Dominion Notes	20,714,771.75	
Notes of other Banks	2,746,059.83	
Cheques on other Banks	12,301,502.30	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom, and sterling exchange	2,436,755.59	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	4,392,976.43	
	$54,398,853.08	
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves	15,500,000.00	
Dominion and Provincial Government securities, not exceeding market value	13,764,851.75	
Canadian municipal securities and British, Foreign and Colonial public securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value	26,821,795.24	
Railway and other bonds, debentures and stocks, not exceeding market value	3,845,065.09	
Demand loans in Canada secured by grain and other staple commodities	14,114,490.90	
Call and demand loans elsewhere than in Canada	15,141,250.89	
	$143,586,306.95	
Call and demand loans in Canada secured by bonds, debentures and stocks	7,494,072.28	
		151,080,379.23
Deposit with the Minister of Finance for the purposes of the circulation fund	525,710.06	
Loans to governments and municipalities	2,746,545.12	
Other current loans and discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)	66,171,447.43	
Other current loans and discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)	11,696,583.80	
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra	485,037.72	
Overdue debts, estimated loss provided for	108,873.29	
Bank Premises at not more than cost, less amounts written off	5,015,914.56	
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	166,175.84	
Other assets not included in the foregoing	282,055.01	
		87,198,342.83
		$238,278,722.06

CHARLES ARCHIBALD, President. H. A. RICHARDSON, General Manager.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

We have examined the books and accounts of The Bank of Nova Scotia, at its Chief Office, and have been furnished with certified returns from the Branches, and we find that the above statement of Liabilities and Assets, as at December 31st, 1919, is in accordance therewith. The Bank's investments and the securities and cash on hand at the Chief Office and at several of the principal Branches of the Bank, were verified by us as at the close of business, December 31st, 1919, and in addition we visited the Chief Office and certain Branches during the year, when we checked the cash and verified the securities and found them to be in agreement with the books. We have obtained all information and explanations required, and all transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have, in our opinion, been within the powers of the Bank. And we certify that the above statement of Liabilities and Assets as at December 31st, 1919, is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

A. B. BRODIE, C.A.
D. McK. McCLELLAND, C.A. Auditors.
of the firm of Price, Waterhouse & Co.

Toronto, Canada, 15th January, 1920.

Do not set the old method against the new the first time that you try the new method. Work several problems by the short processes; then take a dozen or twenty problems and work them first by the old method and then by the new, and keep track of the time. Then take another list of problems and work first by the new and then by the old method and again observe the time that you require for each set. If you find that you solve the problem almost as quickly by the new way as by the old, it is good evidence that after more practice the new way will save time.

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

In this issue will be found a copy of the Annual Report of the above Bank showing its standing at the end of December, 1919. The Statement shows total assets of $238,278,722.06. Deposits from the public amount to the sum of $180,292,607.97 showing a very large increase over the figures of the previous year. This increase is largely accounted for by the fact that during the year the Bank of Ottawa was absorbed by the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Statement now published combines the business of the two Banks. The profits for the year amounted to $1,925,478.39 being at the rate of 7.58 per cent. on the average shareholders capital invested.

The Bank of Nova Scotia has in the Western Provinces thirty-three branches and it is represented at all the principal points. The Bank is also largely interested in Newfoundland, Jamaica, Cuba and the West Indies, as well as in the principal cities of the United States and in London, Eng.

One interesting feature of the Statement is the item referring to advances secured by grain, etc., which amount to over $14,000,000. The Bank of Nova Scotia with its Capital of $9,700,000 and its Reserve Fund of $18,000,000 is one of the largest and strongest banks in the Dominion and is in a very favorable position to take on all new business of a desirable nature which may be offered.

In the General Manager's Statement at the recent Annual Meeting of Shareholders he referred to the fact that the great development and prosperity in Western Canada would make new and ever increasing demands on the Bank, which they would be able to take care of to the fullest extent.

THE LITTLE WAVE

By May Heward

"What's this?" asked the Little Wave as he squeezed through a hole in the side of the boat, only to find himself scooped up in a blue cap with gold braid on it and flung overboard.

"Whatever is it?" he repeated, chuckling as he ran in again and this time he stayed in, for the man in the boat was very tired of bailing the water out with his cap and he sat back on his heels and looked round him with a sigh.

"Why can't you see?" answered the boat and she too was very tired, "I've got a hole in my side and soon I shall sink."

"How did that happen?" asked the Little Wave.

"We struck a mine, at least I think it was, anyhow it made a great noise.

"Well, where's the rest of the crew?"

"How inquisitive you are! I don't know, but I think they got off in the other boats, all but this man and I think he's the captain, because he was the last to leave the ship."

"Which went down," suggested the Little Wave, busy exploring.

"Well, did you suppose it went up?" snapped the Boat, she was very tired.

"Must have done if you struck a mine," cried the Wave and chuckled at his own wit, then he flew over the side again out of the gold-braided cap.

"Well, all I know is that I can't float much longer," said the Boat, "I'm as tired as I can be and I'm going to sink."

"No, don't do that," cried the Little Wave in a hurry. "Look here! If I get my brothers and sisters to push, do you think you could get as far as that strip of sand yonder?"

"Perhaps I could," answered the Boat, raising herself on a big wave to look. "But even then the captain will never get ashore across all that marsh. It will be covered when the tide comes in, won't it?"

"Yes, but there is a way across."

"He won't know it."

The Little Wave thought a moment.

"There's Peter," he said, "he knows the way."

"Who's Peter?' asked the Boat.

"Friend of mine," returned the Little Wave. "Look here! I'll tell you what. Get the captain up on that bit of sand if you can and I'll go and fetch Peter."

"All right," said the Boat, "only be quick."

Away went the Little Wave in a tearing hurry across the sand already wet with the incoming tide. In and out among the creeks and pools of the marshes which lay beyond till he came whispering and rippling to the grass edge which was the real land. And there on an upturned boat sat Peter and his dog Blot.

"I wonder," said Peter, as the Little Wave came rippling to his feet, "I wonder if the Cockle Woman wants her basket very badly."

Not in the Dictionary

A French officer, who since the outbreak of the war had pursued the study of English with such ardor that he was at last beginning to feel able to converse freely with the British allies of his country, recently, so a correspondent declares, received a discouraging check to his innocent self-satisfaction. He had forgotten that where Tommy, Tammas and Pat are together under arms it is not always dictionary English that is spoken.

With a friend, an English officer, he chanced to visit a company kitchen belonging to a Highland regiment just as the cook was compounding a savory stew of the sort known in his native land as hodgepodge. The Frenchman sniffed the appetizing aroma and peered with interest into the pot.

"What is it you cook, mon ami?" he inquired.

"'Odgepodge, sir," was the reply.

"'Odgepodge? 'Odgepodge? I know it not. Tell me, then, how is it made?"

"Why," said Tammas readily, "there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and—"

"But yes, so I see," assented the Frenchman, puzzled. "The vegetables, yes; but what is intil't?"

It was Tammas's turn to be puzzled, but he repeated with patient politeness:

"There's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and—"

"Oue, certainement! But intil't—what is intil't?"

Tammas flourished his long spoon with a gesture of helpless despair.

"Am I na juist tellin' ye, sir, what's intil't? There's mutton intil't, and—"

But just there the English officer stopped laughing long enough to explain that "intil't," although not to be found in the dictionary, was a perfectly good Scottish abbreviation for "into it" or "in it"; it was not an ingredient.

"In your so-expressive idiom, then," said the amiable Frenchman, joining the laugh, "I put my foot intil't, did I not? I, who thought it was a seasoning! Not yet, alas, do I comprehend fully the English language!"

THE REASON WHY

How to "damn with faint praise," in characteristically Scottish fashion, is told in the following story. As it runs, a certain politician was playing golf on a Scottish course, when he remarked to his caddie, "By the way, the last time I was here, I played with Tom McGregor. He's a grand player!"

"Ay," said the caddie, "but ye could beat Tam McGregor noo."

Knowing what a skilful player McGregor had shown himself to be, the politician was immensely pleased at the caddie's compliment to his own improved play.

"Do you think so?" he exclaimed.

"Ay," came the slow reply. "Tam McGregor's deid!"

His Self-Control

Mr. Brown was excitable by nature, but he often prided himself audibly upon his self-control. One night while the family were gathered at the tea-table the chimney began to roar; the furnace draft had been opened and forgotten. Straightway a panic ensued.

"Don't lose your heads—keep cool!" cried Mr. Brown. "It's nothing serious."

He dashed up the stairs, discovered that the metal cap over the only unused stovepipe hole was already red hot, and dashed down again faster than he went up.

"K-keep cool!" he gasped, as he passed through the room where the family had gathered in nervous apprehension. "I'll be back in a minute."

He was back in less than that time, having observed that the flames were spouting several feet high from the chimney, and that a shower of sparks was falling upon the roof.

"Wh-where's the step ladder?" he panted.

He was gone before any one could answer the question, and presently was heard bellowing from the roof of the wood-shed. He presented an heroic figure in the glare of the blazing chimney.

"I've got one end of the hose!" he called. "Some one attach the other end and turn on the water—quick!"

Two long minutes passed.

"Why doesn't some one do as I ordered?" he thundered. "Do you want the place to burn up?"

"We can't, Henry!" called Mrs Brown, tremblingly. "You haven't got the hose—you've got the cow-rope. It was hanging next to the hose in the shed. And anyway, the roof is covered with ice, and I don't think there's any great danger from the outside. You'd better go and watch the chimney from the inside."

A half-hour later the family were again at the tea-table.

"If this had happened in some homes," remarked Mr. Brown, "the family would have lost their heads completely and sent in an alarm. Self-control is an excellent thing—and far from common."

"Indeed it is!" agreed Mrs. Brown, emphatically.

His Plea

A negro who was well-known to the judge had been haled into court on a charge of having struck a relative with a brick. After the usual preliminaries, says Everybody's Magazine, the court inquired:

"Why did you hit this man?"

"Jedge, he called me a black rascal."

"Well, you are one, aren't you?"

"Yessah, maybe I is one. But, jedge, s'pose some one should call you a black rascal, wouldn't you hit 'em?"

"But I'm not one, am I?"

"Naw, sah, naw, sah, you ain't one; but s'pose some one'd call you de kind of rascal you is, what'd you do?"

Not His Name

In Dublin a zealous policeman caught a cab driver in the act of driving recklessly. The officer stopped him and said:

"What's yer name?"

"Ye'd better try and find out," said the driver peevishly.

"Sure, and I will," said the policeman, as he went round to the side of the cab where the name ought to have been painted; but the letters had been rubbed off.

"Aha!" cried the officer. "Now ye'll git yersel' into worse disgrace than ever. Yer name seems to be obliterated."

"You're wrong!" shouted the driver triumphantly. "'Tis O'Sullivan!"

A Grave Question

The sponsor for the following bit of characteristic dialogue is London Opinion:

Shopkeeper—"Now, look here, little girl, I can't spend the whole day showing you penny toys. Do you want the earth with a little red fence round it for a penny?"

Little Girl—"Let me see it if you please."

A School-Teacher's Victory

On a transatlantic liner, during a recent voyage from Liverpool to New York, there was a dapper little fellow from London whose unlimited conceit made him anything but popular with his fellow passengers. He was so ready of wit he usually had the best of it in repartee. Each time, of course, he became more conceited than before. It was a bright Brooklyn school-teacher who finally wrought his downfall.

One day, in a sheltered spot on the deck, some of the passengers were passing the time in playing a game of quotations. As they sat in a semi-circle, each in turn gave a quotation—the first quotation beginning with "A," the second with "B," and so on. The special point was to give a quotation suggested in some way by the preceding one or by the person who had given it. Chance brought the Brooklyn school-teacher seventh in line, next to the young man from London. When the young man's turn came, he looked round with a superior smile, and quoted:

"Frailty, thy name is woman."

There was an instant's hesitation; then the clear, level tones of the young teacher were heard:

"God made him; therefore let him pass for a man!"

The roar of laughter that followed broke up the game. For the rest of the voyage the dapper young man thought more and talked less.

J. O. TURNBULL

INSPECTOR OF INSURANCE FOR MANITOBA BECOMES AGENCY DIRECTOR FOR NORTH-WESTERN LIFE

J. O. Turnbull has retired from the position of inspector in the Insurance Department of the Manitoba Government (a position which he has creditably filled during the past seven years) to accept an appointment as Agency Director of the Northwestern Life Assurance Company.

Mr. Turnbull's insurance experience made him eminently fitted to discharge the duties of Inspector of Insurance Companies. His retirement from the office called forth the sincere regrets of the Provincial Treasurer and the whole staff of the Insurance Department.

The opening presented by the Northwestern Life, a company which has been subject to his personal inspection since its inception, will afford ample scope for his abilities and experience. His genial manner, optimistic temperament and knowledge of character will give increased confidence and inspiration to the field forces and will result in increasing the ratio of development of business and accelerate the speed with which this enterprising company is forging its way to the forefront of Insurance Institutions.

Mr. Turnbull's insurance experience covers a period of thirty years during which he has passed from Agent to Branch Manager and finally the important appointment of Inspector of Insurance Companies for the Province. He has a thorough knowledge of the duties, difficulties and successes of the Agency organization and looks to the future of the Northwestern Life with unbounded confidence.

— 1919 —

The Northwestern's Greatest Year

BEATS ALL RECORDS OF CANADIAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES AT THE SAME AGE

Applications for 1919 total nearly a Million and a Quarter Dollars

ASSETS PASS THE HALF MILLION MARK
TOTAL RESOURCES NEARLY A MILLION AND A HALF DOLLARS

DIRECTORS' REPORT

To the Shareholders of The Northwestern Life Assurance Company:—

Your Directors take pleasure in submitting their report covering the operations for 1919, your Company's most successful year.

Closing of Business year—In accordance with a resolution of the Board of Directors the books of the Company were closed on December 15th to enable the Auditor to produce his report at an earlier date than in the past. This year's report, therefore, covers eleven and a half months of business operations.

New Business—Applications received amounted to $1,147,000.00. After deducting declined and postponed applications as well as a large amount carried over into 1920 on account of closing the books on December 15th, the policies actually issued totalled $980,894.00.

The total business in force at the date of closing the books was $1,874,994.00.

Assets—The cash assets of the Company show an increase of $96,318.80 and now amount to $430,354.12. Assets of all kinds, including balances on stock in course of collection show an increase of $184,432.10, and now amount to $583,378.12.

Liabilities—Liabilities to the public amount to $338,720.91, an increase of only $64,523.79 as against the large comparative increase in assets shown above.

Investments—Our investments now amount to $371,593.49, an increase of $84,268.22. The average interest return is 5.76%. The Company still maintains a conservative policy in this respect. Practically every dollar of these could be liquidated on short notice.

Income and Expenses—The Company's income as per revenue account amounted to $137,005.56 while total expenditure, including death claims, was only $58,861.81, showing a surplus over all expenditure of $78,143.75.

Mortality—Death Claims were again extremely light amounting to only $8,500, and one claim for $1,000 carried over from the previous year. This indicates most careful selection of risks on the part of our medical examiners and Chief Medical Officer, Dr. Lenahan, and also indicates that the heavy mortality expected on account of risks being impaired by the "flu" has not materialized.

Reserves—Our Reserves for the protection of policyholders are still on the highest basis of any Canadian Company. These now amount to $147,133.32, being over $16,200.32 greater than the reserve required by the Dominion Government.

Total Resources—The Company now has total resources for the protection of policyholders amounting to $1,458,378.12, an increase of $683,006.64.

Audit—The Company's books have been regularly audited by W. G. Sanburn, C.A., and the reserves are certified to by C. C. Sinclair, F.A.S.

Directors—Your Directors continue to serve without remuneration. They retire annually and are eligible for re-election.

Representatives and Employees—The Directors, in recognition of the faithful and efficient service of the office staff presented each employee with a Christmas bonus and we are now making provision for a Group Assurance scheme for both Office and Field Staffs.

Presented on behalf of the Board of Directors.

J. F. C. MENLOVE, President — H. R. S. McCABE, Managing Director — F. O. MABER, Secretary

BALANCE SHEET (December 31st, 1919)

ASSETS		LIABILITIES		
Cash on hand and in Banks	$ 15,298.55	Reserves (Dominion Government Basis)		$130,933.00
Victory and other Bonds, Town, Municipal, School and Telephone Debentures	347,884.07	Reserves in excess of D.G.B.		16,200.32
Mortgages	23,302.02	Policy Dividends awaiting allocation		72.80
Interest accrued (to Dec. 31)	3,604.97	Victory Bond Account		190,000.00
Policy loans and accrued interest	412.42	Premiums paid in advance		1,149.79
Premium notes, outstanding and deferred premiums, less commission (Reserve included in liabilities)	15,759.06	All other liabilities		365.00
Office Furniture and Equipment, Agents' Balances and other assets	24,093.03	Total liabilities to the public		338,720.91
		SURPLUS to the public		91,633.21
				$430,354.12
		Surplus as above	$91,633.21	
		Capital Stock paid	83,128.30	
Cash Assets	$430,354.12	Shareholders' Surplus	8,504.91	

Certified Correct, (Sgd.) W. G. SANBURN & CO., Chartered Accountants

REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE

Total Revenue for 1919	$137,005.56
Total Expenditure for 1919 (including death claims)	58,861.81
EXCESS OF REVENUE OVER EXPENDITURE	$ 78,143.75

While the revenue of the Company increased by $54,459.88 over 1918, the expenditure increased by only $20,333.82.

TOTAL ASSETS OF ALL KINDS		TOTAL RESOURCES	
Cash Assets	$430,354.12	Assets of all kinds	$583,378.12
Other Assets, including Market Value and balances on Victory Bonds and Stock	153,024.00	Uncalled Capital	875,000.00
	$583,378.12		1,458,378.12

The NORTHWESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG MAN
H R S McCABE Managing Director
F O MABER Secretary

Priscilla's Decision

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Eleanor Bremer

PRISCILLA was a plain girl. Priscilla was an ordinary girl. What could there be in life for her. Those, who are given to following the careers of brilliant women, so vividly portrayed in popular fiction, will wonder what place a Priscilla could fill in this old world. For she was plain, ordinary and twenty-five. According to all tradition she should have been married to some good, honest man who would have taken unto himself the right to make or mar her future. But Priscilla was unmarried and contrary to tradition and to the belief of the women of the preceding generation was quite undesirous of marrying.

These were fearful handicaps truly, and what had Priscilla to offset them? She had no rich relations to whom she might look in case of need; she had no home to which she might go in case of accident. She had, however, the self-reliance and independence which characterizes the Canadian girl. As equipment for life's little game, Priscilla had a good, sound education and a first class teacher's certificate. At the age of twenty-five she hadn't saved a cent as she had invested all her earnings in little trips taken during her summer vacations.

Priscilla had accepted very recently a school far out in the hills of Alberta. She had taken the train from Edmonton and arrived in the early morning in a queer little town, a bare, sprawly, sandy little town, quite shut in by treeless hills. She had found her way to the only hotel in the place, and after wakening the proprietor, a saffron gentleman, was assigned a room. She did not like the looks of the place, especially as it seemed to be manned by Chinamen. Priscilla upon finding that her door was keyless, placed her furniture in such a way that it formed a barricade, so strong that only a battering ram could force it. She was much in need of rest and hoped to sleep until the forenoon when she would leave for her school. She found upon examination that the bed had not seen a change of linen for some time, her plan to rest was now quite broken. She sat down in a chair, and read until dawn began to streak the sky. The little school teacher was growing weary; when day came it found her thankful indeed and she went downstairs to breakfast. The Chinamen, Pon and Happy, evidently thought they were entertaining a pugilist unawares, for they served her three eggs, five slices of toast and four boiled potatoes, all this for one lonely, tired girl.

The world was all awry for Priscilla. She couldn't ear, she couldn't walk for the wind was blowing the sand in gusts.

She sat down in the hotel, in the front part where the shop was, and watched the men come in and buy tobacco and two per cent. After a number had bought chewing tobacco and enjoyed its toothsome flavor in her presence, she moved to another room. Here she read all the papers she could find. Finally a man came in and asked if the teacher for Blank Hills was there. Priscilla certainly was there, and the became quite cheerful at the prospect of a change. Hurrah! she was to go out in a Ford and how the times passed as they cut the wind with the old car. She didn't hear much that the driver said as they sped along, in spite of the fact that he chattered incessantly.

She was tired and thirsty at the end of the trip, and her heart warmed as they approached the secretary's house. At last she had reached a haven and she cheerfully waved a good-bye to the car as it left her. Priscilla found upon being left at the secretary's house that the man who had intended boarding her, had changed his mind, that he, the secretary, had no room for her and that there was no other place for her in the district. There was a vacant house over there in the gap, she might go there. She went over quite undaunted, having her baggage transferred from the first stop.

The house was a two-roomed log house. Like this town it was situated in a gap, shut in by the same grey, cold hills. Yes, there was a house and there was a roof on it and there were walls, there was a floor and there was furniture, and indeed the house was furnished, but girl never entered a more depressing house. Once an old, old lady had lived there. Here was a withered wreath and there a faded flower. Here was pinned an old remnant of coffin lining and on the walls were sad bits of prayers with poems on the joy of casting off this mortal coil. There, deeply veiled so that dust might not touch him, was King Edward VII, who would so much have preferred cheering the room with his direct, manly gaze. Pictures of little old-fashioned boys were hung about and over all was a heavy dust, the accumulation of some two years.

Priscilla cleaned one room by putting everything in the other. When she was almost suffocated with the dust, she went out to get the secretary to show her the new school. He informed her on the way over that it was not quite finished. She believed him as they approached the grounds for there loomed into sight the skeleton of a school-house in process of erection. Then she was told that she was to hold school in one room of her shack until the building was completed.

That night Priscilla thought. She thought of the dismal little town, of the Chinamen, of the tobacco, of her wait, and her mind began revolving many memories. She heard the wind tearing, the tar paper on her walls, and she heard the mice scamper across the floor, and her mind refused to rest. She thought of her years of work as a teacher and of her desire to go to the university. Then she remembered Robert, the man whom she had known in her old Nova Scotian home, Robert, who was now a prosperous rancher in Southern Alberta. She did not wish particularly to marry, she was plain and mediocre. Robert was the only man who had ever remained sincere and who had wished always to marry her. That had been a short, bright dream which had made life very bright for her at one time, but it had died like the sound of the trumpets when the volunteers marched away. And Robert was good and honest. Then her mind turned to the possibility of going to college, but there were difficulties—she lacked funds, had not matriculated. Once she had tried to study Latin and French extra-murally, but after teaching all day she was too tired to concentrate. And now she was twenty-five, and most freshettes who entered college were seventeen or eighteen. Then her mind reverted to Robert and again the shadowy figure of a soldier came before her eyes, making this impossible for the time.

The next morning the children came and she seated them around the table. There were ten of them, little girls and boys, big boys and girls. The shoulders of the little ones ached because the table was too high; the shoulders of the big boys and girls ached because the table was so low that they had to stoop and yet the children were patient. Somehow things didn't go as they should have. In the middle of a lesson on Champlain's Indian policy, Priscilla caught herself wondering if his policy mattered a whit on the scheme of things. When she was teaching a literature lesson on the "Passing of Arthur," she came to the lines, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and before she was aware of it she had exclaimed, "Does it—it never has for me."

Yes, the children were as good as gold, but she, Priscilla, was tired and wearied. That evening when she was preparing her supper, she burned her toast and broke the yoke of the egg she was about to poach. Everything was awry, but Priscilla did not break down. She tried to sleep, and again she couldn't because she must think. She ran the gamut of her varied experiences, she thought of her old home, of college, of the soldier, of school teaching and of Robert. She had been teaching for seven years now and this place at Blank Hills was no worse than some of her other schools. What was the matter?

Tuesday morning brought the children again, they were very happy, they were liking Priscilla, and she felt more cheerful. After all when the wind hushed and the fire burned in her little stove, it was rather happier. Then there was one's books and above all one's independence. After school she went over to the little store and bought some groceries. She brought them home and looked over her bills; the grocer charged her eighty cents a dozen for oranges—you see he thought she was drawing a fat salary and could

Continued on Page 48

Reclaimed Swamp Land

Homestead Terms.
No cash payment.
When crops begin your payments will begin.
No interest until your land begins to produce.
Open prairie.
There are only enough trees for stock shelter. The government has completed a drainage ditch which makes this land high and dry. Close to town. Adjoining farmers prosperous. Write us for full information.

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200 Garry Bldg. - Winnipeg

The Royal Bank of Canada

Give your Boy a Chance! You will not miss the small monthly amounts.

On the first day of every month draw a cheque for $10 for the credit of your son's Savings Account. Do this regularly for (say) ten years.

Your boy will then have $1,387.42. He can own a farm when other boys are still working for wages.

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TOTAL RESOURCES - $635,000,000
625 BRANCHES

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27 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal.

Irrigation Means Prosperity

Approximately one hundred and fifty thousand acres of irrigated land were producing crops in Southern Alberta in 1919. A conservative estimate places the value of these crops at over $6,000,000. This works out at an average return of $40 for each acre of irrigated land in crop. Thirty to forty bushels to the acre of wheat and eighty to one hundred bushels to the acre of oats were not uncommon yields on the irrigated farms. Proportionately good crops of barley and flax were also harvested. But the best returns came from alfalfa. Few farmers harvested less than four tons to the acre of this crop, which they had no difficulty in selling at $30 a ton. This meant a return of $120 an acre for the season. No wonder irrigation and prosperity are synonymous in Southern Alberta.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has thousands of acres of irrigable land capable of producing such crops as these regularly, season after season, for sale at low prices and on easy terms. Only one-tenth cash and twenty years to pay. Loan of $2,000 for buildings, etc., granted to married men who are experienced farmers.

Free booklets containing full information gladly sent upon request to

ALLAN CAMERON,
General Superintendent of Lands,
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911—1st Street East,
Calgary

5

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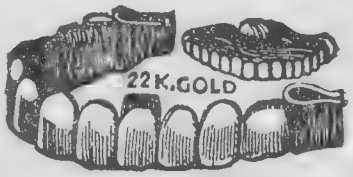

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Personal Naturalization

As a proposed plank in the political platform of the Canadian Council of Agriculture and of the organized farmers generally, this question came up at all three of the annual provincial gatherings of the organized farmers.

It was adopted by Manitoba and Saskatchewan and laid on the table by Alberta, though the women's section of the Alberta organization, in their separate meeting, voted strongly in favor of it.

Listening to the discussion at the various conventions it has seemed to me that there is a general lack of understanding of the whole question of naturalization. Far be it from me to pose as an expert on the subject, but perhaps it may help to view the matter in an impartial light.

As a native born Canadian and one who can count four generations born on Canadian soil on the distaff side of the house, let me say that we have been greatly to blame in the matter of the attitude of the foreign born towards Canadian citizenship.

Our own citizenship came to us without a struggle, it was something which we inherited, we did not fight for it or pay for it, we were born into the enjoyment of free British institutions, and like most things which come to us lightly the blessings and responsibilities of our citizenship were lightly held and lightly esteemed. We were willing for anyone to run the country while we attended to our own personal affair of making a living.

Frequently we growled at the government and talked of statesmen and members of government either as dishonest or incapable, entirely forgetting that as a people we were governed just exactly as we might hope to be when we thought only of our own concerns and never of the nation and our responsibilities in building it up. Just why a people who were too absorbed in their own personal affairs to give a really unselfish thought to the country should have expected the men whom, with often not the slightest regard to their morals or their capacity, but only for their party affiliations were elected to power and place, to be unselfish, statesmenlike and altruistic it is a little difficult to imagine, and yet, apparently this is what we did expect, at least it is what we grumbled at because we did not get, wholly ignoring that in a democratic country the people get no higher or better government than they themselves appoint.

Having for years elected governments haphazard there was an insistent cry for more people to develop the country. Just now the farmers are very fond of blaming the railways and the manufacturers for the bringing in of large bodies of undesirable immigrants in order to secure cheap labor. Yet the writer has sat through many a farmers' meeting when the need of more and more immigrants was urged, also the need of more and more railways. The farmers wanted cheap labor on their farms and they also wanted the railways to carry out their produce and the railways had to import labor to build those railways. There is no one section that can truthfully cry off from responsibility for our immigration problems excepting union labor and the salaried and professional classes.

With the demand strong for immigration, governments in power, and naturally wanting to remain there, set about gratifying this demand for immigrants. The United States, having more in the way of attractions to offer, naturally got the pick of immigration and Canada took it when and where she could get it, and to-day we stand aghast at the absence of any kind of real care as to the morals, mental equipment or physical wellbeing of the hordes that were invited to our shores and pressed to come. For years Canada was the dumping ground for southern Europe. Not only was this gross carelessness practised as to admitting immigration but once admitted all interest in these people ceased excepting at election time. To our everlasting shame be it spoken, practically the only lesson in citizenship which the foreign born received, was that when he secured the right to vote by the most cursory method of becoming a citizen, it was something which he could sell. Much eloquence has been expended on the foreigners who have been bought to vote this way and that but very little condemnation has been meted out to the men who bribed them to sell their votes.

Then Came War

Things had run along in this condition for years, when suddenly war came to us. Our men went overseas to maintain the world safe for democracy and at once Canada began to realize the value of the citizenship she had treated so lightly. Thousands of the very best of Canada's young manhood proved themselves ready and willing to die for it, and those who remained at home tried to live for it in a manner worthy of those who had died.

Perhaps, not unnaturally, but certainly unreasonably, everyone was very angry because the foreign born, with a few honorable exceptions, did not see eye to eye with Canada on the matter of the war. Openly or covertly the vast majority sympathized with the enemy. Just why we should have expected they would be loyal to a flag which we had never spent even an hour in teaching them to respect is difficult to understand. We had not even taken the trouble to insist on their children learning English so they might have some grasp of the fundamentals of a British form of government.

The disloyal attitude of many of these people was so pronounced that it had to be dealt with for the safety of Canada. Punishments had to be meted out but on the whole Canada was very lenient in her treatment. But one thing became very apparent and that was that something must be done to prevent foreign born and especially alien enemy people from becoming naturalized and exercising the franchise before such time as they could have some adequate idea of what it meant to be a citizen of Canada.

I shall not more than mention the War Times Election Act. It worked many hardships and many injustices and no doubt embittered many who otherwise might, in time, have come to be thoroughly Canadian in thought and feeling. It is difficult to see how some such measure could have been avoided, but with its repeal comes a need for direct provision for who shall be considered Canadian citizens and have a right to vote and make laws for the governance of Canada. A new election act will be passed during the present session of parliament and there is little doubt that it will seek, in some measure, to perpetuate the regulations as to the voting of naturalized citizens, which were contained in the War Times Election Act.

The Canadian Council of Agriculture have sought to overcome this difficulty by asking for personal naturalization. In the old days before the war, if a foreign born man became naturalized, his wife and his children became naturalized also by process of law. Equally, if a Canadian born woman married a man of foreign birth who had not been naturalized, she, by process of law, became a foreigner, even though she continued to reside in the country in which she was born. If a Canadian woman married an American, for example, and her husband did not wish to become a Canadian citizen, the wife at once lost her Canadian citizenship.

During the war the naturalization law of Canada was changed to conform with that of all British dominions overseas and with the laws of Great Britain at home, and this law now requires five years residence, a language test in English or French and certain other requirements. It also permits a woman marrying a foreigner to retain her citizenship should she desire to do so, provision being made for her to apply for this retention.

The personal naturalization would do away with people becoming naturalized by law. A woman would have to apply in person, show length of residence and comply with whatever tests are provided by law; but once having complied

Continued on page 35

SEASONABLE GIFTS

is the title of our free booklet of inexpensive Easter Gift suggestions.

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Your Easter Gift with the name of Dingwall on the box will be exemplary of good taste, refinement and quality.

Send for booklet E. It will immediately be mailed direct to you.

D.R. Dingwall LIMITED

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We have already given away $5.000 FREE. $200.00 more IN CASH and numbers of Merchandise Prizes will be GIVEN AWAY at an Early date.

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3rd Prize, **$35.00** in Cash. 4th Prize, **$25.00** in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes—Each **$10.00** in Cash.

TOGETHER WITH MANY MERCHANDISE PRIZES

Herewith will be found the picture of a Log Hut in the Woods. At first glance all you see is a man, a woman and a dog. If you look closely the faces of 8 other persons will be found. Can you find them? It is no easy task but by patience and endurance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses which we will send you. If you find the faces mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness are considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time but as TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and many merchandise prizes are given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SPEND ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS CONTEST

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Five Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity.

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this Company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

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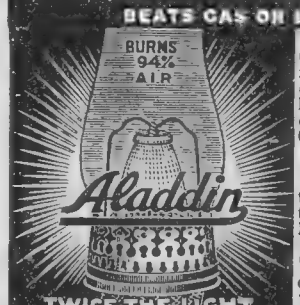

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LARGEST COAL OIL MANTLE LAMP HOUSE IN THE WORLD

Agents Wanted

Make big money spare or full time. Our easy selling plan makes experience unnecessary. We start you without money. Sample sent for 10 days trial and **GIVEN FREE** when you become a distributor.

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.,
St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg

WORKING WITH AND WORKING FOR

How frequently we hear the expression, "I am working for the —— Company," and it is out of this confusion of thought that many of our industrial troubles have sprung. The statement is akin to that of the man who says, "I belong to the National Society," when he really means that he holds a membership in the Society. Perhaps you may say that all this is only a matter of words, but "words are the wings of actions," and words, also, are "pictures of our thoughts," and "as a man thinketh, so is he." If, then, we say that we are working for a man, we are apt to feel a sense of limitation, and whenever meen feel limited they are correspondingly vulnerable to suggestions of doubtful value. Can such a state of mind be changed by a mere verbal formula? Possibly not, and yet is there not something more interesting and uplifting in the idea that we are working, not for men, but with men? When we work for a man, we are helping to work out his problems, to the exclusion, it may seem, of our own; but when we are working with a man, we are working out our own problems and, incidentally, the problems of the community. Increasingly we hear more of co-operation, and it is to be hoped that the idea embodied in the word is really becoming an active force in the affars of life, for many of us have yet to learn that we are not independent, nor dependent, but interdependent.

INFLUENCING AND BEING INFLUENCED

In the words of a wise writer are to be found the words, "Avoid influencing and being influenced erroneously." The violation of this suggestion has proved the obstacle that has wrecked the course of many well founded plans. The other day a salesman called a salaried man by telephone and argued in effect, "I am told, Mr. ——, that in your work the maximum salary is only ——. Now, if you will take up our course you will be able to change your occupation, and there is no reason why you should not make as much as many of our subscribers who are getting double and treble the maximum of your schedule."

The "prospect" pleaded guilty to the charge of earning an income that seemed limited by comparison with those of many other classes, but mildly suggested that he found his work interesting. This was an idea that the salesman seemed unable to fathom, and in concluding his arguments he repeated that the subscribers to his course almost without exception made more money than those who did not.

Of course, there are those who tend to get into a rut and for such, a change no doubt is beneficial, but the impulse should come from within rather than from without. To coax a man to invest money in a course for the sake of changing his work and making a larger income savors strongly of "influencing ennoneously," and is hardly in accord with what President Wilson has aptly termed "the conservation of facilities." Still, in these enlightened days of salesmanship, we must be prepared to meet many suggestions from the outside, for the salesman who waits for buying impulses to work from within is likely to find his commissions alarmingly small.

STUDY PARAGRAPH

Dislike of composition seems to be fairly universal, and yet the ability to write a well turned sentence is something that is worth striving for. Just now, however, you are not asked to write even whole sentences, but to study the following uncompleted passages from the works of great writers, and to finish them as logically as you can according to your own interpretation.

1. Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used until . . .
2. The best compensation for doing things is . . .
3. No man should be called great until . . .
4. The day approaches when the man who is not concerned with the common good will . . .
5. We don't sufficiently consider that words . . .
6. Within good books lie . . .
7. True eloquence is like the outburst of . . .
8. Earnestness is enthusiasm tempered by . . .
9. Faith is necessary to . . .
10. From the lowest depth, there is a path to

OPPORTUNITY AND RESPONSIBILITY

Some years ago my work included the reporting of the speakers at the regular meetings of the Canadian Club in Winnipeg. At one of those meetings, the speaker was Rudyard Kipling. As the official reporter, I had the privilege of securing a seat near to the speaker. On this occasion I considered it a special privilege indeed, as scores were unable to get standing room in the hall, and the distinguished visitor informed us that he had not made an after-dinner speech for fifteen years. The speech was vigorous and prophetic. In due time it was perpetuated in print, but the only copy I had was "borrowed," and to this date it is still journeying.

One passage, however, I remember, and it is the one that suggests the title of this paragraph. The speaker had told us briefly of the marvels he had seen in other lands and of the sacrifices that had been made to bring them about. Then, in speaking of the growth of Western Canada, he closed with these words, surely prophetic, in the light of events: "Gentlemen, great are your opportunities, but great also are your responsibilities."

THE PIONEERS

If we have great opportunities in Canada to-day it is because of the sacrifices of those who have gone before, and these sacrifices are suggested vividly in the paragraph that follows which, while written of the great country to the south of us, is faithfully descriptive of many a similar scene enacted in our beloved West.

"We can look back and see in the dim distance the slowly-moving train; the wagons with their once white, but now dingy covers; the patient oxen measuring their weary steps; men travel-stained and bronzed by exposure; women with mingled hope and care depicted upon their anxious faces; and children peering from their uneasy abodes and wondering when their discomforts will cease. These are pioneers on their way to the promised land.

"Moons wax and wane, but day after day the toilsome march is resumed. Sometimes there are Indian scares; rugged ascents and steep declivities occur; teams give out and wagons break down; but finally, when the year has glided into the gold and russet of autumn, they reach the long-looked-for end of their journey.

"When the pioneers arrived, they found a land of marvellous beauty. They found grand and gloomy forests, majestic rivers, and mountains covered with eternal snow; but there were no friends to greet them, no homes to go to, nothing but the genial heavens and the generous earth."

A FINANCIAL CREED

In several countries, great campaigns have been waged recently for the purpose of promoting thrift, and one of the most successful of these was based on the following ten-point financial creed:

1. Work and earn to help increase the world's goods and decrease the cost of living.
2. Make a budget to ascertain how you should dispose of your income.
3. Keep a record of expenditures to see how close you come to your estimates.
4. Have a bank account to keep your money in a safe place and help you to save.
5. Carry life insurance, to protect your loved ones in case of your death.
6. Make a will to help ensure your resources going quickly to those you desire.
7. Own your own home to secure the greatest satisfaction in your home life.
8. Pay your bills promptly to meet the moral obligation you have to your creditors.
9. Invest in government securities to help your country and to make a wise investment.
10. Share with others to fulfill your religious duty of stewardship.

The young man has not, perhaps, shouldered all the responsibilities that this creed would indicate, but with some of the points he is directly concerned, and the others may serve at least to point the way.

AN INFORMATION COUPON

For the benefit of those who would like to have special topics or problems discussed on this page the following coupon is printed, with the suggestion that you fill it in and mail without delay:

Editor, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

I am interested in.....and would like to have information direct or through the page, The Young Man and His Problem.

Name .....

Address .....

FOUR BUSINESS RULES

Andrew Carnegie was once asked by System to furnish them with what he considerod some rules that were essential to success. In reply, the great ironmaster wrote as follows:

Four rules for manufacturers:

First—No sharp bargains. Do more not less than promised.

Second—If disputes arise, always give the other party the benefit of the doubt. Avoid resort to law; compromise.

Third—Subject all products to more rigid tests than the purchaser requires. A reputation for producing the best is a sure foundation upon which to build.

Fourth—Should honest, capable contractors need extension of payments from accidents or unusual stringency, be lenient, generous, and help them, thus making them friends.

These rules were given to manufacturers, but they have merit for the individual, especially if we change the word "products" to "service."

LIFE EXPERIENCES

There is something rather grim in the way that insurance companies dig ruthlessly into the facts of life and reproduce them in the form of statistics that challenge the attention. I have seen recently a table that presents some fundamental facts that are the result of a searching investigation by one of the leading life companies. It is too long to reproduce in its entirety, but the first two clauses will prove of interest.

Age 25. 100 men age 25, at the threshhold of life—healthy, vigorous, of good mental and physical capacity—but with no means except their own ability to support themselves.

Age 35. 10 years later five have died; ten have become wealthy; ten are in good circumstances; forty have moderate resources; thirty-five have not improved.

Unfortunately, as the table progresses, the ratio of successes is not maintained, and at age of 65, for instance, 54 are not self-supporting. If favorable circumstances have any bearing upon these statistics, Western Canada should give the young man a chance to improve on them considerably.

PLANNING A CAREER

A little planning sometimes goes a long way. As a rule, it is probably better for a boy to plan his own career. There have been cases where parents have for many years planned and dreamed of careers for their children and have subsequently seen their hopes frustrated because of conditions they were unable to control. An honored statesman tells the following story:

"I once went to see a friend of mine, who was a preacher, and a former classmate. I found a lusty boy playing on the lawn, and I said to my friend, 'Sam, what are you going to do with that boy?' 'Well,' said he, 'I believe in the doctrine of natural selection. I believe that a boy should follow the bent of his own mind, and you should discover what that is, and then educate him in that direction. I said the other day, Wife that boy has reached a period where we ought to find out what he is going to be, and so we arranged an original experiment. We put him in the parlor with a Bible, an apple and a silver dollar. And I said, Wife, we will go and leave him. If, when we come back, he is poring over that Bible, he will follow my profession and we will make a minister of him. If he is examining that apple, we will make a farmer of him. If he has that dollar in his pocket, we will make a lawyer or banker of him. When we came back that boy was sitting on the Bible, eating the apple out of one hand, and holding the dollar tight in the other. I said, Wife, we have made a mistake. We will make a politician out of him.'"

And in case there is a danger of a confusion of terms, let me remind you that there is a difference between a politician and a statesman.

BOOKLET TITLES

Within the last few weeks, by virtue of my occupation, several booklets have reached me from institutions designed to help young men to achieve worthily. All of these booklets are interesting, the titles particularly so, and it is the latter that I wish to quote.

Ten Years' Promotion in One.
How to Sell Your Services.
Your Market Value.
Your Way Up.
Your Personal Overtime.
What Do You Know?
Getting at the Facts.
The Blind Side of Business.
Your Post-War Opportunity.

I said that all of the booklets were interesting, but it does not follow that they were all sound, although each supplied material for thought. The question is, what suggestions do the titles raise in your mind and what principal point of view would you expect each booklet to follow?

Pro Ardua ad Astra

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten

NORMAN Lee the millionaire, was bound for the rail head at Minween, thence south to 'Frisco, at which city he anticipated spending Christmas in the bosom of his family. Neither he nor Wayne, his guide, had foreseen the possibility of finding White Cross Mission Station in a state of famine. White Cross was a half way house; to the east of it, in the direction of Minween, lay three hundred miles of the bleakest, toughest country of the Yukon Territory. It was at White Cross Wayne had designed to buy in fresh stores for the remainder of the trip, and now there was nothing for it but to drop down to half rations as a precaution, and hope for favourable weather.

"At the worst," said Wayne, "we can tap the Aikill Hills for caribou, but I reckon we'll make out all right so long as Old Man Winter don't sit down on trail."

Go they must, for at the Mission Station there would be no grub to spare till the breaking of the ice. Some there are who will remember the ill-starred Nighthawk rush, and how, on the way back, whole outfits were passed frozen at the wayside, every man with his face towards the south. The priests at White Cross had done their best, but the station existed for the Indians—not for gold-thirsty white adventurers, risking everything in their greed to get rich quick.

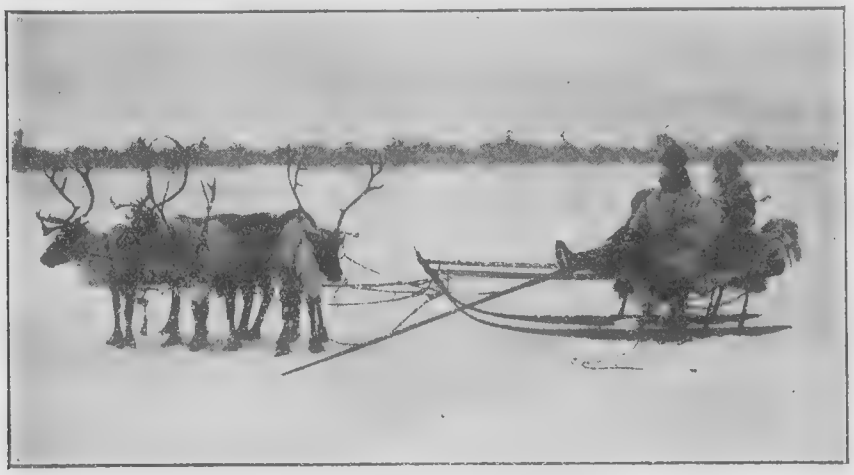
Lee and Wayne put up for the night for the joy of sleeping between unfrozen blankets, and thus they ran up against Harry Mure, the prospector. He too had pulled in to-day on the same hopeless quest, and the shortage found him in an infinitely worse state than they were. He was travelling without dogs, and was already almost out of grub, while he possessed a brutal cough which made one think his chances of pulling through it were about nil. He was going east, back to the very camp from which they came.

"Poor devil!" muttered Lee. He said it soulfully, for he had made his pile and was pulling out, while this poor cripple was dragging back—back into the heart of the soulfreezing north. He was without grub or dogs, and—heaven knows—probably without money or prospects."

"I'm going south!" Lee told him, with an airy wave towards the guttering oil lamp. "Yes surr, south where the blue-birds sing and the cicadoes buzz in the thickets! I made my pile straight away, struck the pay streak on the first claim I bought, then purchased a line of river steamers and gained a monoply in the way of transport. Four years has seen me through, surr, with something like fifty million to my credit. See here—" and he carelessly emptied a bag of yellow dust, grains the size of melon pips, on to the bench—"That's the sort of stuff my launders produce!" he said.

Mure's face quickly changed. Wayne, the guide had sat in silence, leisurely inspecting the sled harness and at intervals twiddling his thumbs. This man knew the north country, for he had been in among the first. He liked his employer none the better for talking thus to a man who was clearly down on his luck. Mure was broken—that much was clear, broken at the wheel of the northern camps. Wayne knew a little of his history—how a dozen times over his luck had missed by the breadth of a hair. Other men—newcomers mostly—had stepped in behind him or just ahead of him, and a year or so later Mure had seen them pack out, as Lee was packing now, with half God's world at their feet. The develish injustice of it had year by year grown in bitterness, till now, with the breaking of his health, Mure had come to hate them. He had listened with loathing to Lee's story, but at the sight of the gold he rose to his feet, his big eyes staring from their hollow sockets, his fingers clutching claw-like at the table edge. The old cravings were his, as ever before, setting life at naught where gold was concerned. Presently he sank back with a fit of coughing, and Lee carelessly swept the dust back into his deerskin bag, leaving the table chinks crammed with it.

"Some show?" he queried. "Some mine for a Cheechalko's first pluge?"



INDIANS OF THE RUSSIAN ARCTIC

Samoyeds driving a reindeer team in the Russian Arctic. The Samoyeds are of Finnish stock and have been termed "the Indians of the Arctic," as their mode of living is similar to that the American Indian. They live by fishing, hunting and raising reindeer, travelling continuously in search of fresh grazing grounds.

"Yes," said Mure quietly. "I know that mine. It was I who pegged the claim for you. I found that gold—not you! It was me you grubstaked!"

Lee stared at him, then laughed a shade uneasily. "Upon my soul, I didn't remember you, Mure," he said. "That is—you've changed a little since last we met."

Mure stooped to put on his mucklucks. "Yes," he said hoarsely, "you'd forgotten me. Only natural I suppose! I've been away in Minook quite a while, and it was only a plain business deal." He took up his pack and strolled towards the door. At the threshold he paused, a stooping, wretched figure. "You haven't changed much!" he said almost viciously. "The north's been kinder to you than to some of us."

They heard him cough as he trudged away through the whiteness.

Lee looked at his guide. "Poor devil!" he repeated, yet he himself could not realise the full irony of it. He had never felt the real pinch of the north. "Wayne," he said, "this infernal country is full of such wrecks, weaving out their mystic themes, which never come to anything—following, following, till the cold or the wolves or the river gets them. I'm glad I'm going out."

Wayne nodded. "Mure was one of the first in," he said. "One more winter will see him through."

But there was another fever which neither of them knew—the fever of men who come from sunny climes and who have been in the north too long, an all-absorbing mad desire to see again the lush pastures, to go back in the hot sun amidst rich foliage, to visit once more the scenes of their golden youth. Mure knew it; with him it amounted to an obsession, and through his dim visions rose the face of a woman radiant with the sunshine, beautiful in the kindly warmth of life—a face for good or ill, unchanged

Continued on Page 26

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Pro Ardua ad Astra

Continued from Page 25

by sixteen years. The South! The South! The golden, laughing south! The soul of the man whom the north had broken craved for it, and this he knew—that when again the ice sealed the creeks it would be too late.

No dogs, no grub, no funds, and going back into the regions of eternal dawn!

II

Lee and his guide pulled out the next day. Lee was all for travelling fast, cutting as short as possible the period of discomfort, but Wayne spoke briefly and to the point concerning saving their dogs, and on the trail his word held.

On the fourth day out the wind played them false. The dogs, straining at their harness, flattened down on the creek, while the men themselves could not face the blast of ice particles. They lost five precious days, then followed windless nights when travelling was possible, and with Wayne breaking trail ahead they made moderate time. Both men fell silent, living within themselves.

On the twelfth night something happened. Wayne, as usual, was ahead of the team, when from the timber edge bordering the creek there came a sharp command—"Halt!"

It was like a voice from a tomb, and both men started. Instinctively Wayne's hand fell to his belt, where his hunting knife was all he carried, and thereupon there was the crack of a Winchester, and a ball tore past his face to ricochet across the ice and boom into the timber. From behind the sled came a string of futile blasphemies. Overhead the aurora rustled in a million glancing lights. They had no firearms save for the rifles tucked under the sled lashings.

"Hell!" muttered Lee. "What the deuce is that chap up to?"

"Stand where you are Wayne, or I'll fix you" came a hoarse voice from the timber belt, and Wayne read the deadly intentness of it. "Now put up your mitts, and move to the left there, clear of the dogs!"

"Don't strain yourself," advised Wayne. "We ain't armed."

He quietly obeyed. Once before the guide had heard the voice of a man who meant murder. He had not forgotten it; it seemed hardly a human voice. That man was drunk, and had used his gun left and right with merciless impartiality, but this man was grimly sober. Wayne did as he was told.

"Now you, Mr. Lee," went on the voice from the shadows, "drop that bag of dust right there and now."

"Lee's hands were already up. "I can't!" he answered, almost peevishly. "It's on the sled, along with my other gear."

From the timber edge there came a vicious metallic click, nothing more, but it worked like magic. Lee shuffled out of his mitts, tore the leather bag from about his neck and dropped it on the ice.

"Walk smartly up alongside Wayne," commanded their tormentor, and again the millionaire obeyed.

"Mure," said the guide, "what's the game? If you're after our grub you might as well have fired up the whole show and saved yourself rich—besides saving us the discomfort of starving. What are you after?"

"Just this," came the prompt answer. "That man's made his pile. He's going south, and so am I. I want just enough grub and dust to see me through.'

"You're a fool" said Wayne. "If you don't finish us, we'll make dead sure you don't get south; if you do finish us, you'll swing for it."

The man moved towards the sled till they could see him. "Anyway," he muttered thickly, "we'll start for once on a level footing—both with equal rations for the trip. If the weather holds maybe you'll get through, maybe I will. It ain't likely we'll both get through, so what happens here don't matter. If the weather don't hold—then none of us will get through, so it don't matter anyhow."

"Shucks" growled Wayne. "You kind of make me sick. Listen here, Mure, do you reckon we're going to stand quiet while you go monkeying with our packet?"

There was no answer, but the man moved forward towards the sled. "You may shoot him but you won't shoot me" Wayne bellowed. 'I've been up here sixteen years same as you. You don't bluff me, Harry Mure! You know what it means to shoot a man as well as I do—to blow a hole in him you could put your fist in, then see him spin round and fall in his own blood! You might shoot Lee, because you hate his sort, but you won't fix me."

In St. John's Park, Winnipeg

As Wayne spoke he stepped quickly forward. The rifle flashed up, shaking a little in the grip that held it. "Stop, or by heaven I'll—!"

But Wayne went recklessly on. There was a vicious crack, and the powder stung his face like sand from a blunderbus, yet he never paused. He clutched the upraised rifle, wrenching it with a force that all but flung Mure to the ground, then viciously splintered the stock by a blow against the bone-hard earth.

"You fool!" said Wayne with the utmost contempt. "You poor, feeble fool!"

Mure clawed to his feet, staring like a wild beast at his assailant. The realisation of the failure of this—his last, desperate quest, momentarily made him mad. Humiliation, hatred, bore him down, and now murder—real murder—was at his heart. With his naked hands he rushed upon the guide, clawing, striking wildly, and the gradient in his favour they rolled,, interlocked, down to the frozen creek.

The leading malamute rose from his icy bed, his yellow eyes narrowing. He was more wolf than dog, and his ways were of the wolf, but he loved his master. The other dogs were indifferent, save that they saw a scrap in the making, and like all malamutes they loved a scrap—especially when the object of it was already down. They surged in behind the leader; the sled, frozen to the ice, momentarily checking them, then in an instant the two struggling men were buried under a hillock of bristling, worrying dogs.

Lee waded in, using his snowshoes impartially, the air thick with blasphemies. The dogs drew back, fighting together in the net of their tangled harness.

Both men rose, and looked into each other's eyes. Mure's face was torn and ghastly, his fingers were dripping blood. Stark horror stared from his eyes, and with that last ghostly look he turned and fled into the gloom.

"Let him go," said Wayne. "He's unarmed anyway."

Lee laughed, a trifle hysterically, and the silence closed again.

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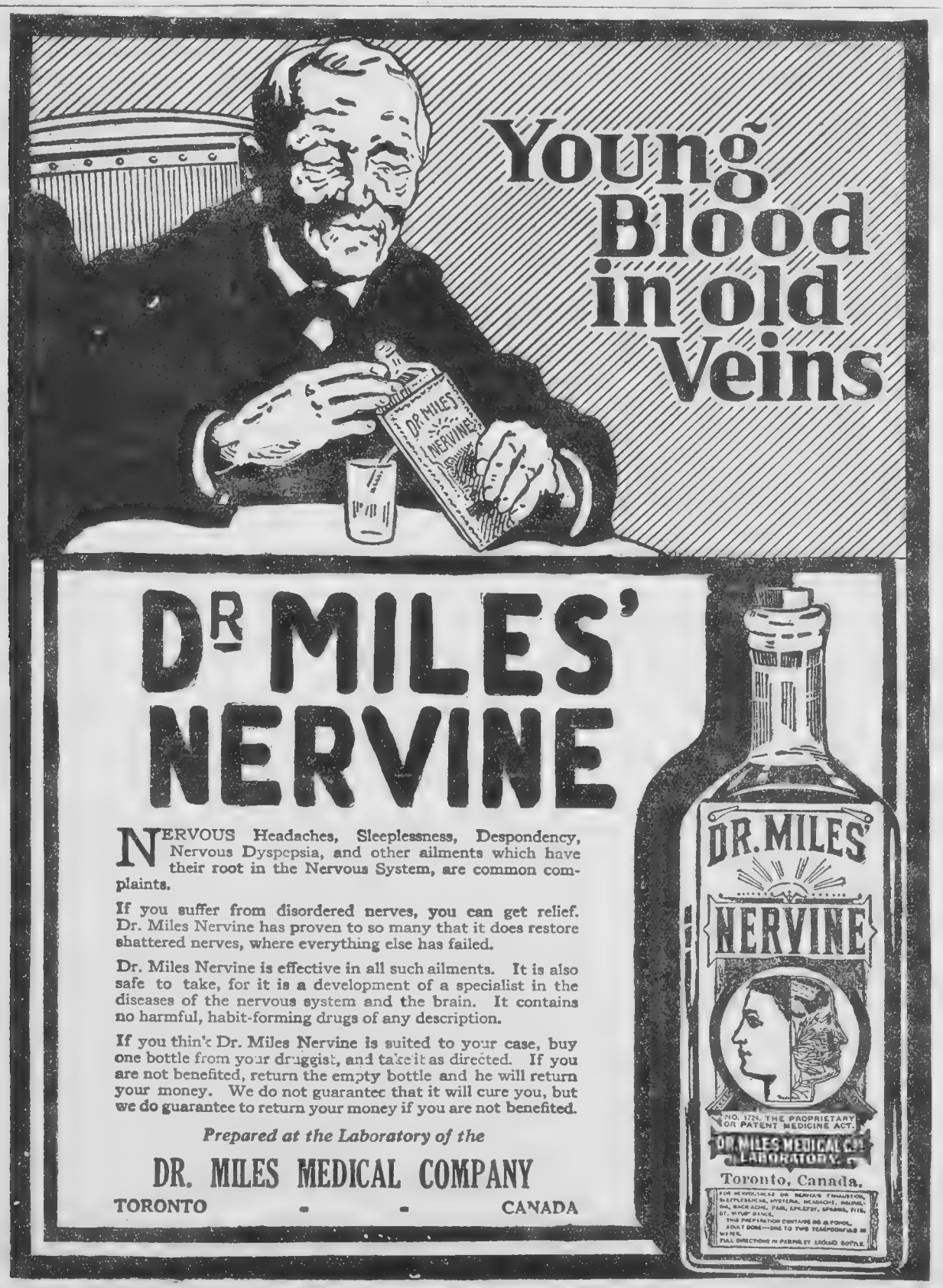

Pro Ardua ad Astra

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"What was that?" queried Wayne a moment later.

Lee shrugged his shoulder, and went over to pick up his bag. "Dunno," he answered. "Anyway, he's at his own funeral."

A thin vapour, brooding over the faint phosphorescence of the snow, wreathed the creek ahead. Wayne was listening, and then he heard his own name—a faint thin voice in the silence. Stooping forward he began to walk away.

"Wayne!" called the millionaire. "Hi, Wayne!"

But the guide trudged silently on.

"Let him stew, I tell you!" shouted Lee. "It's the best place for him! Wayne, you eternal idiot!"

But Wayne was gone.

A minute or two later Lee heard the guide call his name. Muttering hoarsely he sauntered up, and saw Wayne kneeling in the snow over a dark shape at the edge of a blowhole. He was cutting away Mure's frozen clothing.

"Get the axe and light the fire," he ordered shortly.

Lee did not move. He proceeded calmly to light his pipe. "You don't mean to say you risked your life to pull him out?" he demanded incredulously.

"Yes"

"What in thunder did you do that for?"

The guide tore off another strip of frozen clothing. "We were once camp mates," was all he said.

Lee turned on his heel with a string of vile epithets. "Well I be ding-dong davied!" he growled. The north had treated him gently. "Camp-hell!" he gasped. "A nice sort of a mate too—points a gun at you, then tries to tear you to bits with his claws! And you—well I be—!"

Expression failed him. He went for the axe,, returning with the blade under his parki to prevent it splintering. Soon they had a huge fire going, and Mure, completely exhausted, lay in their blankets.

"You'va made a bonny mess of things!" said Lee, breaking the long silence. "The most blame foolish thing you could do! Saddled us with a sick man when there ain't enough grub for us alone. I want to get out—if you don't."

"You'll get out all right." said Wayne.

Lee looked at him keenly. "What do you mean by that?"

"Just this. I'm your guide. I'm in your pay. It's my business to get you out—or go out myself," he added in an undertone.

"That's just it," said the millionaire. "Go out yourself, and leave me to hold the dog! You and your blame sentimental tricks!"

Seated by the fire in the silence, Lee again and again stole a quick glance at the guide's face. It seemed to him that Wayne had done an endlessly foolish thing, for which both of them would be made to suffer, yet there was something in Lee's mind he could not grasp. He knew Wayne was a brave man, yet the rest of his character was hidden. Why had he done this thing? Lee had his millions, yet there came to him the subtle, unwelcome knowledge that in the manly worth of things he stood in a different strata from his hired guide. The thought irritated him, Wayne's stony silence had irritated him for days past, was becoming unbearable. The man had done a foolish thing, and yet—yet? Lee sought refuge at last in the extremities of his own puniness.

"What about me?" he growled. "Where do I come in this all-fired scheme of yours? I've got a wife and kiddies, and I paid you to get me out—"

He painted himself a martyr, becoming plaintive, almost pathetic, while Wayne sat with his head between his fists. At length the guide rose and piled more wood on the fire. "You don't understand why I did it, Mr. Lee?" he queried suddenly.

"No."

"No, and I can't explain to you, because there are a good many things concerning this north country you don't understand. There's a kind of a sense of fellowship on the trail—"

"Has Mure given us an example of it to-night?" broke in the millionaire.

"No, he's merely given us an example of the extremity a good man can reach when he's dead beat and dead hopeless as you have never been. He was not responsible for himself. I've known him sixteen years, which perhaps accounts for my folly. You haven't been in the north long enough to understand. You haven't been dead up against it like we have. You don't know what failure is. Some day, perhaps," he added slowly, "you'll be out of grub and at the end of your tether—then you'll understand."

Lee did some hard thinking that night. New vistas were opening up to him—to him who was leaving this land of half lights for the sunny south. He was taking a fortune with him, yet there was something he had not gained, perhaps the only thing worth having this northland had to offer.

The thought occurred to him that he might be richer for the possession of this strange knowledge, for to-night, under the stars, the great grey loneliness all around, he had come to the first realisation of his poverty. Yet there was no royal road to such knowledge; it could be bought only at one price, but one trail led to it, the trail of hunger and hardship, so the millionaire cast it off as too unpleasant.

Yet another thought occurred to him ere he and Wayne turned in side by side to share each other's warmth. Wayne's hair was gray, his prime was past. He too had felt the bitter pinch of the north, had seen his glorious youth going, going, till it was gone. He too had failed!

III

They pulled out eight hours later. Day or night mattered little now. Always, it seemed, it was moonlight, brilliantly moonlight. Always it was silent.

Lee made no demur when the sled load was subjected to Wayne's remorseless weeding out process. They kept only one rifle; all but the utmost necessities were abandoned to the snow. Lee would see how things panned out; later on he might wax eloquent.

Mure was not dead, and the extra weight on the sled taxed men and dogs sorely. Lee began the day scanty with his help, but as time passed he seemed to warm to it. He had told himself that it was a plain business deal; Wayne had saddled himself and must shoulder the consequences, but in practice it did not seem to work out. He had to do his share. Then, as the days passed, Lee's hunger began to grow. He was eating his full ration, Wayne was sharing his half with the other man. Mure would not die, and Wayne was now weakening. Seeing this Lee, in spite of his growing hunger, found the old sop to his conscience did not stimulate, and one day, finding the guide hungrily devouring a rancid fragment of dog meat, he let forth a storm of fury that surprised even himself. "Quit this fooling," said Lee. "From to-day on we share and share alike."

Next day Old Man Winter sat down once more on the trail, and for many succeeding days the blizzard fell in a whirling fury. The north does not deal out her poisons in half doses, and one night, when the blizzard temporarily lifted, there was a horrible sound outside the shelter, a snapping and snarling and the beating of struggling bodies. A dog burst in among them, creeping in and out among their legs, scorching its coat against the fire. Wayne took up the axe and dashed out recklessly, while Lee piled on more wood. Somewhere in the gloom sounded the howl of a timber wolf!

"Come back, you fool!" shouted Lee. "They'll sure pull you down." But it was some minutes ere Wayne came back. His face was grave. He flung back his parki hood, and sat for a while in silence.

"Lee," he said at length, "we've lost all our dogs but four!"

But Lee answered never a word.

Rations were halved again, and strange to say Mure seemed to thrive on the meagre feeding. Each day found him a little stronger, a little better prepared for the hardships that inevitably lay ahead. He could walk far enough to help with the firewood, but it was only the will of the man that triumphed. Sometimes he spoke of the south.

One of the strangest things on the trail is the ease with which the past is forgotten. Only one thing matters—the present. Life becomes purely a thing of the moment; yesterday goes with the dawning of to-day, and belongs to another world. Mure had become a part of the impedimenta, accepted and accepting without question.

They pulled out three weeks later, and during the days of toil that followed no one spoke. Each knew his task, and fell mechanically to it. Wayne seemed to have something on his mind. He was eternally lost in the deepest reverie. Once, when Lee was away, he and Mure talked earnestly for a few moments. Mure became excited, but the guide's quiet persuasion triumphed. At length the latter took an ink drawn map from his pocket, and traced out certain creeks with his finger. "It's all

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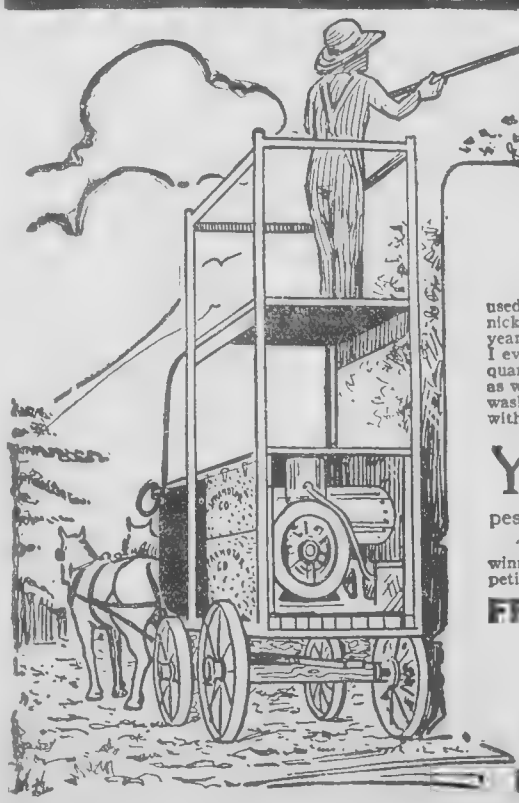

A Letter for You

"Poltimore, Que., Jan. 5th, 1920

'I have had good results from my Spramotor. I have used one of your machines for 8 years and it never cost me a nickle for repairs. I plant about 4 acres of potatoes every year. It pays to have one of them. It is the only machine I ever saw that will give satisfaction. It only takes one-quarter of the Paris Green, and I never burnt the potatoes as we did before in the old way. I have also done white-washing, and I find it works first-class. I could not be without one." "AUGUST MILLER."

YOU CAN'T help getting better crops of potatoes, row crops, fruits, etc., if you have a Spramotor to help you defeat pests, bugs, worms, blight, rot, fungus, etc.

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Pro Ardua ad Astra

Continued from Page 27

straight going except for the sloughs," he said. "You'll have to mind you don't strike a snag there. Don't take any notice of him. He ain't no idea. It's up to you."

"I can't do it!" said Mure. You're the man to go on."

Wayne rose impatiently. "It's his only chance, anyway." he answered. "He wouldn't make two days alone. It's up to you to pull him through—to carry on my commission. You can't hunt anyway! That's up to me."

Wayne went over to the stores again that night, and left everything shipshape. Also he killed one of the dogs, leaving them with only three. Two would be useless. The millionaire discarded his bag of yellow dust—left it in a notch in a tree.

"Lee," said Wayne as they were about to turn in, "to-morrow I'll hit out and range wide for game. If I strike caribou I'll meet you at the fork two days hence."

"And if you don't strike game?"

Wayne shrugged his shoulders. "Then," he said, "there won't be much object in my meeting you."

Wayne was gone before the other men were astir, and when they rose they found that he had forgotten to take his rations. Nor did they see him again.

Mure and Lee went on together. The millionaire, accustomed to a life of plenty, was weakening rapidly. There was little to pick between him and Mure. Sometimes one would fall, sometimes the other. Sometimes they would strain side by side at the same puny task, and fall together. But Mure was always the first to rise—to clutch his companion's shoulder with an eager "Come on Lee! No, come on!"

But the day came when Lee would not rise. "For Heaven's pity let me sleep—sleep!" he pleaded. "In the name of Jesus, leave me alone!" and for once there was no profanity in his voice.

Mure was kneeling at his side. Both men were caked and bearded with ice. They looked like spectres of death at their own ghostly funeral. Behind them lay their dogs, sprawling, panting. They too were white with ice crystals. A weird unearthly glow seemed to envelop the landscape, the trees sharply silhouetted against a sky of ebony,

"In the name of Jesus, leave me alone!"

Mure spoke quietly, calmly, from man to man. "We've only another slough to pass, then we'll see the lights of Minween," he said. "Come on, man! Come on! You can't give in now we are almost there!"

They went on—slowly at first. Lee was ahead of the sled—panting, struggling at the tow line. The last slough mouth hove in view, and was passed. The millionaire's eagerness increased. New life seemed to possess him. Away on the horizon he saw a star. His gaze was fixed upon it following, following, like a pilgrim from another History. He knew it was only a star, yet he told himself it was the lights of Minween.

Then at length Lee looked round, Mure was not there.. He had fallen out—somewhere on the white expanse behind. Lee was alone!

He turned shuffling back into the gloom, calling Mure by name—calling, listening. Something new had awakened within him—the greatest thing, perhaps, the northland had to offer. He fell and rose and fell again—clawing at the ice with fumbling, mittened hands. "Mure! Mure! For God's sake—Mure!"

There was a dark bundle lying on the ice, and the millionaire flung himself beside it. "Mure, old man! Mure! wake up old fellow—Mure!"

The prospector raised his hand and touched the millionaire's face. "We've passed the last slough!" he said. "It's all straight sailing now. Don't give in."

Somewhere across the dimness a wolf called, filling the forest with multitudinous voices, like the cries of a throng of people. Then silence fell again—the silence that seemed a part of the silver vastness.

"Mure," said Lee. "I can't go alone. Come on man, come on! Think of the south where the sun shines and the birds sing in the trees! We can make it now if we try. Come on—Come on!"

* * * *

Some hours later two men stood side by side staring at the twinkling lights of Minween City. Life!—Life!—life at last, and into Lee's mind there flooded all that it held for him—comfort, plenty, power, greatness! For a moment the old Lee lived again, then it was swept aside, crushed, borne out of existence, by the greatness of the new. For across the whiteness there came a faint sound, seeming to belong to another world, a world boundless in its fellowship—clean and pure, endlessly happy—the chiming of Christmas bells! Lee then thought of Wayne and of yet another man who had given his life for His fellows, and the greatness of the world lay at the millionaire's feet.

"Mure! Mure!" he cried. "We're going south! We're going south together.

* * * *

It was Christmas Eve. Wayne crouched in a hollow, his rifle across his knees. He had not stirred for three days; he was nursing what strength remained to him. To-night he was conscious of a delicious languor, and his thoughts did not touch on the present day by at least twenty years.

He was a boy again—and O, the buoyant joy of it! How the settlement was packed to-night—packed with happy country folk! They thronged the sidewalk, they hung in groups about the lighted windows—laughing, happy faces, men and women calling brightly to one another. Down the avenue rang the bells of passing vehicles—passing, passing, in the dimness, vanishing into the night whence they came.

Wayne's mind cleared a little. His trembling hands groped eagerly for the rifle. He peered into the whiteness, and across the bleak expanse ahead he saw thousands of the migrating caribou drifting.

Aerial Travel

By Lieut. W. B. Thompson.

AERIAL transport to some people is a thing of the future, and something that will not effect any material change from present systems as far as they are concerned at present.

To most people however who are in touch with the great advance that the airplane has made both during and since the war it will come as no surprise to learn that aerial transportation on a big scale this year will be actually demonstrated right here in Western Canada.

Last year men crossed the Atlantic by air, they flew from England to Australia a distance of 12,000 miles and numerous world's records for distance and height were made that showed beyond a doubt that this form of travel over vast stretches is feasible, practicable, dependable and time saving.

An airplane carried Mrs. Cox and her nine year old son recently from Houston, Texas, to New York and returned, a distance of 5,000 miles, without mishap. The lady enjoyed her trip and found it the most pleasurable one she had ever taken.

There are many other instances on record of the uses to which airplanes have been put since the war that show clearly that the air way is the modern way to go long or short distances.

This year men will again cross the Atlantic, cross the American continent, cross the Pacific and probably fly round the world. If plans now under consideration are put into effect the round the world trip will be accomplished before many more weeks have passed.

Civil aviation is extremely popular in the United States today. Many ex army aviators have ordered machines for their own use; one company there alone re-

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FUEL HIGH? LOOK AT THIS RIVER OF WOOD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

No wonder Canada and England have not experienced fuel shortage and print paper scarcity! The forest lands of British Columbia, two hundred million acres in extent, produce annually about nine hundred million feet of timber of the value of about $20,000,000. The photo shows a huge assemblage of trees being transported by the river to the mills. The logs have to travel about 60 miles when they are sawn up and sent further forward by rail. In the winter when the river is frozen the logs are loaded on the ice, and in the spring they float down to the mills when the haw comes.

Aerial Travel

Continued from Page 28

ports- the sale of 1,000 machines and these will be used for all purposes. England is by far the greatest sponsor of the Airplane. Today England is years ahead of any other country in the number and the advanced methods used by her manufacturers to make their machines the most reliable, dependable and long enduring of any. That they have accomplished wonders in this direction, is proved by the world's records they have made and the frequency and regularity of the London to Paris flights and elsewhere. Those machines have flown admirably under most adverse weather conditions including fog, the worst enemy the airman can have.

British machines and Canadian pilots make the perfect combination in the air. Among the great deeds of our boys in war none were more heroic, more fascinating than those wonderful air battles by which the enemy was finally cleared out of the skies.

The people of Western Canada will have every opportunity to see these splendid machines, stripped of all war apparatus and converted to commercial peaceful purposes. Instead of machine guns, bombs and the like, these machines will carry passengers, mail and goods over the prairie provinces. Remote places not easily reached now by train or automobile will be linked up to the big cities, and urgent calls for help, for supplies, for business transactions and other purposes will be answered within a fraction of the time it now takes.

Truly this is the beginning of the Aerial age.

Winnipeg will be the scene of great aerial activity this spring. On Portage Avenue a big airdrome to house twenty machines will be erected. The ground as soon as snow flies will be levelled and put into shape for the machines to alight and take on or discharge their human or special freight. Booking offices in town will issue tickets to any place it is desired to go. Fast seven passenger machines will also fly on schedule dates from Winnipeg to Minneapolis and will arrive at their destination in three hours. It takes seventeen hours by train to reach Minneapolis at present. On the aerial route passengers can leave Winnipeg at 9 o'clock, arrive in Minneapolis at 12 o'clock and be back home in time for supper. The machines on this route travel 150 miles per hour and are driven by 2-450 h.p. Napier engines, Inside the aerial limousine is cosily fitted with every modern convenience for the comfort and enjoyment of the passengers. This air-car de-luxe will be piloted by a war aviator who has seen active service in nearly every theatre of the late war, and his varied experiences in all types of airplanes together with his exhaustive knowledge of aeronautics make him an ideal man to fly the fast machine to the South.

An American machine carrying 26 passengers is also likely to compete for traffic business on the Minneapolis route but as this machine is not nearly as fast as the English machine it is not thought any great competition need be expected. It is the time saving feature of this method of travel that will appeal to the busy man, professional man and the tourist.

The aerial tourist from the United States can resume his journey over Western Canada by transferring to another machine which will probably take him to Calgary, and still another machine will take him over the Rockies to the coast.

The airplane will truly transport one over land and sea this year. It will take mortals from this mundane sphere away from the confining houses, roads, lanes and city thoroughfares out and up into the broad expanse of heaven. Up into the pure, cool, sweet zone where his tired nerves will be soothed, his overworked body relaxed and exilarated and his health greatly improved. The view from above will enchant him. He will feel a new thrill, sense a new world, go through a new and delightful experience. From above he will be able to view old earth in a different light. Below him he will see little men and women crawling along the little narrow streets, little toy cars scurrying like ants, and little houses looking for all the world like children's toys. Out over the prairies the farm will seem to be reduced to green, brown and black checker boards. Looking down on the folks fastened to the Earth the aerial passenger smiles at their lilliputian antics and feels how superior he is to them, and pities them. One must go up to experience and appreciate the exhilaration of mind and body that results from travelling in the air.

But the greatest need to successfully consummate aerial travel and put it on a proper footing is to provide landing places for machines to alight for any purpose.

It will take time but if every municipality in the West would arrange for some such place, it would not be long before urgent calls for help would be answered as quickly as it now takes a telegram to reach them.

With well organized aerial routes and good landing stations the aerial age will be ushered in and its great future assured.

Net fishing on the Nova Scotia coast

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in history have been those superb creatures with the magnificent figures. A poor figure will spoil the loveliest face. But a well developed form will redeem the plainest features. All women can have the allure and charm they so rightly covet. The French CORSINE Treatment, evolved by Mme. Thora, will bring shapely lines to the thinnest figure. A simple home treatment of bust development, guaranteed to increase the bust by six inches, and to fill all hollows in neck and chest. Used by society and stage favorites for twenty years. Full particulars sent *free* in Mme. Thora's beauty book — in plain sealed cover. Write for it — *to-day*. All letters strictly confidential — and answered by women.

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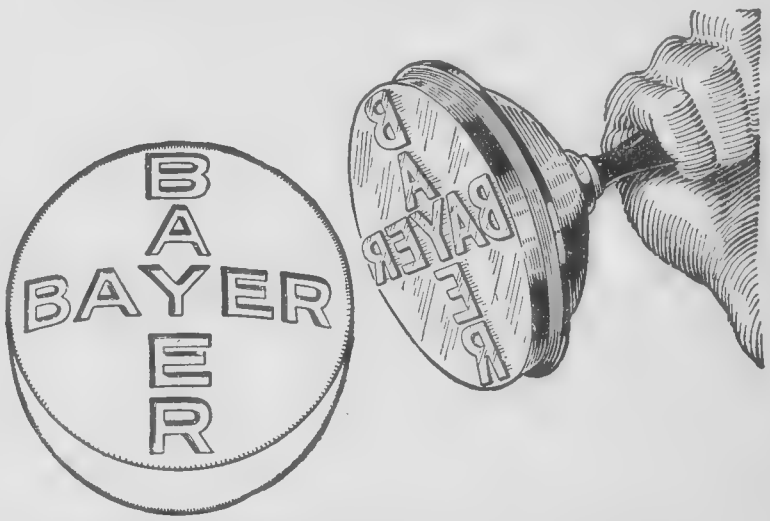

The name "Bayer" stamped on tablets positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin,—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages.

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The Philosopher

PULPIT LIGHT, NOT GLOOM

A religious journal says that some clergymen have a way of occasionally preaching depressing sermons. The men in the pulpits, it declares, should seek to inspire optimism, within rational limits, instead of "talking about the way the world has slumped," in regard to which, it adds that "any dolt can make out a case on that score." Continuing, the religious journal says:

> The pulpit is the place for light. If the preacher cannot point the way out and up to the clear light, he had better plead illness and not preach. The truth is that he is ill who has a sick heart. A negative sermon never did a congregation the least good in the world. Quite the contrary. The whole man in his preaching must be aflame with assurance, faith, determination, and in proper season even with anger in the presence of great evil or sloth. His job is to send his people out with the fire in their souls leaping, their blood coursing like that of the crusaders, and the firmness of their belief like deepest adamant.

No slight job, indeed. Truly the closing sentence of the foregoing extract sets a mighty high standard for any clergyman to aspire to. Is it not so high that its attainment is seldom or never to be hoped for? As a matter of fact, are not sincerity and earnestness greater than any vividness of language or firework of rhetoric or dramatic power in delivery? What the average hearer takes away is not the method of delivery but the substance of what the preacher said and the impression of the genuineness of the man behind the preaching. As to what the religious journal says in regard to cheerfulness and hope in the pulpit, it is well and truly said.

IN REGARD TO BIRDS

The annual migration of many species of birds presents many puzzling problems. They go, but how do they know where to go, and why do they return, year after year, to the same lakes, or the same patch of woodland? The Philosopher has been studying a book entitled, "The Birds of Eastern Canada," by P. A. Taverner, which is issued by the Dominion Geological Survey. It is a text-book on the birds found in that part of Canada which lies between the Atlantic and the prairies, with descriptions of them and much interesting matter as to their manner of living, and the good or the ill they do; and it has made The Philosopher desire a similar book about the birds of the Canadian West. Almost every day during all the severe cold spells of the present winter he has seen a pair of blue jays that have their home somewhere on the western edge of the City of Winnipeg. He would like to see their nest and know how they manage to keep from being frozen. They are plump and handsome and in the best of spirits apparently, and their call has just as much vigorous impudence in it as in the summertime. Why do they stay in the north during the winter? In regard to bird migration, Mr. Taverner believes that it all depends on food supplies. Hunger, he says, is the fundamental reason, and habit has made the migration instinctive. Those two blue jays evidently are finding plenty of food. But surely they would find just as much in the south. In turning over the colored plates in Mr. Taverner's book, The Philosopher found it a slight shock to be reminded that the eagle is only an overgrown buzzard, with scavenging propensities. The plain truth about that majestic bird accords ill with the place he has held through the ages as a symbol of soaring freedom and imperial power.

NICKEL COINAGE FOR INDIA

It has been decided that nickel coinage for the 4 anna and 8 anna pieces in India (which are, approximately, 10 and 20 cent pieces) shall be put in circulation. This change in coinage handled in the daily trading transactions of more than three hundred million people will be far-reaching in its effects, and may contribute materially towards the solution of the world's silver problem. Its importance in this connection will be realized when the additional burden imposed by the rise in silver on all users everywhere of commodities made by Indian labor, or of Indian origin, is considered. Some countries, notably Great Britain, feel this more heavily than others; it depends, of course, on the amount of imports of Indian goods. The fact that the rupee, formerly coined in silver, should now be minted in metal worth intrinsically less than a penny (the rupee is worth in British money a shilling and sixpence) indicates a great divergence from those principles which have hitherto governed the currency systems of the Empire. The London Times asks if the time has not come for considering the advisability of substituting nickel for silver in the coinage of the United Kingdom "The public," says The Times, "having taken kindly to the Treasury currency notes, is not likely to raise difficulties in circulating light coins struck in nickel." The reasons for the use of nickel, the Canadian metal, for the smaller Canadian coins, continue to grow stronger all the time. Silver has risen to so high a price by reason of the demand for it in India and in China that Canadian silver coins now have actually more value as bullion than as currency. This situation the Government is compelled to take into account in alloying the silver used in minting, in order to keep this form of currency in circulation. There would be no profit in minting $1.25 worth of silver into $1 worth of coins. Moreover, such coinage would tend to disappear from circulation. Time was when the minting of Canadian coinage was so profitable that the Dominion Government used to gain enough from silver and copper coinage to pay the whole cost of the Department of Finance. The records show that the total amount of silver currency which has been placed in circulation in Canada is $25,484,523, and of copper currency, $1,590,150. Of these coins by far the greater number, having been emitted into circulation during the past twenty years, are still in circulation; and the practical difficulty is now faced of keeping them in circulation. The alloying of coins hereafter to be minted will, by decreasing the amount of silver, doubtless overcome the danger of their being surreptitiously melted and the silver exported. But why not use the cheaper, more convenient and distinctively Canadian metal, nickel, instead of silver? Nickel coins have for years been minted in London for Jamaica, British Honduras, Ceylon, British West Africa and British East Africa. Surely it is high time we had nickel coins in Canada.

FREEDOM AND PROGRESS

It is interesting to consider how historians in future centuries will look back to the world war in the second decade of this century. The survival of absolutism in Europe, which produced the world war, had become an anachronism, which could not continue without hindering the progress of humanity. The gradual transition by which the powers of government were assumed by the people of England, while the King remained to hold the office of hereditary president, was unique in history. It made England truly "the shining example of free institutions." Also it made the powerful dynasties of Spain and France, with their autocratic system of government, regard England as their natural enemy and work for England's downfall. The great struggle, which occupied more than two centuries, was believed to have been fought to its close when the Emperor Napoleon was disposed of by the battle of Waterloo. But in Central Europe the dynastic principle was still powerful. Eventually, by the craft and cunning of a Bismarck, a new system of absolute government, disguised behind a screen of constitutional forms, was built up. How successful the imposture was is realized now when we remember that it was possible in the early months of the war for German propagandists in the United States to represent the German Empire as a republic based on manhood suffrage. The civilized world realized at last that a dynasty had established itself with Berlin as its capital—a dynasty more dangerous to the liberties of the world than the old dynasties of Spain and France, a dynasty vigorous and rampant, uttering the same old lies and ready for ruthless action to achieve world conquest. Surely the world has learned now the lesson that only under a free government can humanity make progress. And it can make progress only in direct proportion to the degree in which the institutions of free government really enable the people to control their own affairs.

"WILLIE'S" LETTERS TO "NICKY"

Confidential letters written by William Hohenzollern, when he was Emperor of Germany, to Czar Nicholas have lately been published in the London Morning Post. The earliest of these letters date back a quarter of a century, and the latest of them is only a few weeks before the war. They give a remarkable picture of monarchy "by divine right" as it existed in full measure in Germany nearly three centuries after the people of England applied the headsman's axe to the neck of a King who tried to maintain absolute rulership by the "divine right" dogma of Kingship. The Kaiser professed a fanatical belief in the sacred rights of individuals wearing crowns. He used to write to the Czar in English. He and the Czar were "Willie" and "Nicky" to each other. In one letter he wrote:

> "We Christian Kings and Emperors have one holy duty imposed on us by Heaven: it is to uphold the principle of Divine Right."

His main idea of discharging that "holy duty" was to set his neighbors to quarrelling, and to plot and plan by every manner of treachery possible with a view to securing world dominion for himself. He wrote to the Czar:

> "The great future of Russia is in the cultivation of Asia and in the defence of the Cross and the old Christian European civilization against the inroads of Mongols and Buddhism.

When the corrupt Russian autocracy undertook this high mission, with the incidental grabbing of lands, timber, minerals and other natural resources in the Far East, it served the Kaiser's purposes very well to have Russia weakened by Japan's victory in the war which ensued. He was constantly anxious to break the alliance between Russia and France. "'Nicky,' take my word for it," he wrote in one letter, "the curse of God has stricken the French people forever." Constantly he kept urging the Czar to use unlimited severity in crushing democratic ideas out of existence, if possible. Such was the ruler, self-styled All-Mightiest, whom the German people maintained at the head of their Imperial system. Theirs was the responsibility for him and for that system, and for the black crime of 1914 against civilization when German military might started out ruthlessly to make him the mightiest Emporer in all history.

EXCEEDINGLY ANCIENT HISTORY

The recent great activity in prospecting in the region round about Hudson Bay, particularly in northern Manitoba, has caused widespread interest in regard to all that section of Canada. There is no part of the world has a more interesting geological history. It is usual to speak of Canada as a new country. In one sense, this is true, of course. It is only three centuries since the settlement of Europeans on this continent began. Three centuries make up only a small span of time in comparison with the length of time covered by human records, and an immeasurably smaller span in comparison with the geological ages. Geologically, the mineralized northern portion of this country is perhaps the oldest country in the world. Geology tells us that the first portion of the solid surface of our planet which emerged from the liquid molten mass was what is now the great rock bed that extends from Labrador across to the unknown wilderness of the barren lands of the basin of the Coppermine River which empties into the Arctic Ocean. That great rock bed surrounds Hudson Bay. The prospector in that region around Hudson Bay is among the oldest formations on the surface of this planet, which date from the very dawn of time. The rocks up there thrust themselves up from under the surface long before the Ice Age, when the whole of the northern part of this continent lay buried under an immense thickness of ice, which finally slid southward, carrying with it enormous masses of loose stones and boulders, which it scattered broadcast over the face of the land. Strange it is to think that long ages before the Ice Age, but long ages after the emergence of that great bed of the most ancient rock in the world, there was luxurious vegetation and teeming animal life on what are now frozen islands in the Arctic Ocean. On Bathurst Island, which is six hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, there have been found petrified tropical plants and the bones of huge lizards of a kind which the scientists tell us could only have lived in a climate like that of the tropical jungles of South America and Africa at the present time.

YOU CANNOT ALWAYS TELL

For a good many years it was widely believed that there were "criminal types" of humanity. The Italian scientist, Lombroso, wrote a book, which had a great influence throughout the world in establishing that belief. Criminals, according to that belief, whether men or women, had certain physical and mental characteristics which were not possessed by people who were not criminals. Closer study has now established it that, on the contrary, criminality is not a thing which can be detected by observation of physical and mental characteristics; physical differences exist among criminals, just as they exist among law-abiding people. Head measurements, the shape of the ears, and the hundred and one other things insisted on by Lombroso as being sure indications, have been proved to be entirely misleading. Absolutely convincing proof of this is furnished by an important report on Criminology which has just been issued by the Prison Commission of Great Britain, covering the cases of many thousands of prisoners in regard to whom the medical officers of the chief convict prisons of Great Britain have been collecting and tabulating data since 1902. The report comes to the conclusion that there is no such thing as a "criminal type." Everybody knows the proverb about judging by appearance. Not only is it true that the ordinary person cannot always tell criminality by appearances, but it is no less true that a scientific observer and measurer cannot. So far as the report arrives at a definite conclusion, it is that criminality is a composite of mental and physical defectiveness, which may, or may not, be evident in the appearance or the characteristics of the criminal person. Some of the most dangerous criminals are to all appearance persons of the highest moral character; there is nothing in their manners, their talk or anything else to suggest their real character. Just as an old friend of The Philosopher, who was a man of most moral life and an absolute teetotaler, had a large bulbous nose, red and congested-looking, so that strangers were constantly setting him down for a drinking man.

A "Fish" Story

"What I'm tellin' you," Wendell Cooper remarked plausibly to a group in the Dilmouth general store, "ain't anything wonderful as far as fishin' goes—it's jest to show you how plenty the trout was. It didn't need no skill to ketch 'em—a child could have. I ketched a hundred and ninety-two in sixty-two minutes, and I was fishin' with three flies on my leader—a Parmachence and a brown palmer and a coachman,—and lots of times I'd have three trout on at once. Course they was small trout," he hedged, hastily. "Bout three to the pound, I sh'd say, or mebbe a little better'n that."

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Hyne. "That was nothin' but yankin' 'em out. You didn't have to use no ingenuity. You had everything to do it with. If you'd been scanted f'r tackle, same's I was one time up to Jo Mary Lake, you'd had somethin' to brag about. The trout up there was terrible plenty, but all I had to ketch 'em with was a twine string and a mackerel jig, and I couldn't find so much as a bug or beetle or an angleworm. But I dug down and got a willow root 'bout the right size, and whittled it so it looked like an angleworm, and baited my mackerel jig with that, and I caught all I wanted."

Mr. Caleb Peaslee passed his hand over his mouth, as if suppressing a yawn, and eyed the two speakers pityingly.

"To hear you two critters talk," he remarked, complacently, "a stranger'd think you was real fishermen, when reely your best holt, if you want fish is to go down to Bangor to some fish market and skitter there with a dollar bill for bait.

"Lafe Beedle and I was up Brassua Lake, jest off'n Moosehead, winter-fishin' through the ice. One night we made up our minds to shift fishing the next day to a small pond near there, so we took our lines up and carried 'em to camp. The next mornin' we started out with all the dunnage on the sled, as we s'posed, but come to get to the lake, we found we didn't have bait, lines nor sinkers. We'd got one hole cut in the ice 'fore we noticed that we didn't have any tackle—a good big hole, 'bout a foot and a half across it.

"Well, we felt kind of womble-cropt over it, and the more so because we could look down in the hole and see the big trout swimmin' round down there. They wa'nt scared a mite,—they'd even start up to the top of the water when we waved a hand over the hole,—and seein' 'em do that give us an idea.

"Lafe went ashore and cut a long switch, and while he was gone I ripped one of the boards off'n the bottom of the sled, and whittled a handholt on one end of it. Then when Lafe got back with the switch, we took and lashed a piece of bacon tight onto the end of the switch and when he held it out over the hole, them trout begun to jump for it, and when they'd jump, I'd bat 'em.

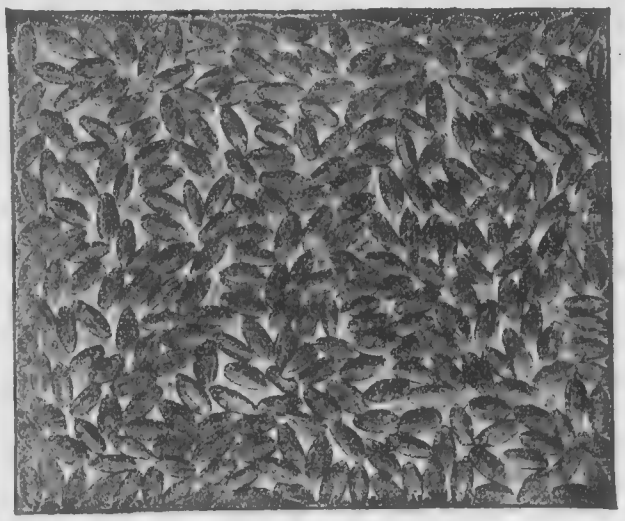
"Well, sirs, I never saw anything like it. I s'pose we'd been fishin' right there like that when the ice went out in the spring if it hadn't been for three things that stopped us."

"What three things?" queried Wendell, unguardedly. He had allowed his interest to carry him away.

"Wal, the first thing," responded Caleb, slowly, and his eyes twinkled as he looked at Wendell, "was on account of an xt'ordinary big trout—the biggest one we see in the hole. He'd tried three times to jump for the bacon, but he was so big he couldn't get through the hole good, and he jumped short every time. But at last he made it, and when he did, I fetched him a wallop that broke my board. Then the second thing that halted us was the trout crowdin' into the hole so thick that they couldn't get a chance to jump. And the third thing was that I'd batted out so many that we had a sort of windrow of 'em all round the hole, and they was beginnin' to slide back in, so we quit and called it enough.

"I don't b'lieve you fellers know what it is to see trout plenty," concluded Mr. Peaslee, thoughtfully—"at least, I've never heard you mention it if you have."

Place Your Orders Early for These Selected Stocks



Durum Wheat (Natural Size)

RED BOBS

Seager Wheeler's Best Wheat

Red Bobs ripens from 6 to 10 days earlier than Marquis.
Red Bobs yields higher than Marquis.
Red Bobs, as a milling wheat, is equal to Marquis or Red Fife.
Red Bobs reduces the danger from frost and rust.
Stock Limited. Price $11.00 per bushel in 10-bushel lots. Cotton Bags additional at 70 cents each.

DR. SAUNDERS' EARLY RED FIFE

Similar to old standard Red Fife, but has a larger kernel and ripens as early as Marquis. Price $3.50 per bushel, in 10 bushel lots and over. Finest cotton bags, 70 cents each additional.

RED FIFE (Registered)

Old Standard Variety

Price: FIRST AND SECOND GENERATION, $8.00 per bag, bag included.

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Price: $3.50 per bushel, in 10 bushel lots and over. Finest cotton bags, 70 cents additional.

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AMERICAN BANNER (Registered)

Price: SECOND AND THIRD GENERATION, $6.00 per 100 pounds, bag included.

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Price: FIRST GENERATION, $8.00 per 100 pounds, bag included.
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GOLD RAIN (Registered)

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SEED POTATOES

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MAKE A START WITH PURE SEED—IT WILL PAY

Irish Cobbler Early Ohio
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Price: 5 bushels and over at $3.40 per bushel, bag included.

BEST WHEATS

DURUM

("Durum" means "Hard")

Has made a remarkable record of late years.
Resists drought, rust and smut in wonderful degree.
Usually ripens earlier than any other variety in dry sections.
Always furnishes excellent hard grain without decrease in yield in driest seasons.
Specially suited to the West, sure, safe, big yield, fine milling quality.

"It's the Sure Good Crop that Counts."

Our stock is specially selected, fine and clean. Price: $4.20 per bushel in 10 bushel lots and over. Bags 30 cents each.

NEW RUBY

(Register No. 623)

A New Cross-bred Variety, produced by Dr. Chas. E. Saunders, Dominion Cerealist
Introduced in 1918

A beautiful, red, beardless wheat.
Beats out frost and rust.
Ripens from seven to ten days before Marquis.
Will reduce the risk, attendant upon all crops while still standing, by from ten to fifteen days.
Kernels hard, yielding flour of excellent color and high quality. Straw of very fair length and strength. The grain threshes easily.
In 1918 New Ruby yielded 40 bushels per acre on summerfallow, being the same yield as Marquis grown alongside.
The yield in 1919 was 33 bushels to the acre—no Marquis to make comparison.
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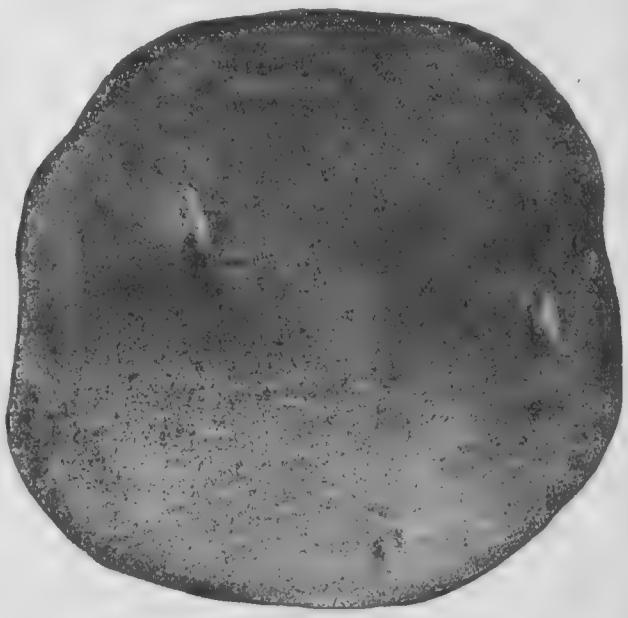
MARQUIS (Registered)

Price: FIRST GENERATION, $10.00 per bag of 2 bushels, bag included. (We can ship this stock direct from our grower in Central Saskatchewan, or from Winnipeg, as desired.

MARQUIS (Selected)

Good sample, fine for general crop. Price: $3.50 per bushel, in 10 bushel lots and over. Cotton bags additional at 70 cents each.



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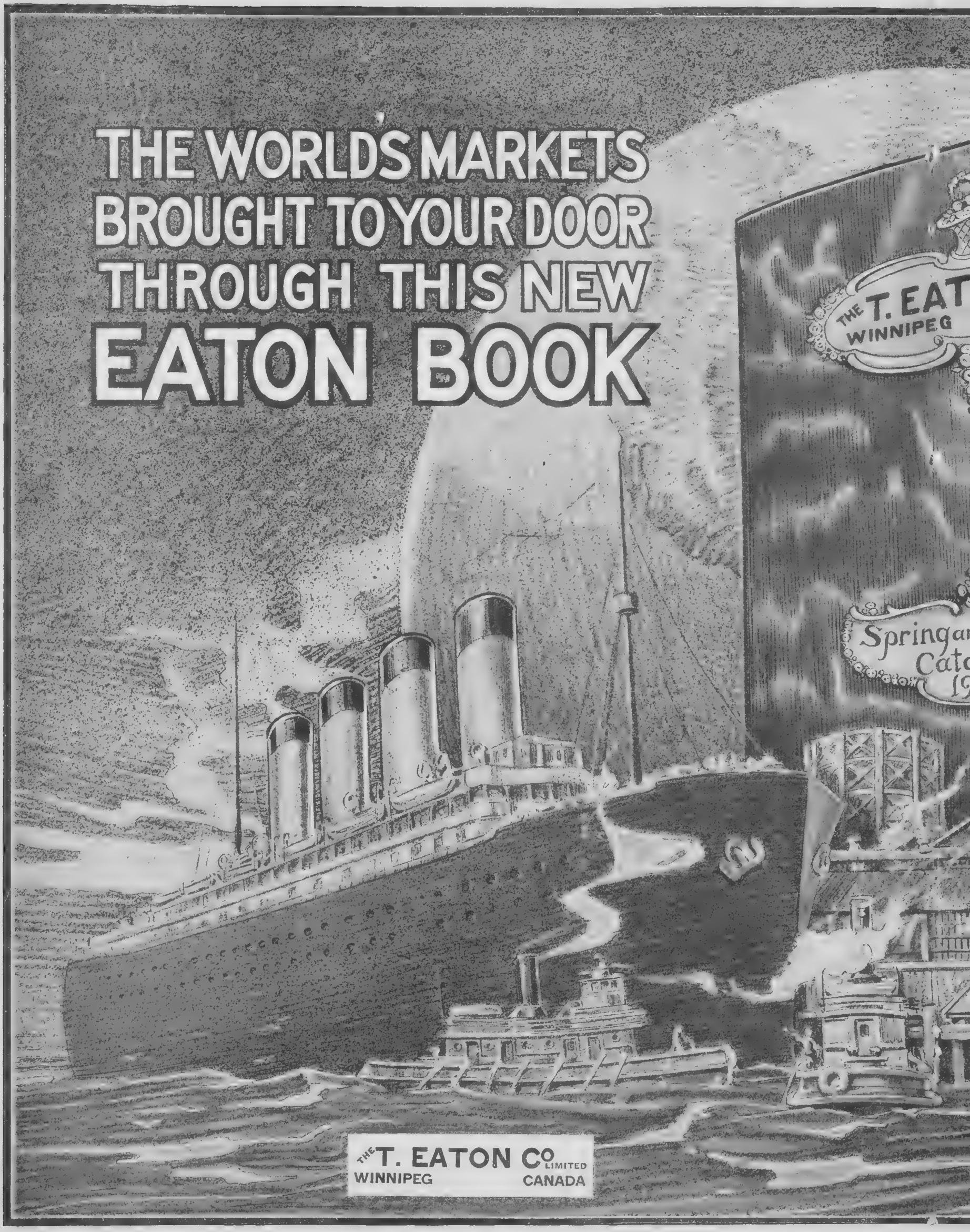
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What the World is Saying

Quite So, Indeed

"German bark lost," says a head-line. The bite also has disappeared.—Edmonton Journal.

A Price Item

Not everything is abnormally high-priced. Bar fixtures are cheap.—Toledo Blade.

One Use for Money, and Another

All the money formerly spent on liquor would almost support as many schools as there formerly were bars.—Brantford Expositor.

Bent

Hindenburg says the German people are bent, but not broken. It was their bent, Hindy, that got them into trouble.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Just One Crisis After Another

Spain has had ten political crises in twelve months. Bull-fighting is not the only national pastime.—London Advertiser.

Toronto's First City Councilwoman

The question whether a member of the fair sex should be called Alderman or Alderwoman is now a subject for debate.—Toronto Telegram.

Loss and Gain

United States liquor interests put their loss in unsalable stock at $400,000,000, but the country has gained that, and a good deal more.—Duluth Herald.

Undeniable

The unorganized housewife has no delusions about what constitutes a day's work.—Chicago News.

Mince Pie Without a Kick

A Los Angeles baker is selling mince pies with a horseshoe brand on the package but customers lament that there is no kick in it.—Vancouver Province.

How He Can Find Out

A noted economist in the United States has propounded the question: "What is a working day?" He might ask his own wife.—Winnipeg Free Press.

One of Sir Arthur's Spirit Ideas

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle believes "there may be alcohol in the next world", according to a story from London. There may be in one of them.—Kansas City Star.

One Still Complete German Family

Prof. Walter Schueking says, "there is no home in Germany in which the family circle is untorn by death." The Kaiser's home is now in Holland.—New York Morning Telegraph.

A New Tariff Problem

It is quite probable that the customs officers will be pretty much in the air when the Winnipeg-Minneapolis aerial passenger service begins business early in the spring.—Winnipeg Telegram.

Could Hardly Be for the Worse

Talaat Pasha, former grand vizier of Turkey, has been converted to Socialism. Well, any kind of a change in a Turk must necessarily be a change for the better.—Montreal Standard.

French Industry Recovering

The French textile mills are resuming work much more quickly than the Germans ever expected or intended that they should. Destructiveness can never conquer courage.—Lethbridge Herald.

An Apt Comment

Hungary has had a vote as to its future form of government and it is announced that 95 per cent. of the voters want to have a king. It might be interesting to know just who were allowed to vote on the proposition.—Calgary Albertan.

Very Likely

Under a new French law large families can travel relatively cheaper on French railways than smaller families. If a similar law is ever enacted in the province of Quebec, the railways will be driven into bankruptcy.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

The Only Real Basis

Lloyd George sounded a true and lofty note when he said that the only real basis of peace is for all the nations of the world to unite to accept the fatherhood of God. When that happens the millennium will indeed have arrived.—St. John Telegraph.

Quite a Bunch of Virtues

A Cleveland minister says that there are 179 virtues which go to make up the ideal man. Now we will have all the sweethearts and wives counting up to find out how many their particular "man" is short of the required number.—Moose Jaw Times.

The Latest Mexican Rumor

A plot has been discovered wherein Mexico planned to seize several of the U.S. border states. It is difficult to see why Mexico should desire more territory. Isn't she able to produce enough troubles on what she has now?—Washington Star.

Trained Brains

The Premier is right in saying that it is a tragedy that 90 per cent. of the public school pupils never get beyond them, and anything he can do to alter this will be for the welfare of the community. It is education, trained brains, that are going to tell in the progress of nations in the future, and Canada cannot afford to lag behind.—Kingston Standard.

Airplanes Go a-Whaling

A new use has been discovered for the airplane. It has been found of great service in "spotting" the quarry for Pacific coast whale fishermen. Are the "there she blows" stories of the school books to be put out of the running?—Saskatoon Phoenix.

A Steer in New York

A steer ran wild in the streets of New York one day this week. Naturally there was immense commotion. Probably more people in New York or any other large city have seen lions, tigers and elephants than steers or even cows. Occasionally they still see horses.—Hamilton Herald.

Real Optimism

Montreal is talking of having a world's fair in 1925. That is real optimism, considering the number of gloomy folk who expect that the old world will have been pretty well drawn and quartered and hung up to dry before another five years have rolled by.—Winnipeg Tribune.

The Standing Joke on Quebec

France is encouraging the large families, among the concessions being a sliding scale of reduced railway rates, a family of five being permitted to travel at half fare. If such a policy were pursued in Quebec, the roads in some instances, and those not few, would have to pay father for bringing his tribe on a train trip.—Victoria Colonist.

Henry Ford's Prediction

Henry Ford predicts that in ten years street cars will disappear from cities and that canvas covered busses, with the exhaust used for heating, will take their place. And the pioneer in the farm tractor and in the cheap auto has some standing as a prophet along this line.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

Sugar from the Woods

Those German chemists of the University of Munich who have succeeded in extracting sugar from wood are to be credited with their achievement, but it is a fact that the North American Indians extracted sugar from live maple tree trunks long before Columbus set sail from Palos, Spain, on his famous voyage of discovery in 1492.—Belleville Intelligencer.

Undesirables

Finnish radicals of the "Red" type are reported to be anxious to come to Canada. Their anxiety is greater than that of the Canadians to receive them as settlers in their midst. There is no desire in this country for an influx of foreign "Reds" at the present juncture.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Fallen, Indeed

The Austrian crown, according to Chancellor Renner, of the republic, has depreciated to one-thirtieth of its normal value. Former Emperor Karl could tell him of a crown which has depreciated so that it is now absolutely valueless. Yet that crown in 1914 was the tie that bound Austria and Hungary together and constituted a proud empire.—Buffalo Express.

Statesmanship

A statesman is a man who hews out of the future, out of apparent blankness and oblivion, huge chunks of events he wants to have happen. We call him or are apt to call him an idealist, but he should be called, more accurately, a visualist. He wants things in precisely the way other men do, by seeing the things; but he has a faculty of seeing the things the way a gardener sees his seeds—the way they are going to look.—London Spectator.

Conscience Money

The Chancellor of the Exchequer of the United Kingdom publicly acknowledges the receipt of £50 conscience money from S. O. S. It is a big amount in the circumstances, but doubtless is as a grain of sand on the beach to what is owed the Government by individuals whose consciences do not worry them, at least to the extent of compelling a disgorgement. S. O. S. is a lonely fellow. Or is it a she?—Montreal Gazette.

What's In a Name?

Colonel Amery, under secretary for the colonies, would ban the word emigration in describing the removal of citizens from one part of the Empire to another To emigrate means to leave a place of abode, especially a country or state, for life or residence in another. It is a suitable word, so what object would be gained by substitution? Another word employed as frequently would become exactly as objectionable to the objectors in the end.—Halifax Herald.

A Reversion

Wood is being employed in substitution for soft coal in the railway shops at Brockville. A quarter of a century ago there was more wood than coal burned in this country, and the sawyer with his saw, sawhorse and piece of fat pork was a common sight on the streets of Montreal and other cities. His pay was $1 a day and the hard maple and birch he sawed and sometimes split was $6 or $7 a cord, which filled two wood carts of a type never seen now.—Toronto Star.

Too Early to Pass Judgment

When Phillip Scheidemann says that "since the adoption of the new constitution no land on earth has a democracy in such approximate perfection as the German republic" he is using old boasts and old phrases. That is what the Junkers always claimed for the Germanic peoples under the Imperial constitution. Democracy is as democracy does, and it is early as yet to pass judgment upon Germany in that respect.—New York World.

Modern Methods in the Holy Land

Sanitary engineering is being applied to Jerusalem. Zionist colonization of Palestine, supported as it is by the British authorities, may help to make the desert blossom. Irrigation works on the Nile have helped to restore fertility to Egypt. The Jews plan to apply political science, as well as engineering and business methods to Palestine's regeneration.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Mounted Police

Friends of the Northwest Mounted Police, fearful during later years that this famous body was to be crowded off the map, will welcome the decision by which it becomes a Dominion body. Something of the glory and glamor of the old force will be lost by the change, but the passing of the act averts the passing of an historic force. A force that undoubtedly is the largest single factor in the wholesome regard for law and order over vast tracts in the Dominion that were once the frontiers of civilization.—Brandon Daily Sun.

A Dawson News-Shingle

The Daily Journal, one of the larger Illinois state newspapers, is being printed on wrapping paper. It is recalled that a newspaper in Memphis was once issued on wall paper. The same material was used, however, by a Dawson City publication, and some time ago an American western journal was printed on a shingle.—Calgary Herald.

Motorists and the Highway

Pedestrians will agree with Mr. Justice Middleton's interpretation of the law on manslaughter as practised by motorists: "The idea that the road belongs to the driver of a motor, and that he has only to sound his horn and throw on the pedestrian the responsibility for getting out of his way is one which has no foundation in law."—Toronto World.

A Spirit Touch

When a spiritualistic fortune-teller relieved a victim of $300 in the course of her business in New York, she remarked: "See, the spirit has collected your offering." The case is one of many so far as the stealing was concerned. The game is progressing at a famous rate everywhere. These are palmy days for the frauds and charlatans, who are taking full advantage of the situation.—Saskatoon Star.

Flying Mounties

The proposal has been suggested by the commissioners of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to utilize airplanes for linking up the stations far apart, and thus establish a more efficient and rapid patrol service. Work could be done in a week that now requires from four months to a year to perform. It was thought that the establishment of a flying corps would furnish the adventurous element necessary to attract the venturesome athletes who have been the pride of the organization in the past. We are certainly living in an age of adaptation and development.—Vancouver Sun.

The Woman's Quiet Hour

Continued from page 23

with these regulations and having become a citizen she would be entitled to vote in elections, just the same as the native born.

The arguments against this form of naturalization seemed mainly based on the inconvenience to foreign women of having to go and make pers nal application and pass the tests. At the Saskatchewan convention, more especially, a hardship was made of any test as to language. In Alberta several put up the argument that the foreign born woman especially, one who spoke a foreign tongue, would not go to all this trouble to be naturalized, but that if she were naturalized by process of law she could be got out to vote. Oddly enough some of the very people who put up this argument had on former occasions raged against the votes of foreigners being bought up by politicians. A great point was made by some that we had invited the foreigners to this country and now they had a right to expect to be naturalized without so much trouble to themselves. Nearly everyone in Alberta objected to a fee being charged, but to the best of my recollection this was not mentioned either in Manitoba or Saskatchewan.

To the writer it would seem that the right way to look at this question is this: The mistakes of the past are past. We treated our citizenship too lightly, we have paid a long price for our carelessness, and we are not through paying yet. We have realized now how precious that citizenship is "by the bones upon the wayside we have come unto our own." We owe it to every man buried overseas to see for the future that we respect and value our citizenship and see to it that others respect it also.

There cannot be much hardship in asking every man and woman of foreign birth, who comes to reside in Canada, to make a personal application for that citizenship. If it is not worth that effort to obtain, then the best thing for such foreign born to do is to return whence they came. The language test does not seem to the writer unreasonable, for if, after five years' residence in this country, their knowledge of the language, either French or English, is so limited as to prevent them passing the very modest test that is likely to be required, how can they possibly have a sufficient grasp on the fundamentals of Canada's system of government to cast an intelligent vote? The fact that we have had unintelligent voting in the past is absolutely no excuse for having it in the future. If it should be that some of the older men and women never attain to citizenship, they will be no worse off, so far as expressing themselves in the laws is concerned, than Canada's native born daughters have been until the past few years, but would not the chance of acquiring a vote be a great stimulus in acquiring the language? It is no mean thing to be a Canadian citizen and it is surely worth a little effort to become one.

Should Canada adopt personal naturalization, and there is good hope that she may do so, it will be the duty not only of the government, but of every man and woman of native birth to bestir themselves and see to it that every possible opportunity is afforded the foreign born to attain whatever knowledge of the language and laws is necessary to enable them to become citizens and in doing this the greatest care should be exercised, not to in any way belittle the nation or its laws from which they have come. The man or woman who come to Canada to make a home and does not carry in the heart an affectionate regard for the land from whence they came is not likely to make a very good Canadian citizen.

Dominion Day

Dominion Day should no longer be an idle holiday. In every city and town, village and country district, Dominion Day should be a day for deepening our vows to be worthy citizens of the country for which our men have died.

If every Dominion Day carried with it brief but impressive ceremonies such as saluting the flag, short addresses on the freedom of Canadian institutions and laws, and the duties and rights of citizens and then if this were followed by a further brief ceremony of receiving into citizenship all in that particular district, who, during the year had qualified for naturalization, there would very speedily grow up a regard for the dignity of citizenship in Canada that would stimulate the native born and make the foreigner keen to attain the status of citizens. To-day it is extremely doubtful if ten adult foreigners in every thousand could tell what the first of July stands for to Canadians.

There is no one body of the citizens of Canada who have it so much within their power to develop and stimulate Canadian citizenship as have the organized farmers, with their complete system of locals. Through the locals splendid work could be done in educating future citizens both adult and juvenile. If every Grain Grower local had a Union Jack up at its meeting place and devoted one or two evenings a year to a discussion of the story of the flag, when and how the different crosses came, what they stand for as milestones on the way to liberty and invite all the foreign born to attend these gatherings and where there are any number who cannot understand English endeavor to have a speaker who can explain it to them in their own language a Canadian sentiment could very easily be created. Then, if an evening or two were devoted to studying the history of the countries from which our foreign born have come, it would broaden Canadians and give them a feeling of kinship that can be secured in no other way. At such a gathering have someone of foreign birth, who can speak English, tell something of the customs and manners of the country from which they have come. To-day very few Canadians can distinguish between Ruthenians, Austrians and Germans. We have a reckless habit of talking of "ignorant foreigners," when frequently the said foreigners are better informed on many subjects than we are.

As Canadians we have a right to ask that those who seek homes in Canada come prepared to obey the laws, uphold our institutions and seek, in every way, to build up a nation of free people and to that end it behooves us to respect and obey our own laws, to set an example to those who come to us of what Canadian citizens should be.

A Mary for His Oliver

It is told of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, says the American Medical Journal, that he was one day strolling on the beach near his summer home when he began chatting with a little girl who was playing in the sand. The child soon slipped her hand in his and walked with him. By and by she said:

"I'll have to go home now."

"Good-bye, my dear," said Dr. Holmes, "and when mother asks you where you have been, tell her you have been walking with Oliver Wendell Holmes."

"And when your folks ask you where you have been," said the child, "tell them you were walking with Mary Susanna Brown."

Music Heals the Mind

Cases recorded in the literature of psychiatry are not few where the cure by music has bordered on the miraculous. In nearly all of them there is an undercurrent of sensationalism and a flavor of romance. Ancient history furnishes a large share of these cases.

"And it came to pass when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul that David took a harp and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed and was well and the evil spirit departed from him."

A great authority on melancholy, quaint old Robert Burton, firmly believed in the art, and declared it unnecessary to waste time over "declamatory speeches in praise of divine music" for it was well known that "besides the excellent power it hath to expel many other diseases, it is a sovereign remedy against despair and melancholy, and will drive away the devil himself." "Next to theology" said the mirth loving Luther, "I give the highest place to music, for thereby anger is forgotten; the devil, also melancholy and many tribulations and evil thoughts are driven away."

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A safe, speedy and positive cure for

Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a **HUMAN REMEDY** for **Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat,** etc., it is invaluable.

Every bottle of **Caustic Balsam** sold is Warranted to give satisfaction. Price $1.75 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

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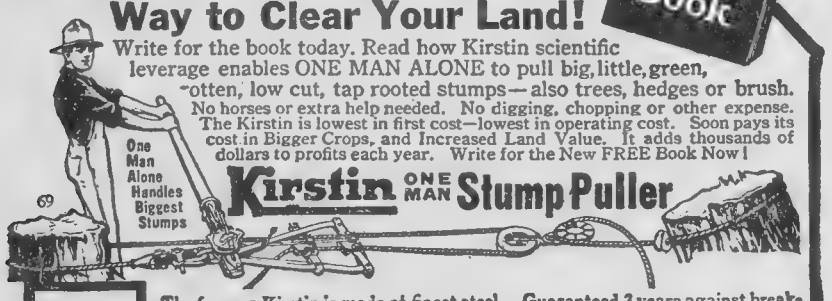

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Doris, the Peacemaker

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Tina Forrester Best

OF course he was wrong. How could he insult her with such unjust accusations! For accusations Verna chose to regard Craig Killam's well meant criticism. He had ventured to suggest that she use her time and money in a more personally philanthropic way, and she had resented it. Bitter words had ensued, and the outcome had been disastrous. She had handed him back his ring, with the sarcastic remark that she was not good enough to be the wife of a man with such exalted ideas.

His face had gone very white at her words, and he had taken the ring in a dazed sort of way, as though he could not believe she would give him up.

She had not meant to go so far. Even as he turned from her and walked away, she could not realize that she had sent him out of her life. The days went by and he did not return. Verna knew him enough to know that he would not. Yet, in spite of the resentment which still flamed within her, she found herself wishing that he had come back. Humiliating as it might be, she was ready for conciliation.

It was Friday, one week from the day of their fatal argument. She had wandered through house and gardens, restless and unnerved. Friday always was an especially happy day, for they had spent it together. To-day, if things had been as before, they would have gone far into the heart of the country in Craig's smart little roadster. There would have been supper in the quaint, sequestered inn overlooking a shimmering lake, then the drive home in the fragrant dusk. Verna brushed away a tear as she thought of it. In a few minutes Craig would have called for her.

Suddenly her heart beat faster, and she listened intently. A car was coming down the street! What if he should come after all? She gripped the arm of the wicker garden chair, and held her breath. What should she do or say if it were he? Would she have the courage to refuse him?

But she was spared any embarrassment. The car passed. Her eyes grew hard again. What a fool she was to dream of such a thing! Craig Killam cared nothing for her. For the hundredth time she summoned his parting thrust: "Perhaps you are right. Our ideas are quite at variance." He considered himself above her, else he could never have insulted her as he did. Selfish, when she gave of her time and money to every charitable cause! Would he, himself, she reflected bitterly, have stood all day selling flowers that the money might aid some blind child? No, he was an idealist. She would forget his white face and haunting, stricken eyes. It was only the shock that had blanched his cheeks.

She rose wearily from her chair, and walked toward the house. She could endure the garden no longer. It was redolent with memories—memories that burned with their sweetness and bitterness.

When she reached her room, she changed from her dainty morning gown to a tailored suit and plain little turban. She would relieve the housekeeper and do the marketing herself that morning. It would be interesting, and would perhaps banish unpleasant reflections.

She stood for a moment surveying herself in the glass. She had dressed with her usual care, yet she did not look as well. What was it? Then for the first time she noticed the pallor in her face, the dark circles under her eyes. It gave her an ill appearance. People would be curious; would perhaps question her. And Craig! He would think she was suffering—the one thing he must not think. Though she would take good care she did not meet him. But if she might!

She opened a small drawer in her dressing table, and brought forth a lavender box. Her cousin Corinne had left it there as a reminder of her gay and gilded youth. It was a thing Verna had scorned to use, but now——

She applied a little of the rouge judiciously, and fluffed her hair more softly about her face. It did make her look better. No one would notice anything unusual about her.

She walked quickly down the avenue, looking neither to right nor left. So intent on her own thoughts was she, that she almost stumbled over the old blind man who sat on the corner. Verna had seen him there often, and she always dropped a quarter in the tin box beside him. She knew nothing of him, beyond the obvious fact that he was a beggar, helpless and miserable. This morning she dropped the customary quarter in the box with a murmured apology for her clumsiness, and passed on.

She finished her marketing and paused for a moment before a news-stand to buy a magazine. Then it was she saw Craig. He was standing only a few yards from her, a group of laughing, ragged newsboys around him. She could not see his face, it was turned from her. But, by the eager, listening boys, she knew he was saying something of interest to them. At the risk of meeting him, she waited, listening.

"To-morrow then, boys, at the old Daylight Theatre. Remember, two o'clock sharp." Craig's voice was as full of enthusiasm as the boys' animated faces.

Verna noted it with a little catch at her heart. How could he forget so soon? She could never have spoken that way. Still she waited.

"If you have any brothers or sisters, bring them along. Don't forget the time and place."

The boys promised with noisy demonstrations of delight, and Craig moved off down the street unaware that she had stood so near him.

At the corner he stopped beside a timid looking old lady, and Verna guessed rightly that he was offering to assist her over the crossing. She watched him as he took her arm and led her through the maze of traffic; then, as she lifted her wrinkled face to his, he touched his hat as gallantly as if she were a duchess.

She had seen him do such things often. But to-day it held a new significance for her. She saw him in a new light. He was one of nature's own gentlemen, whom old people and little children trusted. Why had she not recognized it before? With a dumb ache at her heart she threaded her way through the crowd.

She slept little that night. As she lay awake in the darkness, she reviewed her past life in the light of Craig's convictions. With merciless frankness she examined the motives of her generosity that had brought her such public praise. Was it possible that mere notoriety had been the basis of it all? She had been angered when accused of it, now she brought herself face to face with the indictment. It was either true or false. The old blind man suddenly flashed before her. She knew nothing of him, nor had she been interested. It had been easy to give the money; of sympathy she had given none. Nor did she know of any people whom her money benefited. She thought of the blind children for whom she had sold the flowers. She had not regarded them as individuals. It had been the Home she had worked for, not the children. She saw it all now—when it was too late.

The next morning she arose, tired and still unhappy. The morning paper lay beside her plate and she absently scanned its pages. She was about to put it aside when a heading suddenly arrested her notice. Perhaps the little scene she had witnessed yesterday and the resultant sleepless night, accounted for her interest. She did not analyze her reason. A sudden resolution formed itself as she read:

"Children of the Shelter to enjoy outing to Lake Katepwa to-day." Then followed a short column touching on the benefits of the holiday and the means of transportation.

To-day! Here was the chance to do something personal. She owned a beautiful seven-passenger car. With a little

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Doris, the Peacemaker

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squeezing, ten small children could ride in it. Last year she had loaned her car for a similar occasion—she remembered with a twinge of shame that she had considered it a magnanimous act—but today she, herself, would act as chauffeur.

The more she contemplated it, the more her interest grew, until she became quite enthused. She would give these lonely tots a day to remember for years. She wondered with mingled feelings, if they would show her the same love and respect the newsboys had shown Craig. At least she could contribute some ray of brightness in their gray little lives.

An hour later all arrangements were completed, and she was speeding toward the lake, the grey touring-car loaded with happy, smiling children. Verna was enjoying it as she had not thought possible, as she listened to their excited chatter. And little Doris Garden, the pale-faced, pink-frocked tot who sat at her elbow, looking up into her face with shy, adoring eyes, she loved already. It was a new sensation for Verna, who had never known the companionship of a child, and she found the mute tribute very sweet.

They were approaching the lake. The white tents and gay cottages of the campers were visible among the trees. The skimming row-boats, the swings that dotted the campus, the brightly-hued merry-go-round all drew cries of delight from the children. Verna smiled in sympathy. It was all very commonplace to her, but she was seeing it through the eyes of those to whom it was a marvel.

Suddenly her pulses quickened. A car was coming toward them, and the driver, a fair young man in a gray suit, had a disquietingly familiar look. Could it be Craig? The car drew nearer; her heart seemed to have stopped beating. It was Craig Killam.

Craig Killam! The one man she wished to avoid! And now of all times, though she had no reason to be ashamed of her actions. But he would naturally infer that her presence here was the result of his advice.

She swung her car out to pass, looking straight ahead with white face and set lips.

"Mr. Killam! O, Mr. Killam!"

It was Doris, shy little Doris, who had sprung to her feet and piped out her gladness at seeing him.

"Hello, Doris. Have a good time."

Verna heard the voice as in a dream. She felt his eyes on her, and knew he had lifted his hat; but she drove on without turning her head. She must not. If he should come back!

She looked down to find Doris regarding her gravely.

"He touched his hat and looked at you hard, and you never spoke to him," she rebuked.

Verna's pale lips twitched in a smile. "You know him, Doris," she said.

"O, yes. I just love him. He knows my mother and he comes to see me sometimes. He brought me a doll once. Don't you like him?"

"Why, yes," answered Verna, the color staining her face.

"Why didn't you speak to him?" persisted the child.

But they had reached the lake now, and her attention was diverted by other attractions.

The day passed, joyfully for the children, contentedly for Verna had it not been for the leaden weight at her heart. Contact with Craig had brought back the old pain. But she resolved that her proteges should not suffer because of it, so she mustered what enthusiasm she could, and played ball, ran races, did all the things she had long since abondoned.

She had not encountered Craig again, though she knew he was somewhere on the grounds. She had seen him unload his cargo of demonstrative newsies on the green campus, the same boys he had talked with yesterday. Later, she had seen him leave the water's edge in a trim row-boat, Craig at the oars.

In the shelter of a tree, she had watched him send the boat with swift, sure stroke out into the lake. His face was turned toward her this time, and she could see him smile in his frank, winning way. He was not a handsome man, apart from his fine eyes, but there was a nobility about him, a chivalry that few men possessed. She stood there until the dividing waters dimmed her vision.

Then, she turned and plunged into the thicket. She must be alone to regain her poise. No one would miss her for a few moments, as the children were well cared for by the Superintendent of the Shelter.

She found the path she was looking for—a narrow trail that led to a moss-grown rock overhung by the sheltering boughs of a giant oak. It had been a favorite haunt of hers the summer she had camped here with her parents. Once she had found Craig sketching the scene, and had scolded him for trespassing on private property. Later, when he met her in her own home, he laughingly reminded her of it, and had sent her the sketch.

She thought of it now as she seated herself on the rock and buried her head in her arms. Why had she passed him this morning without speaking? She had hurt him again. She knew exactly the way his lips would tighten and the pain that would darken his eyes. She had made it impossible for him to recognize her again. He had been a gentleman; she had not shown common courtesy. If she had not avoided him all afternoon—but, of course, he would not seek her after such a rebuff. After all, she would do the same thing again. She could not do otherwise. A tear trickled down her cheek and splashed through her fingers. What a sorry failure she had made of things!

A soft face pressed against her, and a child's timid voice roused her from her reverie.

Verna raised her head. "Doris!" she exclaimed. "How did you get here, dear?"

The child flushed. "Do you mind? I thought you looked sad, and—and I was sorry. Mother says when people are sad they shouldn't be alone. So I followed you. Are you lonely?"

"A little bit, Doris."

"What makes you lonely? You don't live in a Home, do you?"

Verna looked down into the little face so full of childish sympathy. One so young could not understand, but she needed some one to confide in, and the child's sympathy was very appealing.

"If you had said something very cross and horrid to someone you liked very much, and they had gone away and never come back, you would feel badly, wouldn't you Doris?"

Dorris nodded, round-eyed. "Is that why you are lonely? Perhaps —" timidly—"if you told the person you were sorry, they might come back."

Verna looked at the child thoughtfully. Perhaps. She had told herself the same thing, but had dismissed it as impossible. If the fault had not been hers——

Footsteps were approaching along the path. Verna held herself tense, listening. The next moment the bushes parted, and Craig stood before her.

She sprang to her feet, the child's hands clasped tightly in hers. Her face was pale. For a moment they looked at each other in silence; then Craig spoke, and his voice was strained and cold.

"I am sorry I intruded. I did not know you were here."

Verna did not answer. She could not. Whatever hope had been kindled at his appearance was extinguished by the chill of his tone and expression.

He turned to go, but Doris darted from Verna's side and seized his hand. "Don't go," she begged. "Don't you know she's lonely? She says she's said something cross to someone she likes awful much, and they went away and never came back. That's why she's sad. We all just love her." She beamed on Verna as if that fact should dispel all sadness.

Craig stepped forward eagerly. "Verna!" There was no coolness in his voice now. "Is it true? Forgive me, dear. I've wanted all week to apologize. I was a cad to talk the way I did."

Verna looked away. Tears suddenly blinded her. Doris had started after a butterfly and they were alone. "There

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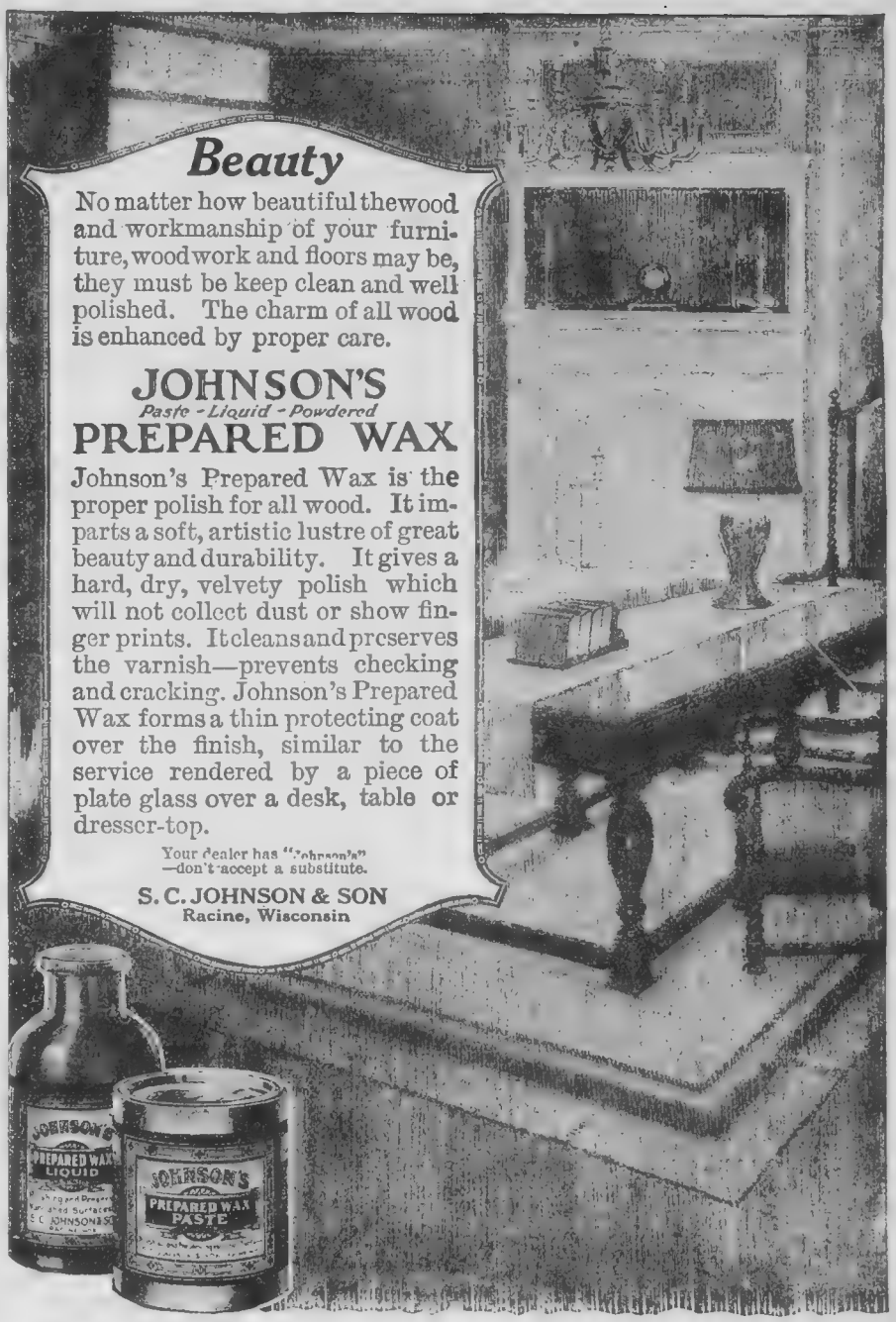

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THE FACT THAT AN ARTICLE IS ADVERTISED IN *THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY* MEANS THAT IT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS REPRESENTED TO BE.

The Girl Who Didn't Love Babies

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Margaret A. Bartlett

"Well, Ruth, who's baby you got to-day?" demanded Marion Stoddard, stopping her chum on her way to the village from whence she, herself, was just returning.

The plump, rosy-cheeked girl pushing the baby carriage dimpled with laughter.

"Oh, a new baby, Marmy," she exclaimed exultantly. "Little Jackie Wentworth. His folks have just moved onto the big Brown place. Isn't he a darling? See how pretty he is when he laughs!"

Ruth rubbed the baby's stomach with her finger-tips, "chucked" him under his chin and clapped his little hands together till he was doubled up with convulsive mirth. Then, bending over the carriage, she gave the baby a big kiss full on the lips, bolstered him into an upright position, and started on the run down the road, waving a hasty farewell to Marion with one hand, while with the other she steered uncertainly the careening buggy.

Marion stood for several moments watching her, an expression half wistful, half fearful, on her face. She wished she dared to take babies out riding the way Ruth Bowser did. She loved them, she thought fiercely, every bit as much as Ruth ; but she was afraid to take charge of them, and folks, therefore, thought her unnatural, a girl who didn't like babies. It was useless to explain. Folks knew that Ruth was never so happy as when dandling a baby, and that Marion had never been seen even holding one. That was sufficient proof for them. They didn't know how Marion's heart ached to love and cuddle the tiny boys and girls of the village, but how fear of doing something wrong, of making them sick or getting them to crying, restrained her. And now, as she watched Ruth bumping the baby over the stones and uneven spots in the road, the sensation that was uppermost was one of fear—fear for little Jackie Wentworth. "If I were a mother," she said, half aloud, "I'd never dare let a girl take my baby out riding like that. What if she should jounce him out, and he should land on his head, or——" a hundred awful possibilities presented themselves. Marion sighed and continued her dusty walk home. She loved babies, but she didn't love them enough to risk the lives of other folks' babies, doing the wrong things for them!

Ruth and Marion at that time were both twelve years old. They had been born and brought up in the same little village and had been lifelong friends, in spite of their vastly different natures. Whereas Ruth was quick and impulsive, lovable but thoughtless, Marion was slow and quiet, thoughtful and, according to many folks, distant. In Ruth the village saw the young wife and mother; in Marion, the old maid.

Yet such wasn't to be, in Marion's case, at least. For to both girls two years before they were twenty came love—a full, sweet, overwhelming love that carried them both to the heights of ecstasy. Together they planned their trousseaux and dreamed of the future.

"I shall have children," declared Ruth during one of their conversations; "dozens of them," she added, with her characteristic exaggeration.

"I want at least four," confessed Marion, blushing.

"Four! You! Oh, Marion, what are you talking about? It would kill you to take care of a baby a whole day—and I'm not so sure but that you would kill the baby. Why, child, you don't even know how to pin on a diaper!"

Marion's cheeks burned. She bit her lips at sound of Ruth's laughter. Thereafter she never brought up the subject of babies again.

Both weddings took place that fall, and both girls soon after set up housekeeping in the little homes provided for them; Ruth, with her farmer husband, near his folks on the outskirts of the town, Marion, with her ambitious young lawyer husband, in a small village house. Then the town settled down and waited. "Of course, Ruth will have babies," they said; "but Marion—I don't believe she'd know which end to hold one!"

In the spring came the long-anticipated news: Ruth was an expectant mother. The village folks smiled and nodded their heads. That was fine. "Ruth was a natural born mother." But a month later when word travelled from mouth to mouth that Marion, too, was preparing for the stork, the same folks gasped and opened their mouths in dread and fear. Immediately the mothers of the past generations began to rush to her with bits of advice. Marion received them kindly, graciously. She listened attentively to all they had to say, thanked them for their trouble—then, after each had gone, she turned to the books she had bought from a mail order house—a book on pre-natal care and one on the care and feeding of infants—and each time proved the folly of their statements, the danger that lay in their advice.

Once she tried to tell Ruth about her invaluable books, but Ruth only laughed.

"Why should I study up about babies?" she asked, dimpling as she had done at twelve, over the absurdity of the suggestion. "Why, Marmy, I've handled babies all my life. I guess I know just about all there is to know about them!"

And so the subject was dropped. Ruth sang over the frills and ruffles and lace and ribbon she was making into baby garments, and wondered over the simplicity of Marion's layette—for Marion stitched the simplest of little garments together, trimming them with only a bit of soft lace at neck and sleeves and occasionally indulging in a little dainty hand-embroidery—but only a little, for Marion was spending more time than usual exercising moderately in the open air and getting periods of rest each day on couch or bed. A new light shone in her eyes. Never in her life had she been so happy.

Ruth hired a woman in town to be present during her confinement; Marion engaged a trained nurse from the nearby city, shutting her ears to the cry of extravagance that was raised on all sides. Her husband understood and agreed with her when she said: "I want to learn things right from the beginning, and the best way is to learn from somebody who has been trained in the right way to care for babies."

Ruth's baby arrived a month ahead of Marion's. It was a tiny, weak little girl. For days little hope was held out for its life, but gradually it commenced to gain and by the time Ruth was up around was taking a good hold on life. But the little thing required so much attention! Ruth couldn't bear to let it cry a minute in its crib—she had been told crying would rupture the baby—with the result that she was walking the floor and rocking the tiny girl-baby most of the time, or else she was nursing it to sleep. There were nights when it had the colic and she was awake for hours, walking with it, dosing it with remedies this woman and that woman prescribed as colic-cures. The strain began to tell on Ruth. Two months later she lost her freshness, her round plumpness; she looked continually dragged and weary. "Poor girl," folks said, "she is finding what a trial it is to raise a family. All young mothers have it to learn, though, and most of them come through the period all right."

But they soon found that all young mothers did not have to pass through such a period. Marion's baby had arrived in due course. To the surprise of the skeptical village women, it was a fat, bouncing baby boy weighing eight

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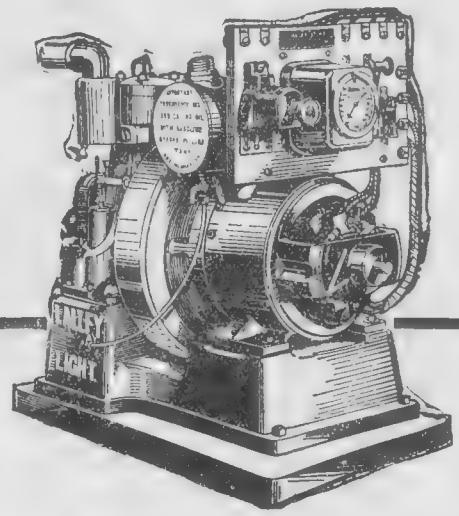
Comfort for the farm women



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The Girl Who Didn't Love Babies

Continued from Page 38

and one-half pounds. The very day of its arrival some half dozen neighbor women went to call on the new mother. To their disappointment and indignation the nurse, who answered their ring, informed them that "mother and baby were getting along very nicely, but that no callers could be admitted during the first week." Such a thing had never been heard of in the town! The idea of that snip of a city nurse acting as if Marion were on her death-bed! They vowed they wouldn't call again till she had left.

But curiosity got the better of them. One at a time, or by pairs for company, they made their way to Marion's house as soon as the second week began.

Fido tips the scales.

And not a woman but came away disgusted with new-fangled methods, as they chose to call the way Marion's son was being brought up.

"Why, my dear," said one kind soul, "that baby was asleep in his basket in a room with a window open in it. His face was not even covered up. He was actually breathing cold air. I expect to hear any minute he has died with pneumony."

"I know it," added another; "and Marion and that hospital girl actually sit still and let him cry all by himself. I always knew Marion was unnatural. No real mother would let her baby cry when all he wanted was to be taken up and nursed probably. But she doesn't nurse him when he's hungry. Instead she goes by the clock—nurses him just as the clock strikes every second hour, during the daytime, but only once all night long. I predict that baby will starve to death in few months. As if one could tell by the clock when a baby is hungry!"

But to the amazement of the village folks Marion's baby not only did not die of pneumonia or of starvation, but grew, under her careful knowledge of infant requirements, into a fat, rosy, healthy youngster. He was fed regularly, given all the water he wanted between meals, put to sleep daytimes out on the porch or in inclement weather in the large front room, the windows of which were thrown open wide. Every morning after he was two weeks old he was actually bathed in a tub.

"She takes and puts that tiny babe right into warm water, all over but his head! Wonder to me he doesn't scream and slide right out of her hands! But the little critter actually seems to enjoy the water. He laughs and gurgles all the time he is in it, and Marion seems to enjoy it as much as he. It sure beats all! Bath-time used to drive me about frantic when I was a young mother—and I never did more than sponge my babies, either—and there's Marion who never handled a baby before in her life enjoying the bath-hour! I can't understand it at all." (Thus spoke one shocked and mystified grandmother.)

As for Marion's appearance—well, folks just turned and looked at her when she passed on the street. They had expected her to be driven to nerves with a baby to care for day and night. Instead, however, they found her outwardly calm and patient as ever, while her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed with an unwonted happiness, and the love for babies she had stored up all the years of her girlhood leaped through every fibre of her body. She had learned how to care properly for a baby, and fear of young children was now unknown to her. Her house was neat and well-ordered, her personal appearance always pleasing, she never appeared to have had a night of unbroken rest. Regularity in the care of her young son made possible sufficient rest and time a-plenty for housework and sewing. She was the happiest day-to-day mother the town had ever seen; and her baby was by far the sturdiest and healthiest.

When the teething period arrived, Ruth's baby suffered every sort of disturbance. She nearly died when Ruth had to wean her. The "dreadful second summer" brought diarrhoea to an alarming degree. The little girl was never anything but thin and white, with dark circles under her eyes. In vain Marion endeavored to teach Ruth the principles of baby care and feeding as worked out by authoritative doctors and nurses, but Ruth only scoffed. What, bring her baby up by a book? Hardly! A book was all right for Marion who didn't have much mother to her, but for her, Ruth, who had handled babies all her life—well, she'd like to know what a book could tell her that she didn't already know. Most of the stuff was just tommyrot, written by doctors who had never had any children of their own and consequently had no feeling concerning them. And yet, secretly she envied Marion her fine, never-sick boy. She grew almost bitter against her for having such a healthy baby—Marion who had never dressed a baby before in her life!

Time passed. Ruth had evidently forgotten her promise to have "dozens of 'em." She openly declared that she didn't want any more babies—one was enough to keep a person busy from morn till night and on to morn again. It was all right, she stated laughingly, to take care of someone else's baby when all the worry concerning it if it were sick didn't fall on your shoulders, but it was quite a different thing to have the whole responsibility.

Marion, on the other hand, gave birth two years later to a second son. Four years then elapsed before the stork made a third visit, this time leaving twin baby girls. Three years later another boy was placed in Marion's welcoming arms. To all was given the same good care, not only through early babyhood but through those equally important years of childhood, and each child vied with the others for the fattest, rosiest cheeks, the brightest eyes and the reddest lips. Marion had blossomed into the town's conception of the perfect mother.

Old ladies who had known the two women as girls used often to talk about them and speculate on the changes that marriage and motherhood had made in them.

"We used to think," said one, "that Marion was unnatural, a girl who didn't like babies. We used to think that Ruth was overflowing with mother-love, while in Marion it was all dried up. I kinder guess, though, it wasn't dried up in Marion, but just bottled up, growing stronger and stronger every year till she had more than was good for one baby of her own. Marion the mother of five children! P'raps if Ruth had spent her time watching how people cared for their babies and learning all the wrong things they did to them, she'd have had better luck with her little girl and been willing to have more children. Funny, but you can't always tell about the girl who doesn't love babies: she may love 'em best of all!"

A Pie-ous Salute

A volunteer on sentry sat on the grass eating pie that a friend had brought from the canteen.

The major sauntered up in undress uniform. Not recognizing him, the sentry did not salute.

"What have you there?" the major asked.

"Pie," said the sentry. "Have some?"

"Do you know who I am?" demanded the major sternly.

"No," said the sentry; "unless you're the major's groom."

"Guess again," growled the major.

"The barber from the village?"

"No."

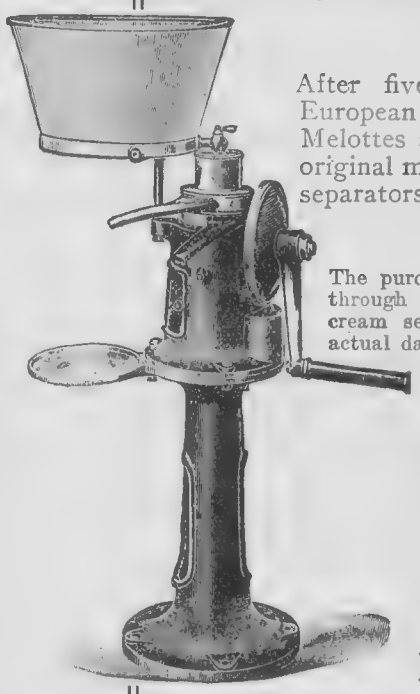
"Maybe," said the sentry laughingly, "you're the major himself."

"That's right; I am the major," was the reply.

The sentry scrambled to his feet.

"Good gracious!" he cried. "Hold the pie, will you, sir, while I present arms!"

Save Money by Skimming Closer



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Lister Premier

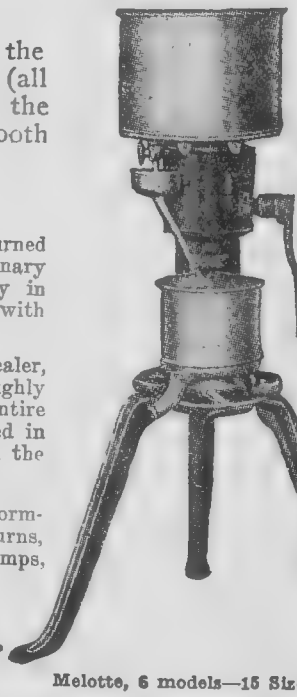
The purchase price of a Lister Premier will be returned through extra cream saved, as compared with ordinary cream separators. This has been proven repeatedly in actual dairy practice. It was a mechanical certainty with Lister engineers who built it.

You are invited to call on your nearest dealer, or perhaps your neighbor has one, and thoroughly examine the Premier. Take it apart. The entire machine can be taken apart and re-assembled in a few minutes. You will be impressed with the materials and care used in its manufacture.

Write Dept. "W.H.M." for catalogues and information on the Melotte; or milking machines, churns, ensilage cutters, silos, sawing outfits, pumps, pump jacks, power pumping outfits.

R. A. Lister & Co. (Canada) Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.



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"Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight"--Waltz

"Patches"--The latest Fox-trot

"Any Time, Any Day, Any Where"--Fox-trot

"The Rye Waltzers"--Most popular dance roll

"The Bells of St. Mary"--Ballad

"Love's Rosary"--A great waltz ballad

"Sabbath Day Reflections"--The wonderful pipe organ effect

Keep your Player Piano up to date with the newest rolls as they are published. We will be glad to place your name on our mailing list, to receive the new lists of rolls from time to time. Write to-day for latest lists. Orders of $3.00 and upwards shipped carrying charges paid.

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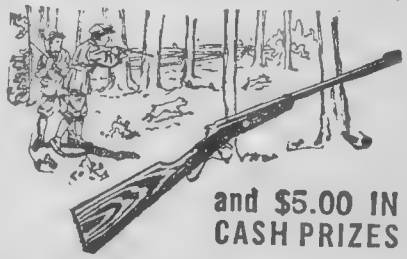
BOYS! REAL RIFLE GIVEN



and $5.00 IN CASH PRIZES

Boys! Go hunting! Plenty of small game in field and wood—rabbits, ground hogs, partridge, prairie chickens, gophers, etc. Finest sport in the world. This gun is a beauty, like you always wanted—22 calibre, with safety hammer, lever action, automatic shell starter, regulation, open sights, polished hardwood stock. Easily earned by selling only $10.00 worth of our big, beautiful Calendars at 10c. each; lovely Easter and other postcards at 6 for 10c.; and sure-growing flower and vegetable seeds at 10c. a packet. IT'S THREE TIMES AS EASY TO SELL THREE KINDS OF GOODS. Send no money—we trust you. Mail your order NOW. The Gold Medal Company (22nd year in business), Dept. W.H. 20T 311 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

$250 in Cash Prizes!

to

Boys and Girls living on Farms!

Everybody Read This!

BECAUSE gophers are a pest and eat up farm profits, and because we know the best, quickest and cheapest way to kill gophers is to use

Kill-Em-Quick

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

we are making this unusual offer to Boys and Girls, under 21 years of age, who are living on farms in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

Show this advertisement to your Father and Mother.

OUR CASH OFFER:

We offer $250 cash, divided into 34 prizes as follows:—

1st Prize.....$50.00 cash	3rd Prize.....$15.00 cash
2nd Prize ....$25.00 cash	4th Prize.... $10.00 cash

and 30 additional cash prizes of $5 each, making 34 prizes in all, and a total of $250.

See Your Druggist or Dealer

Your family Druggist or Dealer in town has the printed Rules of the Contest. You or Dad get a copy from him. Borrow a camera when the time comes. Get your Dad to kill gophers with Kill-Em-Quick. Then Photograph the dead gophers. Win one of the prizes!

Why Do We Do It?

The reason back of our offer is this: We want some good photographs for next year's advertising to *prove* how Kill-Em-Quick kills gophers. Everybody who uses Kill-Em-Quick knows how wonderful it is, but everybody does not yet use and know Kill-Em-Quick. So these photographs you take will help us next year to help more farmers kill gophers!

So, you Boys and Girls on the farms, and the Dealers in town, and we in Regina ***will make something*** out of our Gopher Contest, if we all work together. At the same time Kill-Em-Quick will ***increase your "dad's" 1920 farm profits by a mighty big lot***—perhaps $1,000 or more. He can buy a package for 100 acres at a cost of only $1.20. Think what a big saving (perhaps $1,000) for such a small sum.

100-acre size **$1.20**
40-acre size **60c**

Kill-Em-Quick Co. (Canada) Ltd., Regina, Sask.

ADVERTISING RATES

in *The Western Home Monthly* are $3.50 per inch, and there is no better value among Western advertising mediums.

About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Cameron

CHILD LIFE ON THE FARM

The home is the bulwark of our national greatness and the nation rises or lowers according to the standard of home life set by its women and children. After the World Upheaval, to-day the slogan is reconstruction and replenishing? To whom do we look for this replenishing? Mostly to the farmer who pursues the world's basic industry, which means that we must have more farmers and attractive farm homes. The attractiveness of farm life must be given due consideration if we would keep the coming generation on the farm and it is imperative that farm life be made to neutralize the glamour and general draw of the city.

There are many ways in which this end may be attained. When the young minds begin to get bored by their environments, the first danger signal is in evidence and it is of the utmost importance that such conditions be watched for and counteracted.

The summer season does not present such a hard task to the average farm family in keeping the young folks interested in their surroundings, but the long winters offer a respite in which the germ of discontent finds ample time in which to develop to a dangerous degree. The lack of agreeable diversion, coupled with sundry objectionable chores which have to be performed at times under adverse weather conditions do not in any way tend to lessen the growing desire to leave the farm and seek a change of scene and occupation.

It is a worth while scheme to make plans for as much amusement and outdoor recreation as possible during the winter months to demonstrate the fact that the farm is not such a "dead" place in the winter as the uninitiated would suppose. We have right to hand, the sunshine, the dry air and snow, and all that remains is to utilize these conditions along the line of health and recreation. The wealthy people of Europe journey to Switzerland year after year at great cost in travel and hotel accommodation to indulge in winter sports, and enjoy the air and sunshine, all of which, figuratively speaking, we have delivered at our own doors in this Western Country.

The poetic truism "A little more and how much is it; a little less and what worlds away" is true of the sundry little efforts to make the farm home attractive. It is the small things in life that are often responsible for the big results. One of the good pleasure-bringing and essentially health-bringing investments for the winter use of the young folks on the farm is a toboggan. By its use, many hours of healthy enjoyment may be obtained, and what is very important, it serves as an inducement to go out when there may otherwise be a disinclination to do so. It is not generally hard to find a slope where it can be used to good advantage, or if such a condition is not very accessible, a good deal of fun and exercise can still be got out of it on the level ground.

The building of a snow house or fort is also a good amusement inasmuch as it develops constructiveness, which is far more preferable to the inevitable destructiveness that too many idle hours will drive the child mind to. Children are naturally observant, probably to a greater degree than is generally conceded, and if shut out too much from their elders by the natural ostracism of difference in years, they will develop a greater partiality for their own land of make believe, and the erstwhile playmate, Daddy, will be left more and more in peace (?) with his mysterious observations in regard to eight per cent loans, etc., and Mother will be sent a little nearer to Coventry to pursue her everlasting fancy work while day by day the Pied Piper of childhood's imagination will send his music to the little lonely mind as a solace for the lack of companionship of the "too busy" parents.

A competent gatekeeper

The question may be asked "What has this subject to do with farming?" It has in every way a great deal to do with farming. Is not the home the pivot of the farm, and is not the child life the most important young life on the farm? The future of the country is in the hands of the children who are learning to like (or dislike) the environment of nature, and according to which of the above two factions becomes the future power in the land, so the country will develop or decline.

The great joy of possession is one of the chief delights of the farm child, and it is well to set aside a little pig, some chickens or some other live stock to encourage interest in the young farming aspirants. The Boys' and Girls' Clubs throughout the country are accomplishing fine work along the line of encour-

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About the Farm

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aging the best type of farming among the youth of the country. The boy or girl who leads a winner out of the show ring may presumably be considered a future pillar of the farming interests of the country.

We hear a good deal these days about feeds and balanced rations for cattle; their housing and care also occupies a good deal of the floor of discussion. What of the feeding, housing and care of the young farmer? On him depends the carrying on of the life work of his parents, and to do this work to the best advantage he needs to possess the best of health and be equipped with special advantages of knowledge.

In some farm homes there is to be seen an absence of the "haven of refuge" welcome to the tired worker, that many town homes possess, and this condition may account to a great extent for some members of the family growing tired of their home and its seemingly endless round of labor. The churn, cream separator, milking pail, etc., are all part and parcel of the day's work and they are not the best of companions when one wishes to get away from one's cares at the end of the day. Their too conspicuous presence in the home appears to spoil the privacy of the house in its capacity as a place of rest.

The young child who is given too many chores is apt to early form the opinion that the farm is more or less a penitentiary and his ambitions in regard to following that line of occupation are inclined to be nipped in the bud. Plenty of play is the right of every child and it should be provided at all cost or the result may be premature aging and subsequent discontent. Town school children can look for a stated period of play after school closes until the evening meal, whereas, some farm boys know that as soon as they get to their farm home there will be the usual round of chores awaiting them without variety It may be argued that the tasks on the farm that await them on their return from school are to be performed outdoors and are more of a manual than mental nature, but, on the other hand the young mind craves in a colt-like way the freedom of the pasture, in short, the alternative is a case of exchanging the discipline of the schoolhouse for the discipline of the barnyard, which is certainly a good rotation as far as it goes, but it is not a spell of freedom.

Under ordinary conditions perhaps it is not an easy matter to provide the most ideal play at any given time, but the extra effort is well worth the endeavour, for the man of to-morrow will be a more enthusiastic worker for the amount of play he gets as a boy of to-day and the child in learning to build his, or her ambitions in happy childhood on the farm will develop a tie to home associations that the allurements of some of the hollow pleasures of life will fail to sever.

The Plum Orchard

Owing to the great popularity of the Native Plum and the demand for it being so much over the supply, an article on the subject just now when the spring preparations are in the making, is timely. It is becoming imperative that the farmer be more independent of produce raised outside of his own farm, and in regard to the production of fruit, a plum orchard would help as a money saver in view of the prohibitive prices that are likely to rule on fruit. The establishment on plum orchards on Western farms would be a progressive step against the vassal tax we are now paying, known as the high cost of living.

Restful hours on a dairy farm

Plums will succeed on many different kinds of soil. Americana and Nigra plums succeed best on clay loam, and do well on sandy loam also. The trees winter well and are not a drag on one's time as they do not require a great deal of attention. The only drawback, of course, is that of late frost in the spring which is a common danger to a great many other forms of growth on the farm.

In districts where early frosts are expected a northern exposure should be the aim when the plum orchard is planned, as an early development of buds would not take place if this scheme were adopted. The soil should be well drained. If the land proposed for the location of the orchard is not in very good condition, it is best to postpone the planting for a year in order to give the young trees the best chance to succeed. Land which has been well manured for root crops, ploughed in the autumn and spring and well harrowed, should be in good condition for planting young trees.

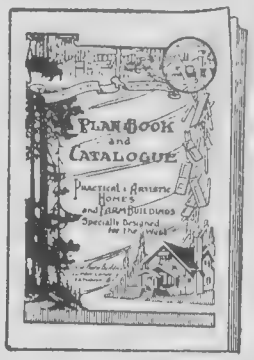
Plum trees should be planted in rows and a good distance apart so as to get the full advantage of sunlight and also to allow for cultivation both ways be-

Continued on page 42

BETTER HOMES and FARM BUILDINGS FOR LESS MONEY

The Westcott - Design No. 108.

Direct From Manufacturer—At First Cost



Let us quote you our money-saving prices, freight paid to your station, on all Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Mouldings, Doors, Windows, Sash, Frames, Tar Paper and Building Paper, in quantities guaranteed sufficient to erect any of the buildings shown in our plan book. **No Extras to pay for.**

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Our plans are designed especially for the West. Construction both stormproof and economical. Houses combine external beauty with every practical requirement of a modern home.

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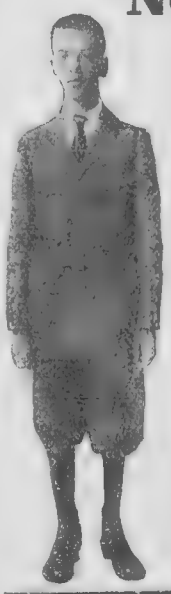
119 Pender Street West VANCOUVER, B.C.

BLUE RIBBON TEA

By an overwhelming majority the people of Western Canada have decided that Blue Ribbon "Mountain Grown" Tea is the best. Ask for it.

34

Crawled— Now Walks



Infantile Paralysis caused the deformity. Two years after treatment at the McLain Sanitarium his mother writes:

"When we took our boy to the McLain Sanitarium he had to crawl on his hands and knees; after six months' treatment (Summer of 1917), he could walk alone. It is now two years since he took the McLain treatment, and he has continued to improve every day since he came home.
"MRS. C. D. SPEIDEL, Hanoverton, Ohio."

FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private Institution, devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," free. Write for them.

McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
870 Aubert Avenue ST. LOUIS, MO.

FREE Lavalliere or Rose Bud Ring. Ring set with Rose Bud. Lavalliere set with rex stone, green gold leaves. Your choice for 12 cents. Both for 22 cents. Warranted for three years. Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 9 , Battle Creek, Mich

DIME brings five SELECT COLORED PICTORIAL POST CARDS British Columbia's Wonderful Scenery including Famous Canadian "Rockies." Real "Beauties." Walter Bailey, 856 Eleventh Ave. East Vancouver, Can.

About the Farm

Continued from page 41

tween the trees. About fifteen feet apart each way is the distance recommended.

If the orchard has no natural protection, it will be advantageous to plant a windbreak on the north and west sides in order to check the velocity of the wind but not to stop it, as a circulation of the air through the orchard is necessary for the checking of insect pests, etc. The main object of the windbreak is to lesson the force of the wind so that the trees will grow to the best advantage in an upright manner, and to afford such protection that the ripe fruit will not be blown off the trees in such quantities that go to make the windfalls of a poorly protected orchard. Then again, by the latter system the force of the wind will have less of a tendency to dry out the soil. It is recommended that the windbreak be planted no nearer than forty feet from the first row of fruit trees.

In starting the plum orchard, trees one or two years old are the most suitable. The spring is the best time to do the planting, and it should be done early as possible. Great care should be exercised in planting, as that is the critical period. The trees should be carried to the place where they are to be planted, assembled in small bundles with a wet sack wrapped round their roots. In the process of planting, the roots should not be exposed to the air any longer than is absolutely necessary. The hole should be dug to accommodate the roots without having to crowd them or double them up. The hole should be about eighteen inches deep and the soil on the bottom loosened without being removed so that the roots under the trees will not rest on a hard surface. In digging the hole, the finer surface soil should be thrown on one side apart from the lower and coarser soil. This fine soil should be the first thrown in after the tree has been placed in the hole, for the reason that, being fine, it will more readily settle among the fine roots of the tree. To ensure a greater degree of safety in the operation, the tree should be planted about an inch deeper than its original depth so as to ensure the roots being thoroughly covered. It is very important to make sure that the roots are properly buried in the soil and that there are no air spaces, otherwise the planting may be wasted labor. After the fine surface soil that was set aside to be used on the lower roots has been exhausted in supply and the hole is about half full, a good tramping should be the next proceeding, then fill the hole up with the coarser soil. The surface around the bottom of the tree trunk should be loose soil to check evaporation.

Varieties

The varieties recommended for the west are as follows: Cheney, Aitkin, Odegard, Assiniboine and the best seedlings of Manitoba Native plum.

Poultry Yard Preparation

At this period there will be much preparation in the poultry plant and a good deal of the success of the coming season will hinge on the work now under way.

Early hatched pullets are strongly urged as the best policy of the poultry keeper, as they will produce eggs in the winter when eggs are at a premium as a luxury. Careful observation by experts has shown that early, well-matured pullets are the only kind for winter production; they make good breeders as well.

Chicks

The feeding of young chicks is often done too soon with the result that the chicks are lost after all the trouble of various duties connected with the hatching season. When the chick is hatched, it is already supplied with nourishment to last several days. The nourishment preferred is the egg yolk. All it requires is warmth and rest in a brooder where some fine chick grit has been scattered. After about two or three days they will show unmistakable signs of hunger. The following table giving five feeds a day is one that is recommended:

1st feed, bread crumbs moistened with milk.
2nd feed, finely cracked mixed grains.
3rd feed, rolled oats.
4th feed, moistened bread crumbs.
5th feed, finely cracked mixed grains.

It must be borne in mind that when chicks are being brooded by a hen she will clean up all particles of left over food, therefore when the chicks are in a brooder it is very important that such particles be removed before they turn sour and cause disaster. These particles should be removed a few minutes after each feeding.

UNION MADE

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Insist on Getting
G.W.G.
Accept no Substitute

Overalls

"They wear longer because they're made stronger"

GUARANTEE Every garment bearing the C.W.G. Label is guaranteed to give full satisfaction to the wearer in fit, workmanship and quality, and to obtain this satisfaction should the garment prove defective simply satisfy the merchant from whom purchased he is authorized by us to replace it.

Manufactured by
The Great Western Garment Co. Ltd.
Edmonton, Alta.

27

CUT DOWN THE WASTE

As the price of land, the cost of labor and other commodities increase, the loss from waste or idle land correspondingly increases. One type of waste land that is responsible for the greatest loss in proportion to the amount of land is that occupied by stumps.

Not only is no paying crop produced on the land where the stumps stand and for a considerable area on all sides of it, but more labor is almost invariably required to plant and cultivate around the stump than would be required if it were not there, to cultivate a crop growing in its place. Years ago it required a lot of hard labor to get rid of stumps in any other way than to allow them to rot in place. Such is not the case to-day. There are stump pullers of many types which are successful in removing the most obstinate stumps and they can also be successfully removed by the use of dynamite.

The stumps in a piece of land may be the determining factor as to whether it yields a profit or returns a loss. Suppose for example that a piece of land yields fifteen bushels of wheat and that it requires the income from fifteen bushels of wheat to pay for the cost of growing and marketing. Unless more than the fifteen bushels are grown the owner will just break even for his season's work. If this is a piece of land on which there are a number of stumps, by removing them the labor of growing the crop will not be increased and almost always will be decreased. If by so doing the owner succeeded in growing sixteen bushels of wheat instead of the fifteen, he will then have approximately two dollars clear profit instead of just breaking even. An increase of three bushels per acre which might easily be possible in case there were quite a number of stumps on the land, would amount to six dollars for the acre. This would be an important item toward paying the cost of removing the stumps. It should be borne in mind, however, that even if the extra crop did not pay the labor and expense of removing them the first year, the improvement is a permanent improvement and will keep on yielding profits indefinitely.

With the present high cost of material and labor which go into the production of crops, one can well afford to make their best effort to the end that the expensive materials are used to the best advantage.

MARKET LETTER

Wheat: Decline in cash wheat premiums in the United States was checked during the week and prices are somewhat higher; however, the advance is not reflected in the flour demand and at many points flour is down to a basis that is equivalent to the United States guarantee prices. In order to sustain these prices, the United States Grain Corporation announce that they will resume the buying of flour March 2nd. The decrease in the American visible supply was 1,816,000, bushels, compared

Continued on page 47

A Northern Niagara

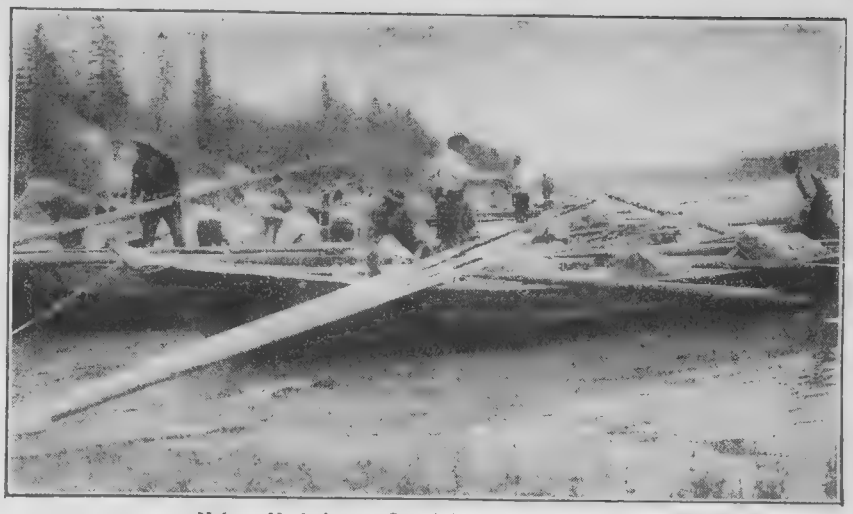
Written for the Western Home Monthly by David Blyth

I do not know why I call the Grand Rapids of the Nelson river "A Northern Niagara," except that it is a great fall on a great river. I have seen it somewhere that there are only a few gallons less water going down the Nelson than the St. Lawrence. Very possible. I never measured either; but such experience as I have had with the St. Lawrence has been in steamboats whereas, I negotiated some hundreds of miles of the Nelson river in a Peterboro canoe. Size is altogether relative. From a canoe the Nelson river looks very much larger than the St. Lawrence does from a steamboat. On one occasion I could have wished it even larger. In its tidal waters I travelled some distance in company with an apparently innumerable company of white whales. These creatures playing and sporting in the leaden-colored waters are extremely beautiful, and I have no reason to suppose that they are not friendly. But when things the size of an apartment block rear themselves out of the water only twenty or thirty yards away and, with an indescribably graceful curve occupying an acre of the right of way more or less, submerge themselves again, you feel that with either more water or fewer whales the neighborhood would be less inconveniently crowded. One of my Indians fired my rifle at a whale. I do not know whether he hit it or not, though at the range I don't see how even an Indian could miss, and I do not suppose the fish did either, but I stopped that. I thought it was childish.

The Nelson river is a combination of the Red River, the Winnipeg river and the Saskatchewan, besides innumerable smaller streams. It also takes the seepage of the largest and wettest area that exists in the world I should say. They calculate up north that one-third of the earth's surface there is under water. Whether what ought to be under water, if it is to be honest about it, and is not, is included, I do not know. What I do know is that no man really knows what homesickness is until he has been abroad on the quaking bosom of a real muskeg of large dimensions.

After the Nelson has spilled over the edge of the limestone saucer which holds its upper water (I am speaking of western drainage area), it makes a very quick trip to Hudson Bay. A fall has to be remarkable to really differ from the other one a few miles further down. Sheer monotony of bad water makes canoeing tame. The canoe does not take you down the river; you take the canoe down, and worse, you bring it up again. The Grand Rapids is easily the sovereign of all the falls on the river. It is not in the least like Niagara. I have only seen Niagara once. It is very big. When I was there you could walk across below on the ice. The jurisdiction of Canada extended a certain distance from the shore on the north, and that of the United States an equal distance from the shore on the south. Between was "No Man's Land." Advantage had been taken of this unorganized territory to erect booths in which was sold untaxed and unlicensed whisky. This feature impressed me more than Niagara itself. It was so human. I bought a drink of whisky and promptly spat it out when I tasted it. It was bad whisky, very bad whisky. I thought this was so human likewise. And my action, how impressive. An involuntary libation from the spirit of humanity to the great spirit of the mighty waters!

At the Grand Rapids the Nelson river meets an impassable barrier of granite rock running across its source as straight as a wall. These dykes or ridges are characteristic of the whole country. This one, however, surmounts an entirely lower level to the north. The river turns abruptly at a right angle, and runs along the wall until it finds a break, perhaps half a mile away, through which it thunders, and then returns, deep and placid, to the foot of the wall on the lower side. The wall itself is not over two hundred yards wide. Every great waterfall gives the impression of power more than of beauty, and the greater the fall the greater the impression of unrestrained, stupendous power wantonly displayed. Nature stuns us with her extravagance, her riot of power lavished in display. Here the most remarkable feature about the falls is the way in which their energy has been conserved by Nature. It is all there ready for use. The engineering problem has been solved. There is nothing to do but to bore a hole through the wall to control the whole current or as much as is needed.



Nelson York boats, Grand Rapids, Nelson River

On my way north I approached the Grand Rapids on a beautiful summer morning. I had camped the previous night at the head of Split Lake. The portage over the dyke presents no great difficulty except for the steepness on the northern side. To my great surprise, a very old Indian and a boy were resting on the summit of the dyke beside a fire.

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Where rocky shore and silvery sand meet

A Northern Niagara

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This was a most unexpected place in which to find a very old man and a boy together. I discovered that they were ahead of the Nelson Lake York boats on their way home from Norway House with a year's supplies. These would be along shortly, so I concluded to wait and see them make the portage. While I was waiting I thought I would make my way down the dyke to where I could get a view of the main falls and take a photograph or two. However, I had not gone half way before round the corner of the main stream above swept the flotilla of York boats travelling at great speed and curving into the deep backwater above the falls. Never have I witnessed a more beautiful sight. The York boat is not a beautiful vessel in its lines or structure, but on the water with its great sweeps out and its broad sail set it is highly picturesque, and this little navy against the background of half a continent of lonely emptiness surprised the senses with the beauty of life and motion. I had no time to get my camera into action. I have always regretted this. Had I had luck, it would have been a wonderful picture.

I wasted no more time trying to get down to the falls proper, but scrambled back to where the boats were being unloaded and their contents, followed by the boats themselves, taken across the portage. I have seen a few things in the way of packing. The old time prospector among the mountains was no slouch. But to behold a fellow human being broaden the back of his neck and shoulders with a 100-pound sack of flour in order to set thereon a good sized cook stove, and thus laden, step off the thwart of a boat over the gunwale, on to a sloping gangway made of three round sweeps bound together, and having thus reached the shore, set off up a steep incline at a trot and down a precipice on the other side, is a sight given to human eyes once, and once only.

I observed to John my Indian that these were bigger, better men than the Split Lake men. "Yes," he said, "more meat." They lived in a better, richer country. This is true, but the Split Lake Indians came originally from the shores of Hudson Bay. They had centuries of fish-eaters behind them. Besides which it seems to be true that the farther north you go from the tropics the finer the physical type you find up to a certain point. Then the further north you go the poorer is the human type. Most people will agree with this and go further, locating the zone of the highest potential development in the latitude where they originated themselves.

This convoy to Nelson House which I had intercepted is one of the main currents of northern life and commerce. The Indians who composed it were still fifteen days' hard travel away from home, and it would be a year before another expedition traversed the route. They had with them every manufactured product required by a whole nation for

Manitou Rapids

a year. With incredible swiftness everything was transported to the river below the falls, and above, where we were, unbroken stillness reigned again.

I do not know how far the Grand Rapids is below Manitou Rapids where the railway bridge is located. It cannot be over twenty miles I should say. The bridge may be there now. I do not know. Whatever may be the present position or future prospects of the Hudson Bay Railway the use of steam as its motive power is as unthinkable as the use of gas for street lighting in Winnipeg would be. The north country can never go short of light, heat and power. I have no great faith in its resources. There is a progressive diminution in the renovative power of organic life as you go north. People speak in a wholly inexact way of the northern lakes as teeming with fish. They do not teem with food fish, and for the very simple reason that they are not rich in fish food. Game is by no means plentiful. It is an excellent rule whenever about to travel in a country reputed to be very rich in game to add an extra side of the homely but re-

Nelson River, below Grand Rapids

liable sow belly to your supplies, simply as a concession to the mythopeic faculty in man. One form of life is abundant beyond all calculation—flies. The north is undoubtedly a bug hunter's paradise. But the ordinary man who has no desire to hunt bugs soon discovers that the bugs are possessed with a consuming fever to hunt him, and there are so many of them, and so few of him, that it makes the pursuit almost as sporting as fox hunting with the man as the fox. Minerals there may be in portions of the country; but minerals will not support a population. What is in store for the

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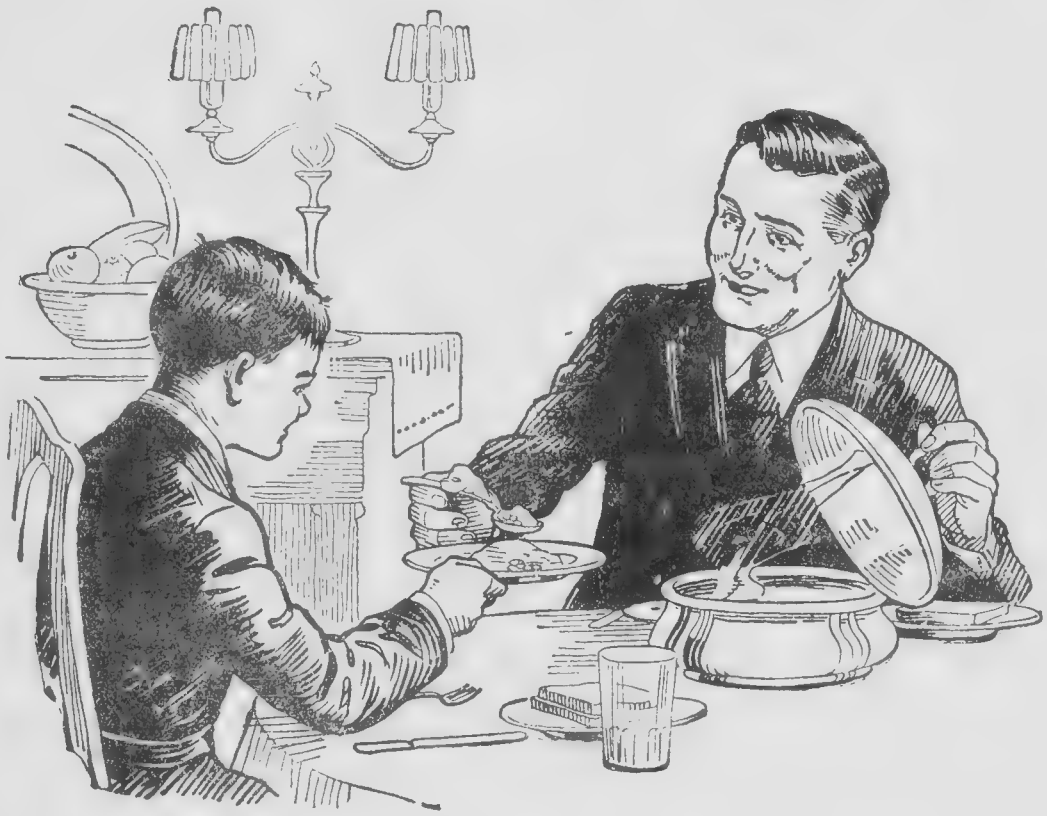

"I Am Glad to See You Pass Back, My Boy"

"WELL, I'm hungry."

"Good. It is a long time since I knew you to be hungry, unless it was for candy or some fancy dishes."

"Guess you are right, Dad."

"And what makes you so hungry?"

"I don't know, unless it is the Dr. Chase's Nerve Food mother is giving me."

"Something is making you look better, anyway; you have more color and seem to have more snap about you. Have you been weighed lately?"

"Yes, I have gained six pounds since I began taking the Nerve Food. Mother weighs me every week."

"That is fine. Now I hope you will be able to do better at school. I would like to see you at the head of your class or near it. I guess you did not have a fair chance before. You were half starved and we did not know it."

"That was no fault of yours, Dad."

"Perhaps not, in a way, for there was always plenty to eat, but the trouble was we did not see that you got what was good for you, and you got away under weight."

"One thing certain, I am feeling a lot better now, so I guess it must be from using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

"Yes, we shall give the Nerve Food credit for doing a whole lot, for I am sure you would never have gained up so quickly without it."

"Who told you about it, Dad?"

"I read in the paper that one boy in every three was under weight from malnutrition, and that was why so many boys were nervous, irritable and backward at school. Then I began to think about you and decided that you were not having a fair chance."

"You will not need to worry about me any more."

"No, I hope not, and I am going to warn other people of the risk they are running of having their children becoming physical and nervous wrecks for lack of proper nourishment. You had better go out and get some fresh air now before dark."

In order to be sure of getting the genuine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food it is only necessary to see the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on the box you buy. 50c a box, 6 for $2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

A Northern Niagara

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north when the fur is all gone it is hard to say. It might become a power house for the whole Continent of America, or at least that portion of it between the Rocky Mountains and the basin of the St. Lawrence. Of water power there is neither beginning nor end. Relatively to any at present imaginable human need it is infinite.

Before I leave the Grand Rapids to its solitary grandeur unvisited by tourists, and unviolated by whisky peddling, I wish to record the fact that a human being once went over the falls and emerged, not only alive but unhurt, except that he was rigid and unconscious from cold and terror. The way it happened was this: Some Indians were fishing on the ice in the wide backwater above the fall. The main stream was open water. The ice on which they were standing broke off in a large flake. They all jumped to safety, except one who was a little further away. He hesitated at the rapidly widening crack and was lost. He ran up and down the cake of ice in a frenzy for a moment or two, hoping for an eddy to close the crack. Then he buried his axe head in the ice and got down on his knees clinging to the axe handle. In this fashion he navigated the falls. The cake of ice was smashed to atoms, but the piece to which he was fastened remained sufficient to bear him up. His friends got him down below. They dislodged the axe from the ice, but they could not dislodge him from the axe for a long time. He had a fixed idea that the axe handle was the only solid thing left in this uncertain world to which to cling. It was reported to me that when he finally came out of his stupor he was none the worse of his adventure.

Story Telling to Children

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

We all of us love a good story, and children are no exception to this rule. From their earliest babyhood, they will say:—"Please tell me a story," even before their baby lips can pronounce the words.

We know that in the olden days, before the Art of Printing was introduced, children were taught by means of Songs and Stories. Even now, when there are so many books, I still think we should continue telling stories to children. There are times when we cannot read to them. For instance, "between the dark and the daylight," in the "children's own hour", what better pastime can we find than telling them stories?

There is no limit to the lessons we can convey to their young minds when we tell them a story. But in telling stories we must take care to be well up in the subject matter ourselves. There are children who like to hear the same stories two or three times and if we change some little detail in the second or third time of telling, they will be quick to remark it. If children like to hear the same story twice or even thrice, this is no fault. On the contrary, we can teach History by this method and find it useful.

Of course, there are all kinds of stories:—Fairy Tales, true tales and otherwise. Some children have a taste for one kind, some for another. Now, while I myself, personally, do not believe in cramming their little heads with fairy lore, yet I tell them even some of these, from time to time. But I teach the little mites that Fairy tales are not true. There are so many opinions on this subject that each mother must suit herself. I know once that I condemned fairy tales strongly; but I raised too much controversy at the time, and I do not wish to do that here. So I say, let each mother use her judgment. Of course, I am assuming that the mother is the natural story teller in the family; but the eldest sister might sometimes take her place.

If children do not love to hear stories, it must be the fault of the narrator. Women can teach themselves how to tell stories to children. They can read books on the subject, and stories they want to tell. They must not use high, stilted language, nor must they use too babyish terms. It is just as much a fault to try to speak in too young a manner as it is to speak above the children's heads. They will not like either way. The best thing is to talk in an easy, flowing manner I once heard a woman tell a story to a child and she hesitated all the time. So the little girl kept saying:—"Please go on! What next?" etc. Either that woman was not well up in her subject or she told the story unnaturally, because a stranger was present. Perhaps she was shy. Some people seem so self-conscious while narrating a story. They should try to forget themselves. They are of no importance for the moment! It is the tale they are telling which is of supreme importance.

If women want to know if they tell stories well, they have only to watch the children. Either they will talk amongst themselves and look bored, or they will be enthusiastic and rapt in attention. Two different people can tell the same story; but the children will not enjoy it the same way. If your children are always saying:—"Please tell us a story," do not think it a bother and try to put them off. Rather take it as the highest compliment. They are acknowledging that you are a good story teller.

If you can carry story telling to an Art, you will be able to teach your children almost anything. I do not mean merely History, Geography and such like. There are other more useful lessons which only a mother can teach. If she can teach these lessons by means of stories so much the better. And so much the deeper will they sink into the little ones' minds and so much more impression will they have made. Children do not like to know that they are told stories "to have a moral imparted to them". The moral must not seem to be there; but it must be there all the same!

Now, surely there is no woman who does not see that to teach by story telling is not child's play. But once we have found out the way, we should be very grateful that we can reach our children's hearts and brains in this manner. And we should make the best of our ability.

No time is wasted by telling stories to children, for we can just naturally use our spare time. Besides "telling" stories is not like reading them. Many women can knit or crochet or mend while they tell a story. But be sure that the work be not complicated or it will spoil our manner of telling a story. No child wants to have its attention interrupted while we pause to count the number of treble or double crochet stitches we are making!

And if there are women who cannot do these two things at once, then let them give an hour at least of their time, to "Story telling to children". We owe this to them. I would let some other work suffer a little if need be.

The mother ought to make one quiet hour which she can give to her children. Sewing, cooking and mending for them is not all our children need. They need us—US! O, if only mothers would really understand this, how much they would have learnt!

I love the picture of a mother sitting quietly by the fire while her children gather around her knees as she tells them a story. Such a picture should often be seen as we open the door of the sitting-room to visit the mother. I mean the picture in real life—not hanging on the wall! I think these mothers are doubly blessed and loved where the phrase is most in use:—"Please tell us a story!"

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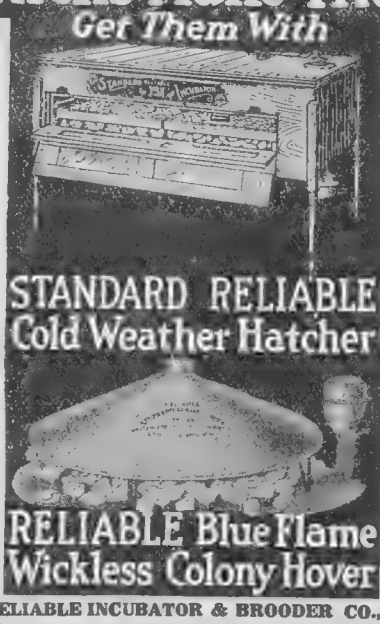

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Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Helen Vialoux, Charleswood

Testing eggs, from the machine on the seventh or eighth day, is a most interesting process, and a good deal of practice is needed to become expert and make no mistakes. Break an egg some times, into a saucer, and note the development of the embryo chick. I remember what a criminal I felt when I cracked an egg containing a live germ which gave a little wriggle in the saucer, but the lesson was a helpful one. The dark-shelled eggs are rather harder to test but on the fifteenth day of incubation there is no mistaking the growing chick. About one half of the egg is dark and the air space a good deal larger than before. Mark any egg you are not sure of, and watch results at hatching time. During the last week of incubation the door of the machine may be left open whilst the eggs are cooling; see that the lamp is burning clearly and the proper temperature will soon be registered. The inlet of fresh air in this way is of benefit. When hatching commences close the ventilators until all the chicks are out, then remove the tray containing egg shells, and chicks dead in the shell, and open the ventilators. Should the chicks in the nursery seem to gasp a little turn out the lamp. Leave them in the machine a few hours. Hatching often starts on the twentieth day and in thirty hours all is over. If the front of the machine is darkened with a rug and one little opening left, the chicks will come to the light and drop over into the nursery below. Should the little fellows seem to be over-crowding in the hatching chamber, open the door for a second and quickly place some of them below. In a warm room no harm results from this practice.

The brooder should be heated up in good time ready for the young fry, but put them into it in the morning if the usual lamp-heated brooder is used, then the chicks can be watched and the temperature noted all day.

If some mother hens are to brood the machine-hatched chicks, see that the hens are placed in suitable coops and are well dusted with insect powder. After being fed a hearty meal of grain give them the chicks mixed up with their own family, at nightfall, 15 to 20 chicks to a hen, in a roomy coop.

This usually works out well and Biddy knows no difference as she is not given to thought. However, I have known a hen to kill a lone white chick found in a hatch of dark hued youngsters.

An incubator record card is interesting to keep each season. The details in regard to temperature, egg tests, and percentage of chicks hatched only takes a few minutes to jot down for reference.

The condition of the farm or backyard flock in the spring has a great deal to do with egg fertility and good hatches of healthy chicks. Select only hens that are "fit as a fiddle" to put in a breeding pen, and see that the male bird is full of vigor and good health. Good breeding and fine feathering are important points, of course, in a pure bred flock, but none of these things should take the place of health and stamina in the rooster. We are all searching for a good laying strain of our favorite breed, therefore select a male from a winter laying strain of birds. Mate a dozen hens in a breeding pen for a week or ten days. Keep the egg in a moderate temperature in a covered vessel and set them, before they are at all stale. A week or ten days gives good results. Discard all rough-shelled, odd-looking eggs; those too round, too long, double yolked, or thin shelled, and handle them gently when first set. Follow the rules sent out with all reliable machines and surely good luck will crown the efforts of the beginner in chicken hatching.

The annual poultry show, held this year in early February, attracted a large number of exhibitors in all classes. The prizes were good, a long list of specials being included. Six thousand persons attended the show, which was held in Convention Hall, Board of Trade Building.

The Orpington class numbered nearly 200 birds, the largest entry in any breed, and splendid quality was noted. The Leghorns were well represented and, in fact, both egg and utility breeds made a splendid showing.

Chicken plucking contests, for both amateurs and professionals, were featured, during the week of the show. The Manitoba Agricultural College again had a fine exhibit of fowls for demonstration purposes, and the hundreds of dainty white Leghorn chicks, in their electric "hovers," delighted the many visitors. The famous Barred Rock pullet of 1919, now a comely hen, with a record of 225 eggs per annum, occupied a coop by herself and told her own story on a placard.

The members of the Poultry Association, and their friends, enjoyed a "get together" chicken dinner, before the annual meeting, on the Wednesday during show week. Great credit is due the executive for the excellent management of the best poultry show ever held in Winnipeg.

Canadian eggs have now a fine reputation on English markets, but, as usual, dishonest dealers are trying to palm off American eggs of inferior quality on their customers by putting these eggs into cartons, marked "Canadian eggs," therefore, it is high time that Canadian poultry interests were looked after in England and this practice put a stop to, else our trade will suffer. Mr. Auld, of Ottawa, who reported this matter to business men in Winnipeg, also said steps were being taken to secure a Canadian poultry representative in England.

Any questions relating to incubation or the rearing of chicks, etc., I will answer with pleasure, at any time.

Bath Night

"When I was working at that big house," said the bricklayer, jerking his thumb sidewise, "I saw a round, shallow sort of basin on top of a short post, and I have been wondering ever since what it was."

"Where was it?" the carpenter asked.

"Right out in the middle of the lawn."

"And don't you know what that was?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you. It was a bird bath."

"I don't believe it."

"Why?"

"Because I don't believe there is a bird on earth that can tell Saturday night from any other night."

A convenient way to become an accurate marksman is described in Forest and Stream.

A man who had the reputation of being a prize shot with the rifle proudly showed some friends the target painted on his barn door, with a bullet squarely in the bull's eye. This, he declared, had shot at a distance of five hundred yards.

Later, one of the visitors asked how he had managed to fire such an excellent shot.

"Well," he answered, "I shot the bullet at the door at a distance of five hundred yards, and then I painted the target round it."

130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both For **$19.50**

FREIGHT AND DUTY PAID

If ordered together we send both machines for only $19.50 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Ten year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of $19.50 is for both Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time.

Write us today. Don't delay. **WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 200 Racine, Wis., U. S. A.**

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VICTOR RECORDS

IN PERFECT CONDITION

We guarantee delivery of any Victor Record listed in Canada, to any address.

Catalogues of machines and records sent free on request.

WRITE TO-DAY

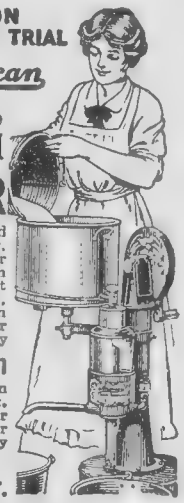
J. J. H. McLean & CO. LIMITED

Dept. W

329 Portage Ave. WINNIPEG

$19.95 ON TRIAL Upward

American FULLY GUARANTEED CREAM SEPARATOR



A SOLID PROPOSITION to send *new*, well made, easy running, perfect skimming separator for only $19.95. Closely skims warm or cold milk. Makes heavy or light cream. Bowl a *sanitary marvel*, easily cleaned. Different from picture, which illustrates larger capacity machines. See our easy

Monthly Payment Plan

Shipments made promptly from **Winnipeg, Man., Toronto, Ont.** and **St. John, N. B.** Whether dairy is large or small, write for handsome free catalog and easy payment plan.

AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO.
Box 3196 Bainbridge, N. Y.

Persian Ivory Neck Chain Free-

The very latest and newest jewelry fad is the "Victory Red" Persian Ivory Neck Chain and Pendant. These chains sell at $2 to $3 in the stores. We will send you one by mail, with all charges prepaid, for $1.50, or

We Will Send One Free

if you will sell thirty packages of our lovely embossed Easter and other Postcards at 10c a package (6 lovely cards in each package). Just send us your name and address and we will send you the cards to sell. When sold send us our money and we will send you the Chain and Pendant with all charges prepaid. Address

HOMER-WARREN CO.
Department 261 Toronto, Canada

Cured His RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 703F Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N.J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

About the Farm

Continued from page 42

with 4,988,000 bushels last week. Argentine continues to be a large factor in shipments, despite labor troubles. This week shipments from there are estimated as 4,070,000 bushels. Eight to ten million dollars is being forwarded to South America to pay for exports, and more money is scheduled to be forwarded by Saturday. The Russian supplies are being considered for export and prospects are that, should negotiations that are going on now be consummated, large exports will be made available with the assistance of the allies. Crop reports in the United States were mixed. In the opinion of some of the trade any deterioration will be overcome by lessened demand from foreign sources. In Canada the feeling is optimistic. Reports coming in from Edmonton are to the effect that heavy snow falls have assured abundant moisture and farmers are looking forward to a record-breaking season. Wheat visible supply in Canada increased during past week 378,000 bushels.

Coarse Grain: Price movements continue to be governed by lack of transportation facilities, and, unless receipts are more plentiful, declines will not be sustained at present. The one big bear factor that should not be overlooked is the economic condition that may assume proportions to overcome all bullish conditions that are being produced by lack of supplies at terminal points. Cash demand for coarse grains is coming almost exclusively from domestic sources, the money situation being such that export business has been reduced to almost nothing.

Flax: Influenced by reports from Argentine, both American and Canadian flax prices have advanced. Reports covering Argentine markets are to the effect that nearby futures are strong and deferred weak. Rainy weather and reports of labor trouble are responsible for retarded movement and supplies are being absorbed by exporters. Estimated shipment of flax from Argentine is given as 1,200,000 bushels.

Canada Atlantic Grain Co. Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man.

Welcome relief from the sun's glare.

Springcleaning on the farm

A Dummy Partner

A ball was held last week at a certain deaf and dumb asylum, and a doctor connected with the institution, knowing one of his friends to be an uncommonly fine dancer, prevailed upon him to go and help to make the affair a success.

The friend, upon entering the ballroom, noticed a very pretty girl sitting all alone. He thought: "Poor little thing, can't talk or hear! Well, she shall dance if she wants to." So he walked over to the girl and motioned towards the dancers. The girl nodded and they danced through the dance.

The following dance they also enjoyed, the young man, of course, making no attempt at conversation. As they left their seats for the third dance his friend, the doctor, came toward them and called out gayly: "Give me this dance, Ethel?"

The supposed deaf and dumb subject of the young man's sympathies startled him by replying:

"Nothing doing, Doc; I'm dated up with Dummy here!"

His Natural Mistake

"Hung wong gor kog lun ge!" sonorously uttered the Honorable John R. Boomwaller. "Chong gam ho doy! Larm ghoy hum yan ken shun gok lin!"

"Quite so!" replied old Festus Pester.

"Ah! I was reciting a selection from a Chinese poem I read last night. Is it possible that you understand it, Mr. Pester?"

"Nope! I supposed you were rehearsing another speech on the burning issues of the day. I wouldn't understand that, either, but I'd agree rather than listen to an explanation."

Better Than Heaven

The bishop was addressing the Sunday school. In his most expressive tones he said:

"And now, children, let me tell you a very sad fact. In Africa there are 10,000,000 square miles of territory without a single Sunday school where little boys and girls can spend their Sundays. Now, what should we all save up our money to do?"

And the school, as one voice, replied in ecstatic unison: "Go to Africa!"

FREE OF TERRIBLE KIDNEY TROUBLE

After Three Years of Suffering, "FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought Relief

MADAME HORMIDAS FOISY

624 Champlain St., Montreal.

"For three years, I was ill and exhausted and I suffered constantly from *Kidney Trouble and Liver Disease.*

My health was miserable and nothing in the way of medicine did me any good. Then I started to use 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effect was remarkable.

I began to improve immediately and *this wonderful fruit medicine entirely restored me to health.* All the old pains, headaches, indigestion and constipation were relieved and once more I was well.

To all who suffer from Indigestion, Constipation, Rheumatic Pains or great Fatigue, I advise the use of 'Fruit-a-tives'."

Madame HORMIDAS FOISY.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

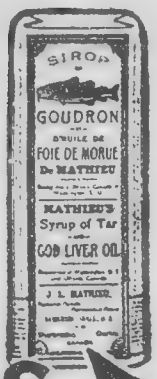
Cause

Are Your Teeth Loose?

In the majority of cases this symptom can be diagnosed as Pyorrhea. Pyorrhea is usually accompanied by a discharge of pus. The poison enters the stomach, secretes itself in the digestive organs, and the health of the whole system is at stake.

Drs. WEAGANT DENTISTS
526 Somerset Block
Winnipeg

Mathieu's
Syrup of Tar & Cod Liver Oil
Stops Coughs



Sold in generous size bottles by all dealers.

THE J. L. MATHIEU CO., Props., SHERBROOKE, P.Q.

Makers also of *Mathieu's Nervine Powders* the best remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia, and feverish colds. 215

HAWLEY'S HYGIENIC BLACK BRITISH DYE

The Health of our Children.

The world belongs to those who come last, and it is for us to see that our children have their full heritage of health. Careful choice of the stockings and socks worn by children is by no means an unimportant detail of hygiene, and there is no more sanitary and comfortable hosiery than Cotton or Thread Stockings and Socks, dyed with "The Deepest Dye"—**the Dye that will not come out in wash or wear.**

Hawley's Hygienic Black
British Dye
For Cotton and Thread Hose and Socks

WHATEVER MAKE OF COTTON OR THREAD STOCKINGS OR SOCKS YOU BUY, INSIST ON SEEING THE HAWLEY MARK, WHICH IS THE GUARANTEE OF THE DYE.

HAWLEY'S HYGIENIC DYE WARRANTED STAINLESS & ACID PROOF

Absolutely permanent, and thoroughly hygienic, not staining or irritating the most delicate skin.

A. E. HAWLEY & CO. LTD.,
Sketchley Dye Works, HINCKLEY, England.
SOLE DYERS: for the Trade only.
ENQUIRIES FROM THE TRADE INVITED.

H10

Suppose every spare hour were an extra dollar—

Wouldn't it help you to settle all of the many problems that continually arise and demand just one solution: "MORE MONEY"?

It is!

Subscription representatives of *The Western Home Monthly* have an ever-ready source of liberal profits from easy spare-time work. You can have too!

Write for further particulars to Circulation Manager

The Western Home Monthly - Winnipeg

What will you do with Wilkins?

Continued from page 2

Joseph Johnson was the purchaser without doubt.

"What's up his sleeve?" was the query in many circles.

"I'll ask him," said Giggs, who had gone as far as he could in his canvassing.

"We need eighteen thousand dollars to complete our subscription list," he told Johnson.

Johnson's clear grey eyes twinkled and his clear complexion glowed.

"How much you got?" he asked.

"Twenty-two thousand," was the reply.

"Give it to me and forget about the monument," suggested Johnson, smiling.

Giggs, of course, misunderstood.

"Do you mean you'll undertake to have it erected if we turn over the funds to you?"

"Nothing of the kind!" blazed Johnson, his clear skin reddening. "I've already published my sentiments about this piece of rock."

"Well, we'll just have to postpone it until our funds swell to the right proportions."

"I paid thirty thousand for the 'corner of decay'," said Johnson. "If I was looking for a cheap way of showing my patriotism I could have saved twelve thousand by subscribing to your fund. No, my friend, I've something better. Keep your eye on the new Johnson corner and you'll see."

What Giggs saw that afternoon was a string of drays drawn by twenty horses on which were cushioned two beautifully fashioned sticks of timber, glistening white. He saw them taken to the Johnson corner and spliced—and later erected in the center of the concrete base. When it was completed this flagstaff overtopped the tallest roof, its golden cap but a flash of light in the sky. The vault wherein the flag was kept had a moveable prism roof. From this vault the flag was to be raised and lowered, for it was an immense flag, fifteen by thirty feet. Around the base was a concrete walk with branches connecting the corner sidewalks in three places. The intervening spaces were sodded.

An inscription in bronze letters on the periphery of the foundation read:

"Erected to the Spirit of Patriotism which Inspired the Sons and Daughters of Canada. 1914-1918."

At sunrise next morning Johnson and Giggs with heads bared saw Wilkins raise the new flag.

"He has a life job," Johnson explained, "and one he will like and all it will cost me is what I made in my business between August, 1914 and November, 1918. And as long as I live in Maybridge I will be up at sunrise to see Wilkins raise that flag and at sunset watch him lower it."

"Me too," affirmed Giggs.

Doris, the Peacemaker

Continued from Page 37

is nothing to forgive," she said unsteadily. "You were quite right."

He was beside her in a moment, her hands gathered close in his. "But I wasn't," he objected. "I had no right to criticize you. You are better than I." She shook her head at that, but he went on unheedingly. "Forgive me, and we'll forget this week's misery. We've both been unhappy, dear."

She started to answer, but words failed her, and instead, she crept into his waiting arms.

Later, as they walked together back to their charges, she was able to finish what she had wanted to say.

"I have been so blind, Craig. Yet I really was sincere in it all. I didn't realize that I was doing things from a selfish motive." She held out her slender finger on which Craig's ring again shone, and looked thoughtfully at it a moment. "It was a symbol before," she said thoughtfully, "of my own selfishness. But now, it must be a seal of our united devotion to others."

"It will," he said reverently. "A sacred seal."

Priscilla's Decision

Continued from Page 22

afford to pay a margin on the profit. Later the trustees came in to draw up the contract with her. The chairman, a well-to-do German farmer, said, "You are drawing a salary of seventy dollars a month, you are getting a furnished house almost free; and after we considered all this, we thought you would be willing to do the janitor work, the sweeping and dusting and such like for nothing. What do you say?"

Suddenly all the dissatisfaction, all the weariness, all the unrest swept over the tired girl. All her devotion, all her work were at that moment it seemed wasted. She was the paid servant of these people, and what was there ahead of her?—Resignation, placidity and loneliness. Then Priscilla said evenly, "I will not sign the contract, I will not stay." She opened the door and the august body filed out.

Later, much later that night, a girl entered the station of a town and sent a telegram to a rancher in the south country. Alberta had lost another teacher and Robert had won a wife, but when the train pulled out of the little station of that windswept town, a girl sat alone in a seat. She was letting herself think for the last time of a soldier on his last leave, of a soldier who would not return, and as the train moved on she heard the voices of children in a playground.

To this day Blank Hill school is suspicious of a woman teacher, and glibly quotes the vagaries of Priscilla as an argument against the whole species. "You can't depend on them," says the chairman, "they don't know a good job when they've got it."

WOOL GROWERS HONOR MISS E. CORA HIND

Author of "Woman's Quiet Hour Page" Presented with a Flock of Young Ewes

By Miriam Green Ellis

Brandon, Man., March 4.—One of the most unique tribute that was ever paid to a newspaper representative was that shown to Miss E. Cora Hind, commercial editor of the Manitoba Free Press, at the Brandon Winter fair to-night. Just before the regular pogramme began, Miss Hind was called out into the ring, where a pen of 26 young ewes was awaiting, and on behalf of the wool growers of Manitoba, George Gordon, of Oak Lake, presented to her this little nucleus of a flock of sheep.

Mr. Gordon made it very evident that the sheep breeders appreciated the work that had been done by Miss Hind on behalf of the sheep industry in the province, and of agriculture generally.

J. D. McGregor, president of the Brandon Winter Fair, concurred in what had been said by Mr. Gordon, and added that on behalf of the Brandon Winter fair, he voiced general appreciation.

Miss Hind was overwhelmed by the gift, and in a very few words thanked the men for their magnificent gift. Plans have already been made whereby the sheep will be well cared for till Miss Hind has made arrangements to care for this addition to her household. Mr. McGregor stated that it had been the intention to have a big Collie dog and a shepherd's crook to complete the gift, but these had not been procured as yet.

Among the contributors to this gift were: George Gordon, Oak Lake; I. J. Ruston, Rocanville, Sask.; Wm. Knight, G. H. Hutton, Calgary; W. I. Smale, J. D. McGregor, E. C. Harte, Kenneth MacGregor, Dr. Coxe, A. D. Gamley, Hugh Gilmour, J. S. Monroe, J. R. Hume, John Strachan, D. W. Agnew, F. E. C. Shore, R. L. Lang, W. I. Elder, J. G. Barron, Hillon MacGregor, J. B. Davidson, F. W. Cillyer, James Turner, H. H. Simpson and two or three others.

The types will often play pranks with what a reporter tries to say—as, for example, in this extract from an English newspaper:

"The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of pale bridegroom. She was attended by the hat, and carried a bouquet, the gift of the pink taffeta silk and a large dark-blue bridegroom's two little nieces."

No wonder, says "London Opinion", the large dark-blue bridegroom turned pale!

We carry a full line of
WIGS
TRANSFORMATIONS
TOUPEES, SWITCHES
POMPADOURS
CURLS, Etc.
and fill all orders by return mail.

Send Us Your Combings
and we will make them up for you into handsome switches at a very trifling cost indeed.

Agents for the best quality cosmetics and skin foods. Write us for prices.

New York Hair Store
301 Kensington Bldg.
WINNIPEG

Fashions and Patterns

Clothes are a medium of self-expression. Women with a sense of "fitness of things" usually dress conservatively and thus secure a wardrobe that embodies interesting style, quality and individuality. Prevailing fashions give every woman a chance to select colors, textures and models that please her and become her. She who is wise will choose that which will stay "good."

Now that the "Special season" is on, one naturally thinks of evening gowns. They are luxuriously lovely; many with sleeves, tiny puff affairs, and round neck-lines well off the shoulders; hips extended and skirts flounced and ruffled. and the skirts short and of a comfortable width.

Taffeta suits and taffeta evening wraps in dark blue and black will be popular. There are some new Eaton models but the longer coats will prevail.

Advance styles in millinery show new materials, new colors and new trimmings. Dark greens, dark blues, pastel shades, rose and lavender and vivid reds are among the colors.

On a hat of emerald green straw are straw rosettes of yellow, white and black and a facing of green taffeta. Bunches of grapes in brilliant colorings form an effective trimming.

Evening wraps are as gorgeous and wonderful as the dresses they cover. They show big colors, wide sleeves and broad hips. Some of fur are lined with fabrics so beautiful they are made reversible. Dark velvets are used which bring out the effect of the light colored gowns beneath.

Tulle is much in favor for evening dresses. Black tulle is especially nice with jet trimming.

A dress of gathered pink and white tulle is charming with vertical stripes of pinked taffeta ruching sewed over it from waist to hem. The neck is finished with a band of the ruching.

There is a strong hint of the Oriental in fashions, colors and designs for Spring.

Many of the new Spring suits are made with straight lines, with coats to the knees or in finger tip length. Narrow string belts define the waistline on some suits; others show narrow belts of leather.

Angora cloth and duvetyn is combined with silk of a rough weave.

Some smart sports coats have collar and cuffs of checked angora cloth.

For a suit of service, style and comfort one could choose heather mixtures, homespuns or Scotch tweeds in a warm brown, tan, blue or gray. The coats are loose fitting usually with a belt

A turban of blue taffeta has the crown covered with metallic green and brown leaves.

Duvetyn and straw and duvetyn and georgette are combined for smart hats.

Autumn colorings are used in many different ways on flowers, leaves and feathers. A turban of brilliant red may be trimmed with a bunch of red and yellow cherries.

Beige polo cloth will make a good sports coat. It may have a convertible collar and a brown leather belt.

Grey duvetyn closely embroidered in blue is good for a street or home dress.

For a girl of twelve or fourteen years a sack coat and accordion-plaited skirt of serge will make a smart street dress.

A "slip-on" blouse of dark blue crepe de chine has a vest and undercuffs in buff.

A blouse of taupe silk crepe is decorated with wool embroidery in bright colors.

Blue taffeta and blue and white brocaded satin make a stunning dinner gown.

A unique model for street wear shows checked velours in brown tones for the skirt and brown voile for the long overblouse.

A dance frock of orchid satin is draped with orchid tulle and has for its only decoration a girdle of silver ribbon.

ASTHMA COLDS
WHOOPING COUGH SPASMODIC CROUP
INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS CATARRH
Vapo-Cresolene 19
Est. 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Used with success for 40 years. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
Leeming Miles Bldg. Montr'l

THIN PEOPLE NEED BITRO-PHOSPHATE

Increases Weight, Strength and Nerve Force in Two Weeks Time in Many Instances

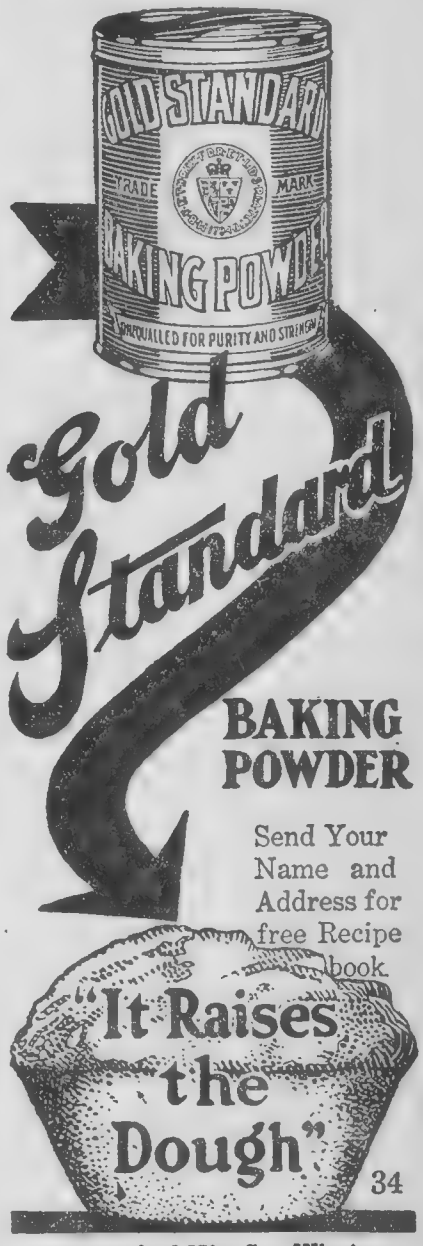
Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are often due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods.

Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate should produce a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

Increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, should soon disappear, dull eyes ought to brighten, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health. Miss Georgia Hamilton, who was once thin and frail, reporting her own experience, writes: "Bitro-Phosphate has brought about a magic transformation with me. I gained 15 pounds and never before felt so well."

CAUTION—While Bitro-Phosphate is unsurpassed for the relief of nervousness, general debility, etc., those taking it who do not desire to put on flesh should use extra care in avoiding fat-producing foods.



Gold Standard Mfg. Co. - Winnipeg

Abolish Blue Monday

Are you discouraged with the color of your wash? Use

KEEN'S OXFORD BLUE

and your wash will have a pure snowy whiteness that cannot be obtained otherwise.

Sold by all dealers.

MAGOR SON & CO., Limited
Montreal Toronto
Canadian Agents.

36

How Do You Buy Your Corsets?

Do not casually shop for your corset. The woman who takes the time to understand herself and her corset problem spends less because she buys the right corset in the first place. The woman who lacks this corset understanding buys twice and is not satisfied either time.

THERE are so many ways—so many *wrong* ways. And how many times have you, yourself, regretted a mistaken corset purchase with "Why, oh why, did I buy that!" and thrown the corset away to the detriment of your pocketbook but to the relief of your body and mind? Any true clothes economy lies in the elimination of buying mistakes.

The Right Way Is *So* Simple

It is this: *do not try to attain an unnatural figure.* The unnatural figure is no longer smart—and there never was the woman who squeezed into the wrong corset with a minute's comfort to herself or a minute's frank admiration from her friends.

Buy The Corset That Accents Your Natural Charm

The admired woman who wears a Gossard has an unconscious grace that can only result from priceless comfort. Every naturally beautiful line of her figure is accented and her corset is so much a part of her that the observer is as unconscious of it as the wearer herself. *And this is true of even the stoutest figure.*

Do not think because you are of full proportions you must resort to cumbersome corset contrivances that restrain your freedom of movement and give you that appearance of being overcorseted that is so fatal to your attractiveness.

Why this—when Gossard artistry that you have admired in the figure of the slender woman may be yours?

Do You Take Care to Protect Yourself From Needless Exhaustion?

If, perchance, you are a busy mother or an active business woman, you can eliminate one of the greatest causes of fatigue by wearing the right corset. Your physician will tell you that this is a sufficiently demonstrated fact. Do not end day after day too tired to be yourself, when the insignificant price of a Gossard Corset may prove the price of your health.

You Can Always Tell the Woman Who Wears a Gossard

She walks with an ease and lithe gracefulness that is the charm of youth, and ends the most exacting day fresh and unfatigued. There is *so* much more to Gossard corsetry than just figure improvement.

Our Responsibility Does Not End When You Have Bought a Gossard

You *must* be satisfied. If it does not give you style to make you happy; if it does not give you comfort beyond price; if it does not give you a wearing service that alone justifies its cost—there is not a Gossard merchant but will wish you to return it. Any corsetiere who sells you a Gossard Corset will take a personal pride in your satisfaction.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited
284-286 King Street, West, Toronto

every
GOSSARD *Front Lacing* CORSET
is worth every cent that you pay for it

A black satin dress may be made with a yoke of embroidery in oriental colors.

A frock of dark blue tricotine is embroidered in dull green worsted.

A Good Style for a School Dress—Pattern 3152, cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years, is here depicted. Brown and blue plaid suiting with white pique for trimming, was employed in this instance. Gingham, percale, lawn, linen, taffeta, and serge are appropriate for this model. A 10 year size will require 3⅝ yards of 36 inch material. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Unique Model—Pattern 3134 cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure—is here illustrated. It will require 7⅛ yards of 38 inch material for a medium size. As here shown, caster colored duvetyn was used, with facings of brown satin. This style is also attractive in taffeta and crepe, serge and satin, or velvet and satin. Braid or embroidery may serve as trimming. The width of skirt at lower edge is about 1⅞ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

An Attractive Home Gown—Comprising Blouse Pattern 3140, cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure and Skirt Pattern 3143 cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, and 36 inches waist measure. Figured foulard in rose and white, and white georgette is here shown. The model is also good for satin, challie, lawn, embroidered and printed voile, linen, gingham and crepe. A medium size will require 6⅝ yards of 27 inch material with 2⅜ yards for the underblouse. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 1¾ yard. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Frock for Party or Best Wear—2932—You could make this of dimity, dotted Swiss, voile, handkerchief linen, soft silk, challie, or gabardine. Lace or embroidery or hemstitching will form a suitable finish. The sleeve may be in wrist length, finished with a band cuff, or, short and loose. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3⅛ yards of 38 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or 1 cent and 2 cent stamps.

A Simple Practical Apron With or Without Pocket—2576—This apron slips over the head and is adjusted at the shoulders. Its fulness is held by a belt which may be omitted. Deep pockets may be arranged on the front. It is nice for gingham, seersucker, drill, percale, khaki, sateen, lawn or cambric. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and Extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 4¼ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Style—Pattern 3150, cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years, is here illustrated. Pongee in a natural shade with embroidery in bright colors; gingham, lawn, voile, poplin, repp and challie are good for this model. An 8 year size will require 3⅞ yards of 27 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Style for a Slender Figure—Pattern 3132 was selected for this design. It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 6 yards of 30 inch material. As here shown, chepe de chine was used in a new shade of blue. Embroidery in self color forms the decoration. Satin, serge, duvetyn, taffeta, velvet and poplin are attractive for this style. The skirt measures about 1½ yard at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model—Pattern No. 3128 Cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years—is here portrayed. For a 3 year size, 3 yards of 27 inch material will be required. Serge, khaki, gingham, linen,

Continued on Page 57

My Romance

Continued from Page 16

do it; but they're just as satisfied with —Mrs. Richards."

The second lady to be weighed was this same Mrs. Richards; or rather I think she weighed me. She was a soft, smiling little widow, who loved to have the babies round her, and stitch away at rag dolls and dolls' clothes for them. She played everyone's accompaniments, and, though she always said that she had no voice—and hadn't—she sang plaintive songs so delightfully that you never thought about the voice, only the singing. But when I asked her to sing one song, she put it aside, with a sad little smile.

"That song is dead," she said, "with something else in me. You understand."

And I understood, and bowed my head knowing that Kathleen Richards' romance was over, and that she wished in her honest way to warn me. We became great friends—after that; and I told her more about myself than I had ever told anybody—even the reason of my travels—and she looked at the stars—it was a warm tropical night—and nodded.

"You see," she said, clasping and unclasping her hands, "I am not good at expressing myself, but—you just love some one—or you don't. I don't think it is any use looking for a particular ideal. Some day you may find some one perhaps, and—she may be quite different, but—she will alter your ideal so easily. Jack wasn't—what I expected before I knew him; or even when I thought that I did—but—I cannot make up stories like you can; and I expect it will sound ridiculous to you, but—but I make up one little story so often. I think that Heaven is just—just a gate in a lane—where it begins; and I find Jack waiting there; and he says—'You've been a confounded long time coming, old girl; but I knew you'd come all right.' He'll never worry about my thinking of anyone else. Never! And I know he's waiting there; fidgeting with his mustache as he always did, if he was kept waiting——"

She looked up at the stars and smiled; and I knew that I had learned one lesson, at least, by coming out of my study.

After that I abandoned the deliberate quest of romance; and the rest of the women on board seemed unromantic and uninteresting. For the last week I gained most of my new experience of life in the smoking room, playing bridge and mild poker and listening to some of the men who had lived.

I spent a pleasant week at Cape Town at the Queen's Hotel—my blessing on the man who advised me to go there—and began to wonder whether romance was coming to me in the shape of one—I wasn't sure which—of three bonny sisters; jolly, unaffected girls, half Dutch half English, born to make happy homes for some lucky fellows, as I have no doubt they have or will. But, when the English mail arrived, I understood how little these nice women really mattered to me. Beatrice had sent an amateur photo of the children and herself; and when I put it beside a snapshot of the ladies at the Queen's she looked like a race horse beside cart horses. They weren't common-looking girls either. It was simply that she had set my ideals a terribly high standard. She was such a pretty, graceful woman.

The children's letters made me feel very homesick. Bob's was written by himself, "but arnty rouled thee lines."

They called Beatrice ("auntie,") Elsa's hand had been guided; but Beatrice assured me in her pleasant letter that the composition was Elsa's own. "You may feel quite sure," she concluded, "that the children are well and happy, and that you will find everything right on your return. I hope you are finding your temporary habitations as comfortable as home. I am mean enough to hope not more comfortable!"

I wrote and assured her that no place could be so comfortable as she had made home for all of us.

After that I went up country for a fortnight, but did not find friends and became very dull and lonely. If there is a place in the world where one needs human companionship, it is South Africa. Loneliness—still, stony loneliness — is written all over the barren, brown hills, the hard, blue, birdless skies, the bare, lifeless veldt, the miles and miles of sugarloaf ant-hills, the silent, brooding veldt dwellers themselves. I found their cities lonelier than the plains, and hustling Johannesburg the loneliest of all.

During that dreary fortnight I seemed to dwell in a world aloof, coming nearest to companionship with a brokendown man of seven languages who was head waiter at a hotel, and possessed the wisdom of Solomon, without the power of applying it. "The Transvaal is the best place in the world," he told me, "for leaving!" I took his advice and went on to Natal two days earlier than I intended, so as to arrive there as soon as the mail. I had two weeks' mails at once; two pairs of dear little letters from the children, two batches of papers from Beatrice and two long double letters from her; for she wrote separately about business and home affairs. "So, you see," the last one concluded, "I am managing all right. It is a great pleasure to manage things for you. I always remember that you have given me, not a situation, but a home. Thank you!"

After that my voyage to Europe seemed only the means to an end. As I met my letters I became more and more impatient to be home again. On the way from Egypt to Marseilles my impatience became positively worrying, and when I reached Marseilles, and received my letters there—one in faltering round hand, and one "guided," and two from Beatrice—I cut out the Mediterranean cruise and went straight home overland.

I was going to telegraph at first, but I decided to take them by surprise, as an additional pleasure. I arrived at the house at three in the afternoon, and walked round the back to the French windows unobserved. Then I heard voices and peeped in. Beatrice was sitting in the drawing-room, with Elsa squeezed in the armchair beside her, and Bob leaning against her knees, telling them a story. The children looked bonny but Beatrice seemed a trifle palé and thin, though she looked prettier than ever. I always considered her the prettiest woman I knew. I was afraid that she had been overworked and worried ;and my heart went out to her with a warmth that I had never felt in my play at romance.

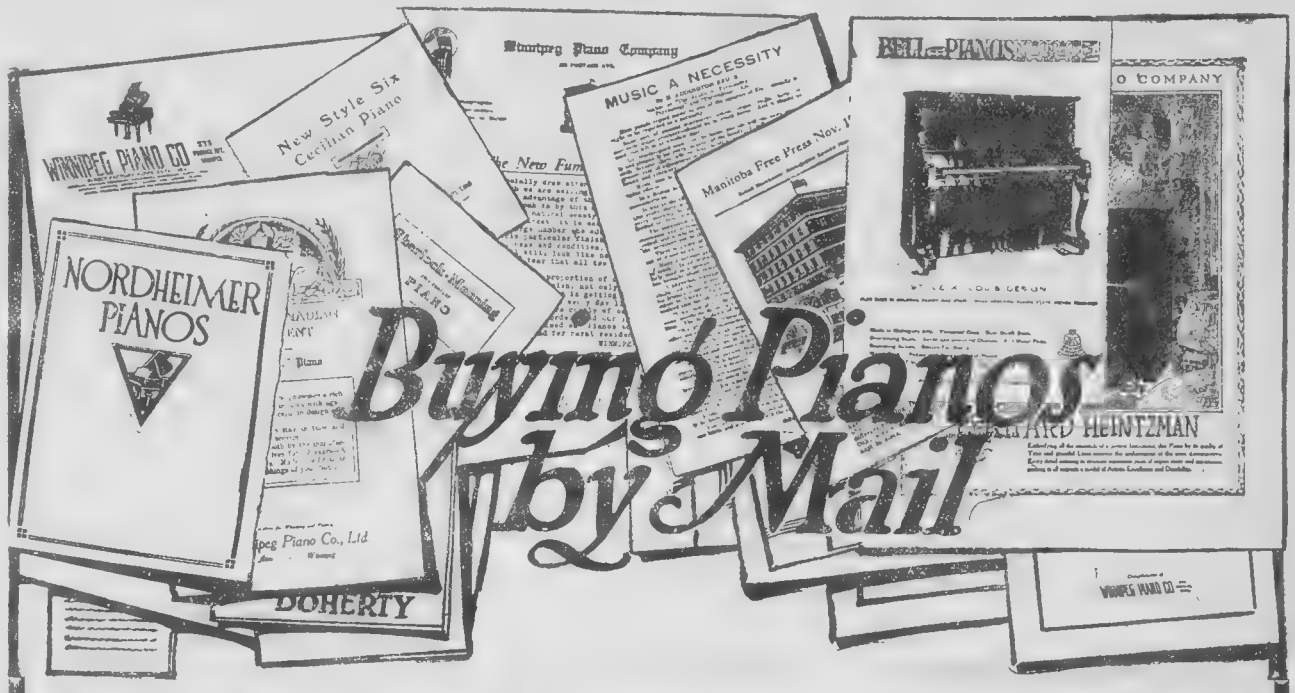
"The dear woman!" I thought. "How sweet she is!"

The story was about two little children, "such nice little children," who had "a very dear daddy"; and how he went away and came home. It was delightful to hear her fresh voice, and to watch her face while she told it.

"When he came," she said, opening her eyes and holding up her hands, "he brought them fourteen presents; one from every place he had been to"—I had told her that I intended that. "Just fancy! Fourteen lovely, foreign, funny presents!"

"And fourteen for their auntie," Bob suggested.

"No-o," she demurred, with her finger to her lips. "An auntie couldn't expect so many as that; but I dare say he brought her some, because—he knew that she did her best. He was a very kind daddy, and he loved the little children very much."



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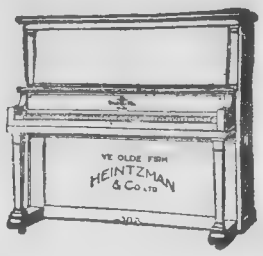

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My Romance

Continued from page 51

"Didn't he love their auntie too?" Elsa inquired.

Beatrice laughed a funny little laugh. (How I like that laugh of hers!)

"I—really—don't—know!" she said. "And, if he did, I don't believe he knew."

"Did she love him?" Bob wanted to know.

"Bob," said Beatrice, "that's six questions since I began this story; and five are enough for any little boy. Let's go out to the park and feed the swans."

They jumped up; and then Elsa saw me and gave a scream of delight ;and I gave a shout and ran in. The children rushed at me and caught hold of me; and so did Beatrice. She was very flushed and pleased and smiling. Her eyes blinked a little too.

"You dear daddy!" the children cried.

"I am so glad," Beatrice said.

"You dear children!" I cried and hugged them. "And you dear woman!" I added. I squeezed her hand for a long while; and she grew pink.

"How many presents, dad?" the children demanded, pulling at my jacket.

"There will be fifteen each," I said, "when I've bought those for the places I didn't go to after all. Some are coming afterwards; but I've brought four each in my bag."

"That's one more than auntie said," Bob pronounced.

"Auntie is a goose," I stated. "She left out one place—home! The best place of all—since auntie came to us." I looked at Beatrice and she dropped her eyes. I couldn't remember where I had found that look before; and then I discovered. She was—Felicia!

"That was—goosey," Bob agreed; "but auntie isn't a goose, because"—he considered—"because she's handsome."

"She is!" I agreed.

"Oh, you sillies!" she cried.

"She said," Elsa began, "she actually said that you didn't——"

"Elsa!" Beatrice cried, and grabbed at her; but she dodged behind me with a laughing scream.

"She finked you didn't love her!" Elsa concluded.

"Ah!" I said. "But I do!"

And in a moment my arm was round Beatrice, and her head was on my shoulder. I could only kiss a pink ear.

"Then you is a doose, auntie!" Elsa cried, and clapped her chubby hands.

"Yes," she agreed. "I'm a goose—such a happy one!"

Our hands closed together tightly; and I knew that I had gone hunting the world for my romance—and all the while the sweetest romance, since the world began, was waiting for me at home.

THE PASSING YEARS

By J. H. Arnett

Wandering, wearying, working,
The days slip one by one,
The years are passing swiftly,
Yet where is the work begun?

Once life held golden promise
In the light of a rising sun;
Our hearts beat fast at the prospect
Of the glorious work to be done.

The sun is high in the heavens,
And its burning light reveals
The sadness of many failures;
From our hearts the gladness steals.

The bravest of all our efforts
Looks mean in the light of day.
Our problems increase around us
And threaten along the way.

But just as our hearts are sinking
There comes a voice within,
"'Tis through your mistakes and failures
That comes the strength to win."

Wandering, wearying, working,
We face the world with a will.
Our love and our faith must triumph,
For God is with us still.

Internal parasites in the shape of worms in the stomach and bowels of children sap their vitality and retard physical development. They keep the child in a constant state of unrest and, if not attended to, endanger life. The child can be spared much suffering and the mother much anxiety by the best worm remedy that can be got, Miller's Worm Powders, which are sure death to worms in any shape.

A Successful Bargain

The shiftless owner of a worthless old horse, Joel Turner, had been in the habit of feeding the animal from the crib of his more enterprising neighbors, until the patience of his victims was completely exhausted. They had caught him in the act of helping himself to corn a number of times, and so there was plenty of evidence to convict him; but on account of his family and his vindictive disposition, no one wanted to prosecute him.

One day, when Joel's neighbors were discussing the situation, some one suggested that it would be an act of mercy —which would also solve their problem —if they bought the old horse and put it out of its misery.

This suggestion the conference adopted. They subscribed a purse of ten dollars, and sent a committee of one to buy the horse.

Here the plan was threatened with failure. The committee reported that Joel did not want to sell.

After a few days, Jesse Winfield, who thought himself something of a diplomat, undertook to negotiate the sale, and to his surprise found Joel not only willing but anxious to sell the horse.

"That," said Jesse, in a congratulatory tone, as he handed over the ten dollars, "was a good deal for you. You'll get lots more good out of the ten dollars than you would out of the old horse."

"That's right," assented Joel. "I know where I can buy a team for ten dollars."

Johnny the Precisian

"Johnny," said a mother, as she looked at her son distrustfully, "some one has taken a large piece of cake out of the cake box!"

Johnny reddened guiltily.

"Shame on you!" said his mother. "I didn't think it was in you!"

"Well, mother," was the feeble reply, "it isn't all in me. Part of it is in Elsie."

Town-Made Poetry

I ain't, nor don't pretend to be,
A judge of town-made poetry,
But they who sing of heaven-sent
Autumnal showers and sweet content
Ain't never had no chores to do
This time of year, I'll promise you.

I'll take my showers 'long about
The time the corn is fillin' out.
A good rain at that time of year
Would make a corn crop for us here,
And then the poets would have had
Something to sing for, and be glad.

But when the corn was parched and gone
The poets put their mantles on
And sang for joy because some rain
Came dancing on the window pane.
The Government's got my consent
To end such cussed devilment.

For after toilin' through the blaze
Of them soul-scorchin' summer days,
Why, here I am soaked to the skin
A-gittin' what I did raise in.
And so I say and you'll agree:
Dadburn this town-made poetry!

—Jay B. Iden.

His Preference

"De Bishop we had befo' dis one was a skimpy little pusson wid de dyspepsy and a sad face," said Brother Hawhee. "When he came to our house to dinner he et a little o' dis and a speck o' dat, took a pill or a tablet, and 'lowed wid a sigh dat man was of few days and full o' trouble, and dat if any of us was saved 'twould be only by fire. But de new bishop am a big, po'tly gen'leman, wid a loud laugh and de appetite of a starving dragon. At de table he retches out and rakes in de combustibles wid a high hand, and 'nounces dat 'most everybody will go to glory, and dem dat don't 'rive in a char'ot will come on de—yaw! haw!—last load. Whilst I likes a cheery religion 'stid of a long-faced one, I b'lieves, de way times is, dat I puhfers a skinny saint wid no appetite to a big hungry one."

Animals That Calculate

That most animals have the ability to calculate and that many have quite a clear idea of number is the contention of M. H. Coupin in La Revue, who cites many instances to prove his statement. A bird notices whether an egg has been taken from its nest of four or five, and a bee or a wasp always makes cells with six sides. A squirrel, jumping from branch to branch, calculates his spring according to the distance to be traveled; and a dog, playfully jumping in front of his master's carriage, appreciates its speed with surprising accuracy so as not to be run over. The Literary Digest adds other more remarkable examples of animal calculation.

In the mines of Hainault horses that travel back and forth over a certain road exactly thirty times each day go to the stables of their own accord after their last trip, and refuse to take another step. In Montaigne's Essays we read that the oxen employed in the royal gardens of Susa for turning the wheels to which the water pails were attached, refused to make more than the hundred rounds that constituted their daily task.

Romanes assures us that he taught a chimpanzee of the London Zoological Gardens to have exact notions concerning the numbers one to five. He ordered him to take up one, two, three four or five straws, and did not accept them unless the number was correct. Within a short time the ape understood, and rarely made a mistake.

Pat Scores Again

British papers are fond of printing jokes in which representatives of all the divisions of the United Kingdom—and sometimes a man from Wales—bear a part. Needless to say, the Irishman rarely comes off second best, whenever quickness of wit is required.

Pat was serving in the army, and his two companions happened to be an Englishman and a Scotsman. These two gave their Irish friend a lively time with their jokes and teasing.

One day Pat was called away, and left his coat hanging on a nail. The Englishman and the Scotsman, seeing some white paint near, seized the opportunity of painting a donkey's head on the back of Pat's coat.

The Irishman soon returned, and, looking first at his coat and then fixing his eye on his friends, said slowly, "Begorra, and which one of you two has been wiping your face on my coat?"

The Ways of the Eskimo

The Arctic explorer, Dr. Donald B. MacMillan, who returned last year after four years spent in the Arctic regions, has many interesting things to say about the domestic and social customs of the Eskimo.

All property is owned in common, he tells us. When you enter a village you are not invited to come in. It is your right to enter and, if you are hungry, to help yourself to something to eat. If you happen to visit a house where a poor hunter lives, he says, "Nurketturange (nothing to eat)." He does not go hungry, however, because his neighbors have some, and he lives on his neighbors. Everything is divided up in that way. If all the villagers are good hunters, their supplies last a long time, but if some are poor hunters, the clever fellows must share with them.

An Eskimo does not eat his three meals a day and sleep at regular intervals. He eats when he is hungry and sleeps when he is sleepy, and he puts it off as long as he can, so that he will enjoy it all the more. He will go round for six hours talking about how hungry he is, and then he will set to work and eat all he can. It is the same way with sleeping. He will go without sleep for forty-eight hours, and when he cannot keep his eyes open any longer he turns in for a twenty-four hour snooze.

Iron Turned to Copper

Not so very long ago a curious find was made in one of the copper mines at El Cobre, Cuba. These mines, once among the richest in the world, were abandoned for a long time on account of the insurrections in Cuba against the Spanish rule. In 1868 the coal supply was cut off by the insurgents, and consequently pumping the mines became impossible and they were soon filled with water.

After the Spanish war an American company bought the mines and proceeded to pump out the water. In one of the shafts thus made accessible was found what once represented an iron pickaxe, as well as some crowbars. The metal in these implements had, it is said, turned to copper. Extraordinary as this may appear, it can be scientifically explained.

The water, filtering through the rock and the copper ore veins, dissolved some of the copper, the solution containing sulphate of copper. As soon as the sulphuric acid in this solution touched the iron it dissolved that metal and deposited copper in its place, for sulphuric acid has a greater affinity for iron than for copper. In the process certain impurities which had existed in the iron were left behind undisturbed.

The wooden handle of the pick was in good condition. The metal was porous and irregular in shape, but the general outline preserved the form of the pick somewhat enlarged in size.

A Natural Question

Our small daughter is very fond of her bath, writes a contributor to "Harper's Magazine," but she objects vigorously to the drying process.

One day, while we were remonstrating with her, she said, "Why, what would happen, mamma, if you didn't wipe me dry? Would I get rusty?"

His Customary Way

"Where is your brother-in-law thinking of moving to?"

"Well, he is threatening both Grudge and Torpidville pretty loudly," replied the gaunt Missourian, "but prob'ly it will turn out that he is only bluffing, as usual."

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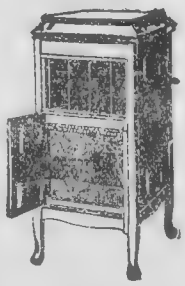

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16 PRIZES IN ONE

This big outfit of 16 prizes includes: 12 good lead pencils with pocket pencil clip; 1 fountain pen, filler and pocket clip; 3-piece drawing set; 6 drawing pins; 1 hardwood ruler; 2 50-page memo pads; 12 colored crayons; 1 painting book; 6 blotters; 6 Charlie Chaplin Scribblers; 1 Japanese pencil box; 1 ink and pencil eraser; 10 beautifully colored bird cards; 20 up-to-date Canadian view cards; 6 ink tablets to make 3 bottles of ink; combination game sheets for the following games: Chess, Checkers, German Prison Puzzle, Dominoes, Fox and Geese, Authors, Nine Men Morris. This grand complete school outfit given for selling only $3.50 worth of our big, beautiful Calendars at 10c. each; lovely Easter and other postcards at 6 for 10c.; and sure-growing flower and vegetable seeds at 10c. a packet. IT'S THREE TIMES AS EASY TO SELL THREE KINDS OF GOODS. Send no money—we trust you. Mail your order NOW. The Gold Medal Company (22nd year in business), Dept. W.H. 51 , 311 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

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Here is your chance to earn one of the prettiest work-boxes you ever saw. It contains 2 packages best English needles, 1 roll white tape, 1 roll black tape, 1 skein floss silk, 1 ball mending wool, 1 ball black crochet cotton, 1 ball white crochet cotton, 2 spools white silk thread, 1 paper of pins, 2 dozen white pearl buttons and a set of steel knitting needles. All these useful things in a beautiful case covered with fine quality red leatherette. Easily earned by selling only $3.50 worth of our big, beautiful Calendars at 10c. each; lovely Easter and other postcards at 6 for 10c.; and sure-growing flower and vegetable seeds at 10c. a packet. IT'S THREE TIMES AS EASY TO SELL THREE KINDS OF GOODS. Send no money—we trust you. Mail your order NOW. The Gold Medal Company (22nd year in business), Dept. W.H. 35T , 311 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

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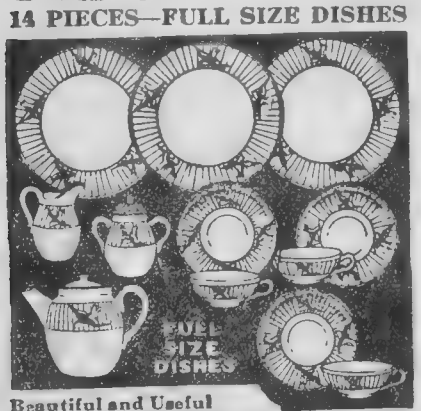
14 PIECES—FULL SIZE DISHES



Beautiful and Useful

Not a toy set but full-size dishes with beautiful blue bird decorations, including 3 tea plates, 3 cups, 3 saucers, teapot with cover, cream pitcher and sugar bowl with cover—14 pieces in all, that would cost a lot of money to buy. Complete set given for selling only $6.00 worth of our big, beautiful Calendars at 10c. each; lovely Easter and other postcards at 6 for 10c.; and sure-growing flower and vegetable seeds at 10c. a packet. IT'S THREE TIMES AS EASY TO SELL THREE KINDS OF GOODS. Send no money—we trust you. Mail your order NOW. The Gold Medal Company (22nd year in business), Dept. W.H. 15T , 311 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

The Children's Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

Something to Look For

The first crocus.
The first robin.
The first pussy-willow

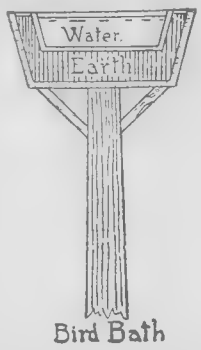
Something to Learn
Nonsense Verse

There was a young lady of Parma,
Whose conduct grew calmer and calmer.
When they said, "Are you dumb," she
merely said, "Hum!"
That provoking young lady of Parma.

There was a young person of Bantry
Who frequently slept in the pantry.
When disturbed by the mice, she appeased with rice,
That judicious young person of Bantry.

Something to Make
An Easily Made Bird Bath

Get an empty butter tub from your grocer, wash it out and saw it off about seven inches from the bottom. The



Bird Bath

lower half is the part you will use. If there are no hoops near the top of this piece, take one from the discarded part. Brad all the hoops so they will not fall off when the tub dries out. Then get a post about three inches in diameter and about four and a half feet long (a round post looks best). Put the post into the ground about a foot, and nail the tub on top. Put three or four braces underneath from the tub to the post, and then paint it.

When the paint is dry, fill the tub with earth and set in it a round shallow pan or earthen dish about eight or ten inches in diameter and two inches deep. If your pan doesn't come to the edge of the tub you can plant trailing nasturtium or any vine around the edge. Put a few stones in the pan and always keep it full of water.

If the bird bath is where cats can get at it put a collar of tin around the post. The garden is the best place to set it up. The birds will pay you for their bath and drink by catching all the harmful insects.

Something to Read
ALICE'S CHAMPION

"Alice, dear, I've come to fetch you," said Margaret Gay, at the gate of farmer May's garden, one fine spring morning. "Mother has lent me two of the new dozen-bunch of horn spoons that father brought her from the fair lately; so let us away to the moatside, and have a good game at making dirt-pies. I know such a fine place, where we shall be quite snug, and find plenty of marl, with water at hand from the castle-ditch."

It was, as Margaret had described it, an excellent spot for their purpose; lying a little out of the public path, and screened by a copse of hazels, alders, and maple-trees. Here they played for some time, happily enough, making between them good store for pies; with raised crusts of kneaded clay, and filled with flints, and pebbles, and moss, and grass, and twigs, to represent fish, flesh, fowl, and fruit, with condiments and seasoning of salt, spices, peppers, and herbs, figured by strewn dust and sand.

But by-and-by, they were disturbed by the advent of Hodge Bull-cub, the butcher's boy, who came loitering there, to wile away his time, or rather his master's, in throwing stones into the moat, watching the wide-spread circles they made, listening to their plunge, and trying how far he could jerk them.

"I wish he'd go away, Meg," whispered Alice May; "he splashed us all over; see how wet my frock is."

"Suppose we tell him," replied Meg.

"I daren't," said Alice; "he's such a great, fierce lad; perhaps he wouldn't like to be told to go."

Just then a great stone came plump down, only a yard or two from the bank where the two children knelt; and, falling in shallow water, threw up quite a fountain of splashes, which plentifully showered Meg and Alice.

"Take care what you are about, if you please," said little Margaret Gay; "if you don't mind, some of those stones will hit us; that one came very near; and see how it has sprinkled Alice all over."

"What do I care?" said the lout. "It will make her grow, and spare her standing out in the next rain-shower. She's little enough to want something that will make her taller."

The next stone fell just in the midst of the dirt-pies, and demolished a grand centre-dish of raised crust, ornamented with clay-paste devices, that had cost much care and time.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the two young cooks, both at once.

"I wish you'd move further away, if you must throw stones," said Margaret.

"I shall throw them just where I please; I'm not going to be ordered off by two girls like you, don't think it," said Bull-cub; "I've as good a right to play here, I suppose, as you have. I might just as well find fault with that rubbish you're doing there. Here, what's all this? dirt-pies? clay-puddings? hey?" added he, coming towards the spot where they were, and kicking contemptuously with his hobnailed shoes among the pastry-marvels they had achieved with so many pains.

"Oh don't don't! you're breaking my goose pie; and that's Meg's herring-pie; and—oh dear! don't spoil that—that's our warden-pie." Alice started up, and threw herself against Bull-cub, in her eagerness to stay him from destroying their morning's work; but the great strong lad held her at arm's length, contriving to kick down the pies one after another, pushing their ruins into the moat, and laughing at the anger and entreaties of the two children, though little Meg dealt him as lusty cuffs as she could with her little arm.

In the struggle to effect his wanton exercise of power, the brutal hobbedehoy leaned so heavily over toward little Alice, that she lost her balance, slipped down the shelving ground, and fell into the water, which, however, was luckily but shallow just there. Margaret screamed aloud, and ceased thumping Bull-cub who ran off. She was about to dart to Alice's assistance, when she saw two boys she knew well, neighbours' sons, coming towards the spot. She just shouted to them, "Hodge Bull-cup has pushed Alice May into the castle-ditch," and then flew down to the bank to help her friend.

"I see him, the rascal, making off among the trees," said one of the boys; "but I'll soon be up with him, and give him as sound a threshing as ever he had in his life."

"Do, Frank, and I'll help the girls," said the other boy; "the water isn't deep her; I'll soon have her out."

But long before this speech was finished, Frank had sprung after the butcher's boy to execute his well-deserved sentence.

The other boy found the two little girls hand-in-hand; one close by the edge, trying to tug her out of the water, in which the latter stood, up to her waist; having fortunately fallen in such a position, she could readily scramble to her feet, though she could not draw them from the muddy bottom in which they stuck.

"Give me your other hand, Alice May," said the boy, seeing how matters stood; "now then, pull away, heartily, Margaret, and we'll soon have her out."

But not so soon could they succeed

This Complete School Companion of 23 Pieces Free to Boys and Girls

This outfit contains:

1 Splendid School Case	1 Pen Holder
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2 Packages Union Jack Flag Stickers, so that you can put the flag on your school books, letters, etc.

We will give you this whole School Outfit free of all charge if you will sell just 30 packages of our lovely embossed Easter Greeting Post Cards at 10 cents a package (6 lovely cards in each package.

Send us your name and we will send you the cards to sell. When sold send us the money, and we will send you the whole outfit. Address:

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A waterproof apron is a household necessity and pays for itself in a short time in the saving of clothes and laundry. Made full length, form-fitting, with neck band and tapes for tying at the back. Made in one piece—no seams—neat blue and white check. We will send one of these aprons prepaid for $2, or

We Will Send One Free

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Genuine Swiss movement in handsome case. On the lady's style (as illustrated) the watch is fitted in a wrist band of lovely, soft leather. For boys, the watch is mounted in a handsome leather protector, just like the soldiers use. If you like, you can take it out of the protector and wear it on a chain or a fob. Only a limited quantity left. Earn one by selling only $7.50 worth of our big, beautiful Calendars at 10c. each; lovely Easter and other postcards at 6 for 10c.; and sure-growing flower and vegetable seeds at 10c. a packet. IT'S THREE TIMES AS EASY TO SELL THREE KINDS OF GOODS. Send no money—we trust you. Mail your order NOW. The Gold Medal Company (22nd year in business), Dept. W.H. 42T , 311 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.

in extricating her; first one foot, then the other, stuck fast, then she slipped down on her knee, and souse went she into the water again.

"Can't you contrive to slip your feet out of your shoes? Never mind your shoes! Leave them stuck fast, so that we get you out!" said the boy.

"Oh, I've long ago lost my shoes," said she, laughing. "Stay; now I think I've got my right foot clear. Now, pull!"

"Well, make a good stride, and plant your foot on the firmest place you can find; look, here's a gravelly spot! Now then, hold tight! Grasp your hands well! Haul away, Margaret! Here she is! Safe ashore!"

Alice once landed, they all three made the best of their way to Farmer May's, that Alice might be put into a warm bed without delay. Then Mistress May made little Meg hasten home, that she might change her clothes, which were very wet, too; and then the boy, thanked and lauded by both families, for the help he had given their darlings in their need, went to look after his companion, whom he had left in pursuit of Bull-cub.

He found him just emerging from the copse, looking hot and flushed, but victorious; though the butcher-boy was again as big as himself.

"I've given the hawbuck such a drubbing as I think he won't forget in a hurry," said Frank; "he can bluster and yelp, like a cur as he is, when he has to deal with boys. I left him howling, as our hound does at the moon; and with great tears rolling down his nose. But how did you get on, George with the girls—the two children?"

"I found them laughing as heartily as your lout was crying," said George. "They're two merry-hearted little souls; nothing puts them out—not even a souse in the castle-ditch."

"Did they both tumble in?" said Frank.

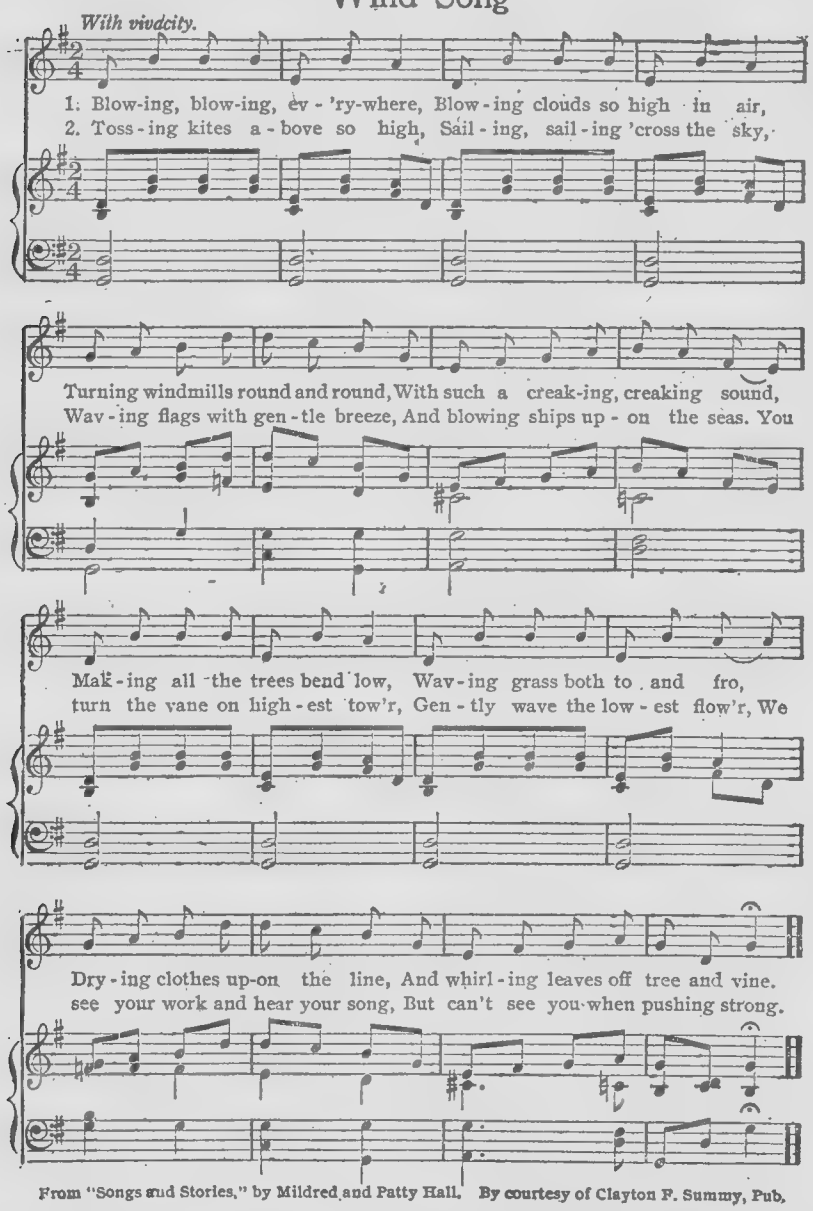
"No, only one," said George; "but there they both were, roaring a-laughing—the one pulling, the other being pulled—both dripping wet, and bespattered with mud—but laughing fit to kill themselves at the pickle they were in. Little Alice, with her bright flaxen hair all blown off her face, and showing her pearly teetth, looked like a young mermaid, as she stood giggling, and struggling, and slipping about, waist-deep in water. You should have seen her— and how heartily Meg was helping her, with all her little might, laughing as much as pulling. You should have seen them!"

"I wish I had;" said Frank. "I wish I hadn't run after that fellow, but had stayed with you to help Meg and Alice; I half envy you your share of the adventure."

"You needn't; yours was by far the more glorious," returned George; "you pursued the brute of a giant and overcame him; I hadn't even the merit of succouring the distressed damsels,— for they weren't at all distressed. You had the peril of the fight—I hadn't that of the flood—it was only mud! It's evident they also thought you had chosen the worst job, for little Alice popped her head out of the bedclothes, as her mother was tucking her up, to bid me mind and thank Frank Ford for going after Bull-cub to teach him better manners, as she was sure he would now be afraid to meddle with or worry them any more."

"She's a good little soul—as gentle as she's gay," said Frank; "that's certain."

Wind Song



From "Songs and Stories," by Mildred and Patty Hall. By courtesy of Clayton F. Summy, Pub.

Something Funny

Who knows a funny story? Anyone who does is asked to send it to the Children's Corner, so we may all laugh over it. Here's one to begin with.

Tommy was a little boy in grade II. His teacher wrote this question on the board: "Where are you going?" "Now Tommy" she said, "You read that." "Where are you goin'?" read Tommy. "No, Tommy," said the teacher, "that's not right. You left something out at the end there. What was it?" "Oh, yes," said Tommy, his eyes brightening as he looked at the question mark, "Where are you goin' little button hook?"

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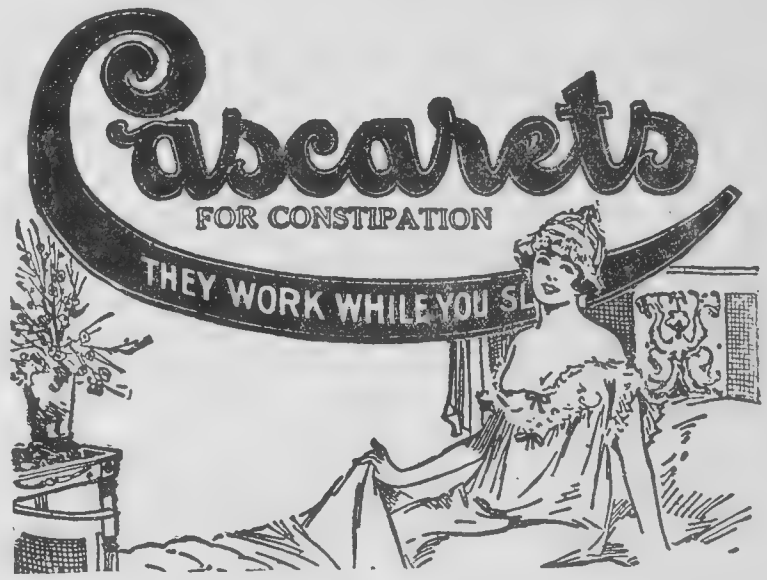

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The Weekly Free Press Prairie Farmer
FOR ONE YEAR, AND
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The extraordinary success of the Parisienne Embroidery Outfit last season has led us to again make an offer which will appeal to our lady readers. Remember, the Imperial Collection has never before been offered, and we expect an extraordinary demand.

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D.D.D. Laboratory Soap

For sensitive skins, D. D. Soap is remarkably effective. It is a refreshing toilet soap of delicate texture. It allays irritation while purifying the skin.

D·D·D·

The Standard Skin Wash

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Mail Coupon Now for Large Sample

Mail the coupon for liberal trial bottle. This wonderful skin wash sinks into the pores, kills the germs and throws them out. The inflamed tissue, rid of the parasites—the pores left open to receive nature's healing aid, are soothed by D. D. D. Eczema, psoriasis, salt rheum, summer rashes, prickly heat, localized skin afflictions, such as bites of insects, felons and blackheads—all yield to D. D. D. Try it yourself, and you will know why hundreds of grateful people have found D. D. D. a great aid in the relief of skin trouble. Be sure to send the coupon today—at once—for a trial bottle and watch the splendid results.

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Gentlemen: Please send me a trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription, I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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*Address*_____

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PLEASE FILL UP APPENDED COUPON AND REMIT *AT ONCE* SO AS TO ENSURE UNINTERRUPTED SERVICE.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg, Canada

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find $.....for.....year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly.

Yours truly,

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Subscription Rate
One Year $1.00
Three Years $2.00

Grandma Goes Up

Continued from Page 10

met her once at a little party at Greenville—just last year it was—and I've never forgotten her. Bless your dear, old heart, Grandma! I surely will call round. You can't keep me away now."

And then a mob surrounded them. Daredevil Derby despatched a man for Doctor Emmett and the physician arrived in less than four minutes. In another three minutes the 'plane was up among the lower clouds again heading due north, and it still lacked some minutes of eleven o'clock when Doctor Emmett reached Jack's bedside. The little fellow was very ill and the doctor decided to remain and work over him until a change for the better was assured. This change eventually took place and when John and Sarah arrived at noon the doctor informed them that Grandma by her courage and promptitude had saved the child's life, in all probability.

"After this, mother, a mere auto will seem pretty tame to you, eh?" John Mills hinted that evening at supper. "I s'pose you've already got the flying fever!"

"Now, John, don't yew talk foolishness!" retorted the old lady with spirit. "I'll try anything once. But how d'yew s'pose I got any chance at all with that young man now? Him an' Grace jest took one look at each other an' ——"

"And you heard wedding-bells in the offing! Well, tell them they can be married from this house any time they want. I s'pose Miss Mina'll be as sore as a boil and won't listen to it taking place at her house. But wait till she hears that this young Derby is one of the rich Derbys! He could buy her and old Jake out and never feel it. Quite a catch for Grace, I'll say."

But Grandma only smiled shrewdly. Whatever Miss Mina might think she knew that the money would never weigh a hair in the scale with true love where the principals were concerned.

The Message of The Bells

Continued from Page 13

greens, an owl calling softly to his mate, and a prairie wolf distantly crying?"

And then, ringing merrily through the frosty air, came the sound of returning sleigh-bells, heralds of Christmas cheer, for now, the long sad war-years passed, they seemed to breathe once more of Peace on Earth—that thrice-blest, age-old Message of the Bells.

A Strange Awakening

Continued from Page 15

sweetheart were bathing the young man's temples.

The barefooted children peered in at the open door. They thought they saw a miracle. But it was no such thing.

Harold was only recovering from a stunning blow.

"What's up?" he asked, as his eyes opened and turned to his mother. "And why am I in this dirty hole?" he added as he smelt the stale air.

"You've been hurt," said Mrs. Parker. "Stay quiet awhile. You'll be all right, and we'll have you home soon."

Harold shut his eyes again. Later on, in his own well-appointed room, to which he had been moved, he learnt all that had taken place.

"So they told you I was dead," he said. "What a pack of fools."

But he smiled as he made the remark, for mother and sweetheart were both waiting on him, and it was worth being thought dead, even for a time, if such miracles as this could be the result.

Trial is Inexpensive.—To those who suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism or any ailment arising from derangement of the digestive system, a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended, should the sufferer be unacquainted with them. The trial will be inexpensive and the result will be another customer for this excellent medicine. So effective is their action that many cures can certainly be traced to their use where other pills have proved ineffective.

Fashions and Patterns

Continued from Page 50

velvet, and corduroy are nice for this style. The blouse could be of different material than that of the trousers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Neat and Comfortable House Dress—2984—Here is a good model for gingham, seersucker, percale, lawn, flannellette, linen or drill. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length; roomy pockets are inserted under tabs on the fronts. Blue and white checked gingham with facings of blue chambrey, would be nice for this style; or figured percale with facings of white, or a plain color. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5⅝ yards of 36 inch material. Width at lower edge is about 2¼ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or 1 cent and 2 cent stamps.

A Pretty Gown in One Piece Style—2917—This design is nice for serge, satin, silk, bordered goods, gabardine and velvet. The loose panels may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5⅛ yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 1⅝ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or 1 cent and 2 cent stamps.

Girl's Dress—Pattern 3148 developed this becoming style. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 3 yards of 44 inch material. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Brown and white checked woolen with white poplin for trimming, would be good for this. It is also nice for linen, gingham, serge, velvet and silk. Plaid suiting and serge would be a good combination. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dance or Party Frock—Pattern 3142 is here portrayed. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 16 will require 4¾ yards of material 27 inches wide. Lace, net, crepe or chiffon could be combined with silk, satin, duvetyn or velvet. The style is good also for linen, batiste, poplin, voile and other similar fabrics. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Combination—Illustrating a pleasing dress made from Blouse Pattern 3131 and Skirt Pattern 2818. Printed georgette and taffeta are here combined. This is a very pretty style for crepe de chine and chiffon, net and georgette and also nice for linen, batiste or voile. The blouse is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make the dress for a medium size will require about 6 yards of 30 inch material with 1½ yard for the overblouse. The skirt measures about 1 2-3 yard at the lower edge. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Simple Apron—Pattern 3145, cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42 and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure, is here portrayed. Gingham, percale, lawn, cambric, drill, sateen and alpaca are good for this style. A medium size will require 4 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Negligee—Pattern 3139 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. China silk, satin, crepe, gabardine, voile, nainsook, batiste, lawn and challie are attractive for this model. Lace insertion and edging, or embroidery would form a suitable trimming. A medium size will require 3¼ yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl—2771—This style is nice for batiste, lawn, voile, silk, Swiss or lawn. The bolero may be omitted, and one may have the sleeve in wrist length, or short and flowing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3⅛ yards of 36 inch material for the dress, and 1¼ yards for the bolero. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A New and Stylish Model—Pattern 3149 was used for this style. It is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The right front is shaped over the left in a point, below which the fronts fall in a deep plait. The width of the skirt at lower edge, with plaits extended, is about 1⅞ yard. Satin, poplin, duvetyn, cloth, linen and other wash fabrics are good for this style. A medium size will require 3⅞ yards of 27 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Work Dress—2474—Galatea, khaki, seersucker, percale, gingham and chambray are nice and serviceable for this style. The front closing is a practical feature of this one-piece garment. The belt confines the fulness at the waistline. This is a good model for a "food conservation" or canning costume. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6¼ yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

CODVILLE COMPANY GETS ENQUIRY FROM BULGARIA

Bulgaria is a long way off from Canada, but the fame of Gold Standard recipes and products is known there, and advertising in Canadian publications is read in that country is evidenced in an enquiry in the form of a postcard from Rustchuk, Bulgaria, requesting a copy of the company's printed cook book. The text of the card written in good English handwriting is as follows:—

Dec. 2, 1919.

Gold Standard Manfg. Co., Winnipeg, Canada.

Gentlemen:—Please send me free, if possible, a copy of your very valued booklet, "Practical Selected Tested Recipes," to my address as given below. —Yours faithfully, Ivan H. Beyadjieff, Cultze, Andreeva 25, Rustchuk, Bulgaria.

A Great Convenience

About three miles from his place of business lives Mr. Jones, and he goes back and forth every day in his automobile. Now, Mr. Jones has a kind, generous heart, and when he sees a pedestrian trudging his way he will often offer the man a "lift."

One morning, shortly after leaving home, he saw a large Irishwoman struggling along with a huge bundle. He stopped his car and said politely:

"Mayn't I give you a lift, madam?"

"In that thing?" she said. "I never rode in one in all my life."

"Well, jump in," he said; and when she had climbed in and deposited the bundle on the seat beside her, they started on.

After he had covered a mile, Mr. Jones became a little uneasy; but he kept on for nearly another mile, and then turned and said, "Where do you want to go, madam?"

She gave him a broad smile and a gracious nod of the head, and replied, "Anywhere you wish; it makes no difference to me."

"But where were you going when I took you in?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Oh," she said, "only to the next house!"

And kind Mr. Jones had to turn back and take her two miles to the "next house."

Der Turning of Der Vorm

"Dunder und blitzen! Diss too much iss!" snarled a German soldier. "If dot sergeant knocks me down und kicks me der face in yoost six times more, I vill ——"

"Ach, Herman!" interrupted his comrade. "It verboten iss an unterofficer of his fun to deprive alretty. Vat you vould do?"

"By sheeminy! I vill not thank him. Dot's vat I vould do!"

Christie Grant Limited

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QUALITY SERVICE

Winnipeg, Canada

SPECIAL ATTENTION! IMPORTANT TO YOU!

The catalogs of the various Mail Order Houses for Spring and Summer are no doubt in your hands by this time, and if you have not received ours, we suggest that you write us at once for a copy. There is the best reason in the world for your doing this.

Just compare our prices on the same goods with those of others--take a line that is easy to compare--say, boots and shoes--and we are satisfied that your orders will be for us.

Notwithstanding the fearful merchandise conditions, we are proud to say that we have our stocks at present in splendid shape. We are in a position to take care of a very large business, but due to our LOW PRICES, we anticipate a very large increase in orders, and we suggest that you send for our catalog, if you have not already received one, without delay, and get your orders in EARLY. The old, old story about the early bird was never so true.

It is admitted that our SERVICE can't be beaten, and you are assured that everything will be done to maintain this splendid reputation, but remember, the factories and mills are simply "plugged" with business, and, as a consequence, often take months to fill repeat orders. And there are many lines that can't be got to-day at any price. These conditions apply to all businesses, and it is a wise man who buys early.

In conclusion, let us again advise that you write for our Spring and Summer Style Book at once, if you have not already received it.

Christie Grant Limited
Wearing Apparel
Specialists

R. S. ROBINSON

Established 1883 — Buyer and Exporter of — Capital $250,000.00

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Wool and Peltries

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Shot and Cut	$1.25 to .50	WOLF, No. 3	$ 2 to $ 1.00
Kits	.25 to .15	WOLF, No. 4	.50

MINK, Prime Dark, $35.00 to $18.00 — MINK, Prime Pale, $25.00 to $12.00

Also all other FURS at highest current rates

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SALTED BEEF HIDES	25c to 23c	CALFSKINS	45c to 35c	Oxen, Stag and Bull Hides, also Side Branded Beef Hides, proportionately lower.
FROZEN BEEF HIDES	22c to 19c	KIPS	30c to 25c	
		HORSE HIDES	$10 to $5	

ALL HIDES will be figured highest market price on day of receipt

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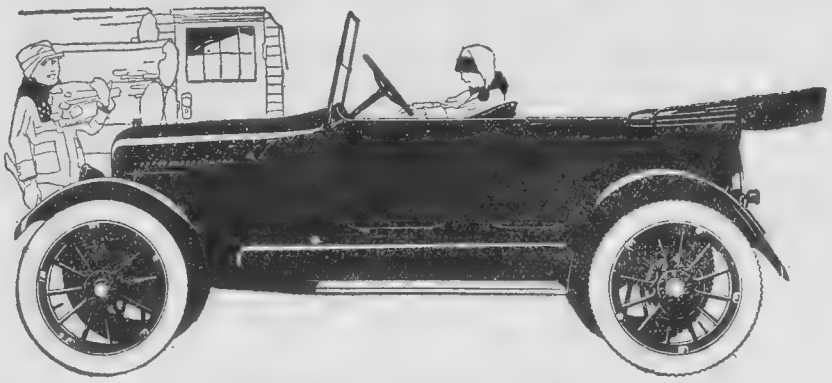

A picture of the Overland "4" which we are giving in this contest

Enter the Big Wheat Estimating Contest

The famous "Nor'-West Farmer Wheat Estimating Contest" is being repeated again for the fifth year. We have given away four automobiles already, and someone is going to get this one. Why not you?

You Can Win This Big Prize

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

All you have to do is to estimate the number of kernels in 4½ lbs. of Marquis Wheat, No. 1 Northern grade. This is the exact amount contained in our sample, which is part of the famous entry that won the World's Championship at the 1919 International Dry Farming Congress.

Our Contest Judge, Professor S. A. Bedford, Manitoba Weeds Commissioner, has personally selected the sample of Marquis Wheat, weighing exactly 4½ pounds, checked by the Dominion Inspector of Weights and Measures. This has been officially sealed and deposited in a safety vault by Professor Bedford, where it will remain until May 1st, 1920. It will then be opened and counted with great care, and immediately the correct count is received, the contestant, whose estimate is the correct or nearest correct, will win the big prize. In case of a tie the estimate first received will win. No one knows now how many kernels there are. Every one has an equal chance to estimate the correct number.

Estimates must be accompanied by one or more subscriptions to The Nor'-West Farmer. Two estimates are allowed on each one-year subscription to The Nor'-West Farmer at $1.00; more for longer terms.

How To Earn More Estimates

Estimates will be allowed on your own subscriptions, if you are a farmer, according to the number of years for which you subscribe, while double credit is given on farmers' subscriptions (not your own) which you collect and send in.

The following schedule explains this fully:

Length of term	Cost of Subscription	NUMBER OF ESTIMATES ALLOWED on your own order	on orders not your own
One year	$1.00	2 estimates	4 estimates
Two years	1.50	5 estimates	10 estimates
Three years	2.00	8 estimates	16 estimates
Four years	2.50	11 estimates	22 estimates
Five years	3.00	15 estimates	30 estimates

By registering several different estimates you are able to protect yourself against any error in your calculations, thereby having a better chance to win the prize. Here it is in short—you get from two to fifteen estimates on your own subscription according to its length, and if you will induce some friends or neighbors to give you their orders as well, you get four estimates on each yearly subscription, and up to thirty on longer terms, as indicated in the above schedule. All subscriptions to be from Western Canada farmers.

Send your estimates early, using a separate sheet for extra subscriptions you may secure.

HOW TO ESTIMATE

First, you must get your own wheat sample. We, of course, cannot supply this. Have it weighed, and count a few ounces, a pound, or the whole amount, but be sure and figure your total on 4½ lbs., which is the weight of our sample.

Second, all estimates must be accompanied by one or more subscriptions to The Nor'-West Farmer. Additional estimates are allowed on long term orders, and also on any extra subscriptions which you secure, according to the schedule.

The Nor-West Farmer — The Pioneer Farm Journal of Western Canada

is Western Canada's oldest farm journal, having been published continuously for almost forty years. It is independent, devoted solely to the interests of the Western farmer, and contains practical reading matter on all phases of farm operations, as well as an up-to-date and interesting home and magazine department. It is published twice monthly, on the 5th and 20th, 24 issues a year. Sample copy gladly mailed anywhere on request.

Contest open to anyone not connected in any way with this firm who fulfils the conditions of entry

Note These Figures From Previous Contests

	Official Weight	Official Count
1915 Winner—Alice M. Bothwell, Mannville, Alta.	4 pounds	59,811 kernels
1916 Winner—Wm. G. Knox, Limerick, Sask.	10 pounds	175,339 kernels
1917 Winner—F. Van Gorder, Standard Hill, Sask.	5 pounds	80,817 kernels
1918 Winner—C. G. Hoey, Creeford, Man.	7½ pounds	110,014 kernels
1919 Winner—"It CAN be YOU"	**4½ pounds**	**? ? kernels**

DO NOT DELAY. Get your estimates correct and get them in early. Remember the weight, four and one-half pounds. Estimates are entered the day they are received; if altered the new figures cannot be entered on the old date, so get them right at first.

Don't forget, this chance costs you nothing. You pay no more than the regular subscription price of the paper and it's easily worth that. This contest is simply an attractive proposition for subscribers, both new and old. Causes lots of fun and someone gets a dandy car for nothing. You can win it. Why not try?

The Nor'-West Farmer

Dept. W WINNIPEG, CANADA

Send your order on this coupon. Use a separate sheet for any extra subscriptions.

Dept. W

THE NOR'-WEST FARMER, Winnipeg, Canada.

Enclosed find $.....being my subscription to The Nor'-West Farmer for.....years. This gives me..... estimates in Your Free Touring Car Contest, which are as follows:

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"Doing Your Bit" in a Garden

Some Lessons Taught by the War

By Helen E. Vialoux, Charleswood

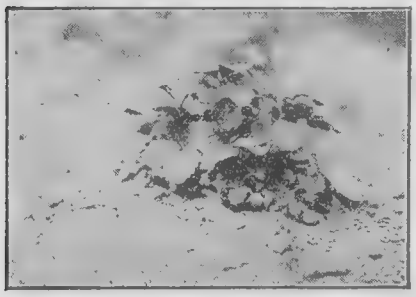
The great war brought us many strange conditions, not always to our liking, but we can thank "The War God" for teaching us more thoroughly than ever before the gentle art of gardening, the oldest profession in the world. More especially is this true in cities and towns where thousands of unsavory spots have been cultivated into bowers of beauty and usefulness all over the civilized world. In the Old Country home gardens have been encouraged in many ways by the British

A sample of Winnipeg's beautiful gardens

government. Leaflets on every phase of gardening have been issued for several years by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries in London, Eng., free to anybody who could secure an allotment, however small, to garden and thus conserve food.

Many land owners gladly gave or leased allotments to be worked up into family gardens to help combat the acute food problem in the British Isles. During the war period the Board of Agriculture issued quite 20 of these practical leaflets, not only gardening, but "Fruit Bottling for Small Holders", "The Drying of Fruits and Vegetables" and one most useful phamphlet on "Economy in the Use of Garden Seeds" are included in the list. Once a week prices of vegetables, fruit and dairy supplies in representative markets in England and Wales are issued free on application. Thus, the British government helps the amateur gardener not only to grow vegetables but to find a market for all surplus stock. In Canada excellent bulletins are published at Ottawa and from the various agricultural college centres, which should enable the greenest hand to grow plenty of good vegetables in any decent land.

The literature sent out by the Manitoba Agricultural College to the members of the Boys' and Girls' Clubs is first rate and really practical. A fine race of enthusiastic tillers of the soil is growing up in all the western provinces, though Manitoba leads in this splendid work among our teen age boys and girls winning a higher percentage of marks in club work than any of the The large school garden is the centre of much activity and inspiration to pupils and teacher alike. Most of the



Blossoms green and berries ripe

children have a garden at home as well. I have in mind a most prolific garden down at Gonor, Man. 'Tis a large school where 80 to 90 Ruthenian children are being educated in no ordinary way under the careful training of Miss Edith Griffis and her two assistants. The pupils do all the work but ploughing themselves under the supervision of the teachers and grow enough first class juvenile clubs across the line in the U.S.A. The fine gardens in sections of the country where club members are new Canadians are surprising to the beholder. The teacher occupies her school home or "teacherage" and lives among her pupils all the year around. vegetables for use all summer, fresh canning and preserving all the surplus corn, beans and peas, tomatoes, beets, rhubarb and other garden products that cannot be successfully stored for use in winter. The hot school lunch of vegetables is a feature at the Gonor school during the cold months. The children also get plenty of wild fruit canned and preserved. Both teachers and pupils live well, enjoying a varied menu at little cost while city folk are doling out each can of high priced store peas or corn to their families. This school and boys' and girls' club has won diplomas from Ottawa for general proficiency, The Governor-General Diplomas three years running and many prizes here in Manitoba. Anyone who once has enjoyed the fruits of his or her labor from a garden, however small, is not content with stale vegetables and "garden sass" from a tin can.

Mere children of 10 to 12 years are growing splendid vegetables and winning prizes not only at the club shows, but at the leading agricultural shows, such as Stonewall and Kildonan in competition with "grown ups". When a growing boy or girl can spend a dollar or so on seeds and plants and staking off a portion of the family garden, planting and tilling it during the spare hours from school, actually tills over twenty dollars worth of produce during the season besides attending school regularly and helping with the general chores, fine educational work is being done and self-reliance taught in the best way. This, I have seen done each year in a local boys' and girl's club.

A three-year-old gardener at work

For the beginner I would advise a small plot at first and on land newly broken. I would not plant small seeds. Rhubarb roots can be planted, a few drills of peas put in and beans. Potatoes are the best crop for new land and often give a good return. Turnips will do fairly well and set out a few cabbages. Cultivate the ground as well as you can. The weeds are not usually very bad on new land. The plot can be well ploughed in the fall when the crop is taken off and then disced and harrowed again, followed by the garden cultivator using a rake and roller. A fine seed bed can be made suitable for small seeds of all kinds, of course the land varies so much in different parts of the province. On the heavy soil in and near Winnipeg manure is used on the new land; quite a heavy coat is applied in fall or winter. This is then ploughed in when spring opens. In sandy loam which is often seen both east and west, manure is hardly needed at first. Out in northern Manitoba the soil is fine for gardening. A rich black soil, 6 to 8 inches deep in some places in the Birtle country, where Mr, Sam Larcombe grows his wonderful vegetables which beat the world at Kansas City last fall. However, the local gardeners in the Winnipeg vicinity, such as Kildonan, St. James, Charleswood and St. Vital held their own at the International at Kansas, 1919, taking many prizes and honors in the magnificent collection sent south by the Manitoba government.

The mapping out of a garden is most fascinating where there is a family of boys and girls. Let them all do their share in making a garden and enjoying

Continued on page 62

Does Your Back Ache on Wash Days?

Don't let that happen again. It's such a comfort to know that you can get a really good washing machine that does the work as well as you can do it by hand. In fact the

"Klean Kwick" Vacuum Washer

makes a **cleaner,** quicker job than is possible by hand — the hot suds are forced through and through the clothes, freeing every vestige of dirt and bringing them back to as nearly new as possible — it's the Vacuum principle that does it.

Ask for full particulars on either the hand, gas or electric power machine.

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Oh, What a Pal was Mary!
I Know What it Means to be Lonesome
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NOTE—When ordering specify what make of machine you have.

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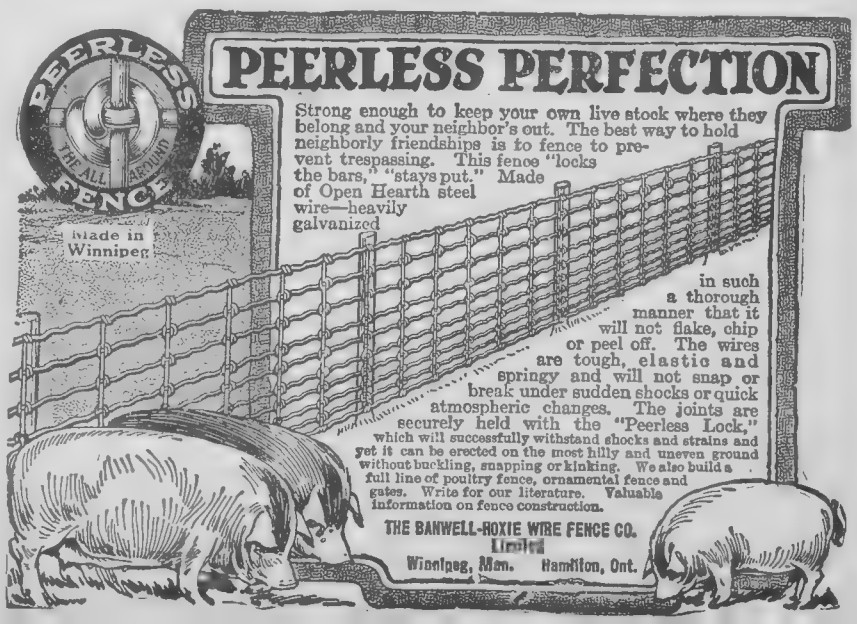

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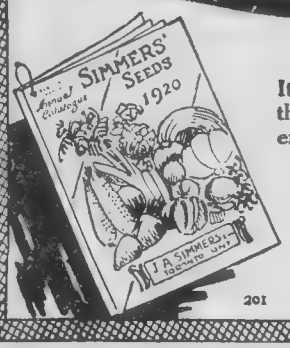
SIMMERS' SEEDS



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It is easy to make claims for seeds—it is another thing to be able to substantiate them. We are emphatically able to make our claims good because our record for "seeds that grow" has gone unbroken for 64 years. For seeds, bulbs, plants of all kinds, trust Simmers' goods.
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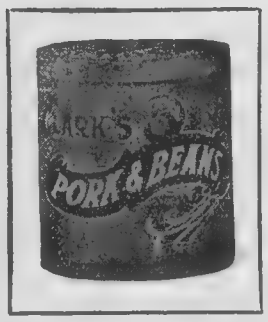
Constipated Children Gladly Take

"California Syrup of Figs"

For the Liver and Bowels

Tell your druggist you want genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions and dose for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Look for the name "California" and accept no other "Fig Syrup."—Beware!



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Woman and the Home

Imagining

By Abbie Craig

On the path way down where the thistles bloomed
And the cows came up at night,
A thicket of wild, rank plum shoots loomed,
Still black in the fading light;
Nor could he pass but he searched round-eyed
For the gleam of a panther's skin,
Or a bandit, crouched like a wolf to hide,
In the brush-lined depths within.
And sometimes, late, when the sky held rain,
And the red-eyed kitchen fire
Glowed out through a foggy windowpane,
Like a beast that might devour,
A bit of punk to a flash light made
And a gun from a crooked stick,
He lay in a ragweed ambuscade
Till the dusk fell gray and thick
And his father came with the bell-led cows;
And the hired men, whistling, passed—
Teams loosed from their keen, loam-brightened ploughs—
Day's labor done at last;
Nor guessed that down through the dark-filled glade
As they kept their fearless way,
To the boy in the ragwee ambuscade
A brigand band were they.

The Woman Who Did Not Tell

For five years the Rev. Horace Reed tried in vain to interest Mr. and Mrs. Starr in the activities of his church. Although the young lawyer and his wife were not openly hostile to religion, they conducted themselves everywhere as if, as far as they were concerned, the church of Christ were not in existence.

Mr. Reed accepted a call to a larger parish, and was somewhat troubled to find, a few months later, that Mr. Starr had opened an office in the same city. He feared that the young people would attract and lead away from the church some of the young people in whom he had become deeply interested. But, greatly to his surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Starr became regular attendants at his church and members of the Sunday school. A complete change had taken place in their lives. The minister accepted the miracle without a questioning word. And it was to him, and to him alone, that the lawyer told his story.

"I think we were proud of our indifference to the church," he said. "Our idea of life was to do our daily work faithfully and then to amuse ourselves. At first our married life was happy. Then, I don't know just how, we began to drift apart. No one suspected it; we never admitted it to ourselves until one morning after we had been out late at some social festivity. I suppose we were nervously tired from the excitement and our efforts to appear natural before our friends. Over the breakfast table the storm broke. We rehearsed the petty incidents that had led to the present state of affairs, sketched boldly the undesirable characteristics we had discovered in each other and, for the first time, openly spoke of a legal separation. Then I got up to go to my office. I hurried into the library to get a book, and there—stood face to face with three women of your former church who had come to interest my wife in some charitable object, and whose arrival the maid had neglected to announce. These woman admitted that they had heard all we said and had hoped to slip out unseen. And then each woman in turn promised for the sake of Christ and the church never to repeat the words she had overheard.

"We did not believe that those promises would be kept. We waited for a change in the attitude of our friends; to those not our friends the spoken thoughts we had hurled at each other would be savory morsels of scandal. 'For the sake of Christ and the church,' I found myself repeating again and again. A year passed—a year of such watching and waiting as few young people, I hope, have ever known. It brought my wife and myself together in a forgiving, and enduring love. At last we had to believe that the promises that had been made had all been kept. Through the church we were saved from disaster. In return we have given ourselves into the keeping of Christ and His church."

A Word for Gossip

When Tom's business obliged him to move from Winnipeg to a small Eastern town, Mrs. Tom, like the plucky woman she was, tried to hide her disappointment from her husband, and make the best of the new and uneventful life that she foresaw for several years to come. "I can start a Current Topics Club," she said, hopefully. "They've never had anything of the sort, and it would be a blessing to the community. These small towns are always narrow, with with nothing to talk about but gossip. I'll return Mrs. Black's call to-morrow, and talk it over; perhaps I shall discover that I had a mission in coming here—who knows?"

Accordingly, Mrs. Tom went over to Mrs. Black's the next afternoon. She reported the result at dinner.

"You know the Current Topics Club I was going to start?" she asked.

Tom nodded—and waited.

"Well, I've changed my mind."

Tom looked expectant.

"I might as well tell you first as last. I returned Mrs. Black's call this afternoon, and everything went pleasantly enough until I mentioned gossip and current topics. Then she began to talk. She said that she thought it was wrong to decry gossip; for her part, she thought that being interested in your neighbors—in their joys and sorrows and hopes and ambitions—was one of the first duties of life; that she would a thousand times rather have her daughters interested in people than in dress or European politics or Eastern philosophies. Of course she didn't mean that she wanted them to say unkind things about others, but 'gossip' did not mean that; that was an instance of a noble word abused—'gossip' was really a word of friendliness and relationship; she had often wished that some one would form a society for the cultivation of gossip as a fine art; for it was intimately concerned with all the kindness and unselfishness and philanthropy in the world. I am not saying it at all as she did—she was so charming that you couldn't possibly feel hurt; I'm just giving you the idea."

"And the conclusion?" Tm asked, smiling at his wife's flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"There are three conclusions," Tom's wife answered, frankly, smiling back.

"The first is that it is well to know your field before planning your campaign; the second, that it is also well to define your terms; and the third, that perhaps current topics, like charity, should begin at home. I'm going to study gossip, Tom."

The Hunger Stone of the Elbe

A few weeks ago the newspapers reported that there was great depression in Saxony and Bohemia because the famous "hunger stone" of the Elbe, near the town of Tetschen, had come into view. This rock is usually covered by the river; it appears only when in time of drought the water has fallen far below its usual level, and it is a tradition in that part of Germany that its appearance means that a time of famine and suffering is at hand. Carved on the stone is the sentence, "Wenn du mich siehst, dann weine" (When you see me, you shall weep); and there are marks to show the point to which the river fell in various years of drought. The earliest and one of the lowest records is that of 1616. Other years are 1746, 1790, 1800, 1842, 1868 and 1900.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will drive worms from the system without injury to the child, because its action, while fully effective, is mild.

Correspondence

Favors Municipal School Board

Dear Sir:—I was greatly interested in the letter which appeared in your Correspondence Page signed "A Reformer". I could almost think she was aware of the conditions in the district of which I am resident. I myself am what she terms a deficient trustee and while I may be a little better than some trustees, we are ignorant of school life and almost of school laws. I quite agree with the teacher that the schools should be placed under a Municipal School Board. The present system of forming a school district and electing three men as trustees putting it in their power to borrow money, to erect a school and carry on that school is all wrong, and in my opinion should be dealt with by the Provincial Governments at once. Another question she raises is the teacherage. This is the very problem we are faced with to-day. Our district is a newly formed one and through crop shortage for three years running, there is not a home in the district which I think suitable to accommodate any young lady teacher. I am secretary to the district and I do not think it right to ask any young person to put up with accommodation I should object to had I a daughter a school teacher. If we build a school house, there is a cry of increased taxes or what would be the guarantee that we could hire a teacher that would live there by herself. Being lonely she might be scared at the cry of the coyote or she would have to live very circumspect to avoid the cry of scandal. I would also advocate that all land in the municipality be assessed with school tax and as the need arises new schools be erected. This would also do away with the present system of dealing with children living outside the district. I would not only like to have the views of teachers but would invite other trustees more able than I to give us their opinion on the subject.

A Deficient Trustee.

Lonely in New York

Dear Editor:—I would like to receive letters from some of the girl readers. Everyone knows about New York, but even with all its amusements I am not kept busy and most evenings are lonesome. I am a stenographer and typist and an athlete, being interested in all sports. I am also a bookworm but it becomes monotonous reading one book after another. Will readers kindly send some letters to chase away the blues? The editor has my address.

Brooklynite.

The Family Purse

Dear Editor and Readers:—The letter signed "Fair Play", in the December issue struck me as rather one-sided. She seems to think all husbands are either a little stingy or real thoughtless. They might be and as I have not had the experience of being one of those fortunate or unfortunate beings I will not attempt to say, but I do think the home where the wife doesn't get anything, only her board and perhaps a few clothes (as Fair Play puts it) for her work, would be a poor one and not at all the average and a man who could be so stingy or thoughtless is not worthy of any woman's love. Now, Fair Play, I know of homes where the woman is head and handles the money with as tight a fist as any man could, even argues the necessity of hiring a man to help with the harvest. Should men with wives like this leave their own work to earn a little money which they could spend for themselves without asking their wives. What would their home be like in a short time? I venture to say it would not be a home. Just some place to stay. I think, instead of trying to be independent of each other, they should be more confident with each other and talk things over as husband and wife should, and there should always be a little pin money for both without hurting anyone's pride. I particularly like the helping sentiment expressed in "Out West Girl's" letter. I think more letters like that and less with dancing first, written all over them, would be better. I have no objection to dancing, but it seems so foolish to put it before all other and better amusements, as some girls and boys do. I am a bachelor and farming a half section of Sunny Alberta and would be pleased to hear from readers in other parts of the Province, particularly from "Out West Girl" if she would care to write. Wishing the editor and readers every success, I will sign myself,

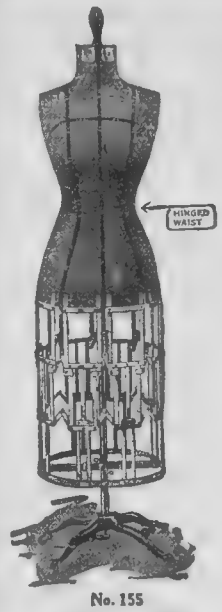
Lover of Home.

Against Municipal School Board

Dear Sir:—Being one of that despicable class, "A Country School Trustee", I was much amused by "Reformer's" letter in your January Number and your correspondent in advocating "Municipal School Boards" as a panacea for the ills we now endure. If Reformer will only think for a minute, a municipal School Board will from the fact that they, maybe none of them, being from a particular School District have as a consequence no interest whatever in that district. Moreover, a municipal board is no new thing. It has been tried in Ontario many years ago and found wanting, even now, so then the present system. That, judged by its results, the present system does not give results, one has only to read the letter of Reformer. I have had a long experience in the Rural School field and looking back in the past note that the trustees and teachers are about on a par as regards an intelligent outlook on life. Of all the number of teachers I have hired or helped to hire, I can at the present moment only recall two who took a real earnest and intelligent outlook on their vocation. The rest, I am not blaming them, in any way, looked upon it as a job, a certain amount of time to be spent in the school a certain amount of progress made by the pupils, for a certain number of dollars. The pupils were taught to read, write and do certain sums and memorise certain facts. They were not taught, but rather stimulated into thinking for themselves. This fact is the cause of much of the present unrest, I might say the cause of the great war. The Hohenzollerns proclaimed themselves as rulers of Germany by Divine Right and without thought, the people of Germany accepted it as a fact. Was it a fact? There can be no persons more interested in the education of their children than the parents of those children. I cheerfully admit that many parents do not take the interest they should, but it stands to reason that they are at least as interested as the casual outsider, and when one sees the effect of the high priced education or rather non-education of some of our Rich Class, it does not seem that education is merely a question of more money spent, of higher educated teachers of consolidated schools, or teachers' residences, but a question of how and where to get teachers who look upon their work as one of the highest importance to the nation and who are qualified by nature and art to fulfil their part. The niggardly uneducated school boards, can at least say with pride perhaps, that their work is at least, as well done as that of our parliaments or Halls of Congress. I am not saying there are no inefficient school boards, but that there are school boards and school boards. In conclusion I hope that the matter is discussed thoroughly by your readers and that it may lead to a little thinking, a state that appears at present not either popular or efficient.

Trustee.

Asthma No Longer Dreaded.—The dread of renewed attacks from asthma has no hold upon those who have learned to rely upon Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. So safe do they feel that complete reliance is placed on this true specific with the certainty that it will always do all that its makers claim. If you have not yet learned how safe you are with this preparation at hand get it to-day and know for yourself.



No. 155
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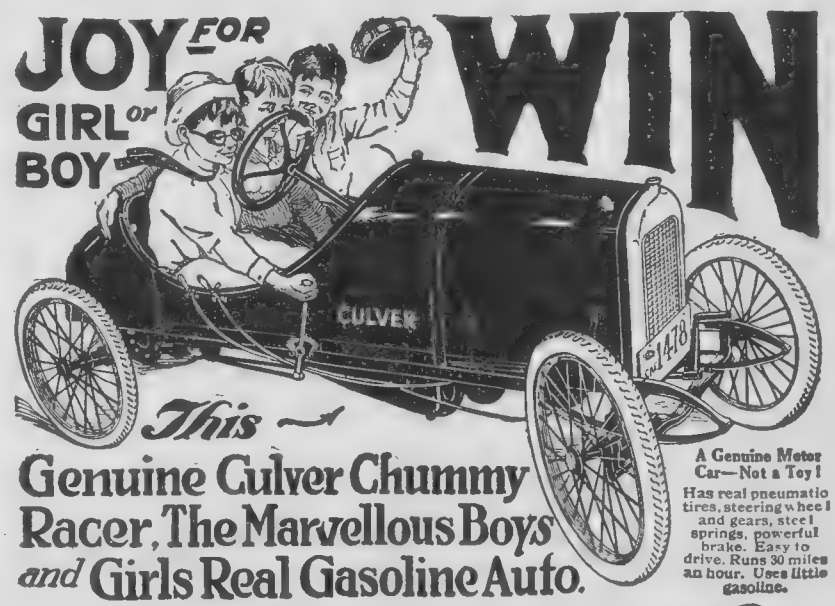
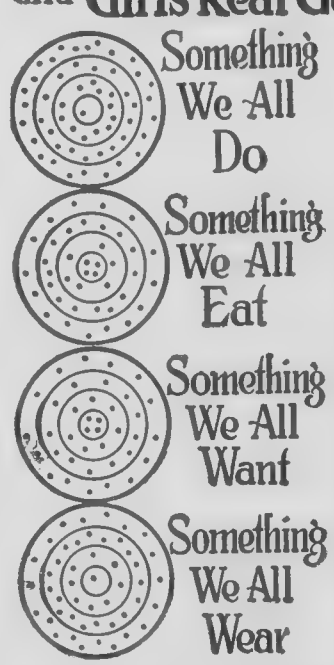
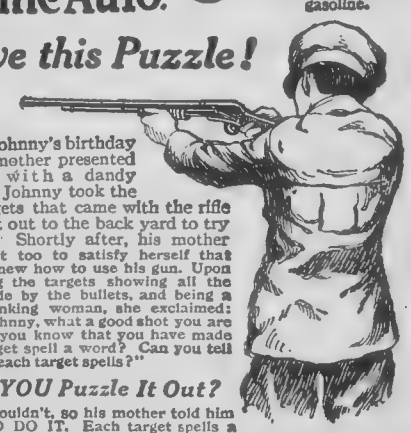




Solve this Puzzle!



FOR Johnny's birthday his mother presented him with a dandy rifle, and Johnny took the four targets that came with the rifle and went out to the back yard to try his skill. Shortly after, his mother came out too to satisfy herself that Johnny knew how to use his gun. Upon examining the targets showing all the holes made by the bullets, and being a quick-thinking woman, she exclaimed: "Why, Johnny, what a good shot you are—and do you know that you have made every target spell a word? Can you tell me what each target spells?"

Can YOU Puzzle It Out?

Johnny couldn't, so his mother told him HOW TO DO IT. Each target spells a word. Each circle of each target shows a number of bullet holes, as you can see by the targets, and each circle represents a letter. The number of holes indicates the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance: "A" would be represented by one hole, "B" by two holes, "C" by three holes, and so on.

After you have worked out all the letters that are represented in each word, you will find that they are not in their proper order. Put them into their proper order to spell out correctly the names of the four things wanted.

In order to help you, we will tell you that the letter represented by the middle circle of first target is "A," because "A" is the first letter of the alphabet. This is not an easy puzzle, but with perseverance you can work it out—and the prizes are worth trying for.

Copy your answer upon a plain white sheet of paper as neatly as you can, because neatness, spelling, handwriting and punctuation count if more than one answer is correct. Put your name and address in the top right-hand corner of the paper. If you have to write a letter, or show anything else, put it upon a separate sheet of paper. We will write as soon as your answer is received and tell you if your solution is correct, and also send you a complete illustrated list of the grand prizes that you can win.

THE PRIZES:

First Prize - Genuine Culver Chummy Racer, value	$250.00
Second Prize - Magnificent Gold Watch and Chain, or Girl's Wrist Watch, value	25.00
Third Prize - Genuine Autographic Kodak Folding Camera, value	20.00
Fourth Prize - Solid Gold Ring for Boy or Girl, value	15.00
Fifth Prize - - Moving Picture Machine, with Film, value	10.00
Sixth to Tenth Prize - Self-Filler Fountain Pens, value, each	2.50

and 2,000 Extra Special Prizes Valued at $3,000.00.

What Others Have Done, YOU Can Do!

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have already awarded big prizes:

Shetland Pony and Cart—Helen Smith, Edmonton.
Shetland Pony—Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask.
$100.00 Cash—Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.
$50.00 Cash—Helen Benesch, Junkins, Alta.
$25.00 Cash—Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.
$150.00 Cash—Bryden Foster, Leamington, Ont.
$25.00 Eastman Kodak—Frankie Kirby, Three Hills, Alta.
$15.00 Bracelet Watch—Mary Procter, Vancouver, B.C.
$10.00 Doll and Carriage—Eva Gasson, North Bay, Ont.

We will send you the names of many others too. Only boys and girls under 17 years of age may send answers, and each boy and girl will be required to perform a small service for us.

The contest will close on June 30, 1920, at 5.30 p.m. Send your answers this very evening.

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Let Danderine put more life, color, vigor and brightness in your hair. This stimulating tonic will freshen your scalp check dandruff and falling hair, and help your hair to grow long, thick, strong and beautiful.

Revealing New Designs in Becoming Crochet Slipovers

BESIDES being highly popular Filet Crochet slipovers are most becoming for indoor as well as outdoor wear, and with the approach of a new season it is clearly indicated that filet crochet garments in both wool and silk will be one of Dame Fashion's most approved novelties. To the woman who delights in creating things, this page offers several worthy suggestions.

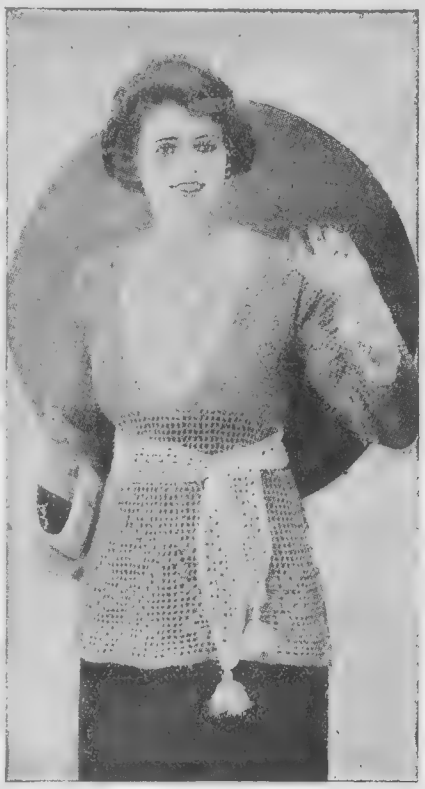
Sleeveless Coat No. 1

Directions for Filet Crochet—Filet crochet is worked in open and solid meshes. Open space is called mesh or M. Closed space is called solid or S.

For Foundation Chain—Make 3 times as many chain sts. as number of meshes in 1st row. If 1st mesh is open, make 5 additional chain for turning. If 1st mesh is solid, make 3 additional chain for turning. When the 1st row begins with open mesh, skip 7 ch. and make 1 d.c. in 8th st. on foundation chain. When the 1st row begins with solid mesh, skip 3 ch. and make 1 d.c. in 4th st. on foundation chain. The 3 ch. at beginning of a row counts as 1 d.c. of a closed mesh and the last d.c. in previous row must be skipped in order to avoid increase. Open mesh is 1 d.c. ch. 2, skip 2 sts., 1 d.c. in next st. Solid mesh is 1 d.c., in d.c. of previous row, 1 d.c. in each of next 2 sts. (ch. of d.c.) 1 d.c. in next st. 4 sts. stand for 1 solid mesh but only allow 3 sts. for every additional mesh after the 1st solid mesh, thus: 1 solid, 4 sts., 2 solid, 7 sts., 3 solid, 10 sts., and so on.

To Shape Sweaters—Increase at beginning of row by ch. 5, 1 d.c. in 1st d.c. of previous row—increase at end of a row by 2 ch., 1 d.c. into same st. as last d.c. of row was made.

To decrease at beginning of row, slip stitch across the 1st mesh of row, work across row as usual, and to decrease at end of row work till within last mesh of previous row. Turn. Another way to decrease at beginnig of row is ch. 3 and do 1 d.c. in d.c. of 2nd mesh, and at end of row by doing 1 d.c. in last mesh without doing any chain.

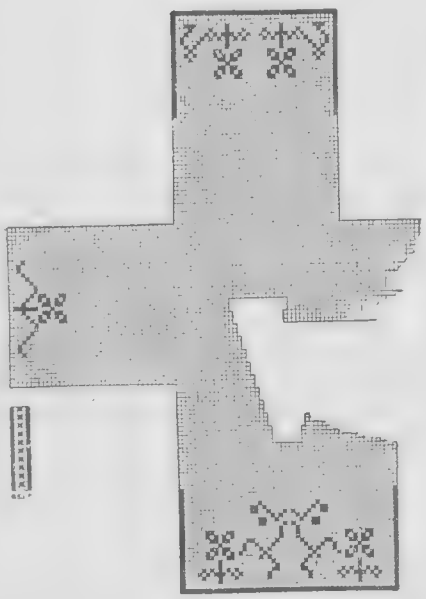


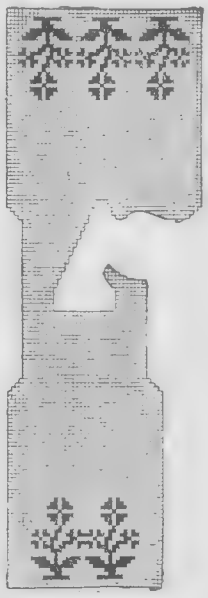
Slipover No. 2

Directions for Making Sleeveless Coat No. 1

Materials required — 6 balls monarch floss, X fine bone crochet hooks. Chain 123, making 40 meshes. Follow chart.

Start at back—Chain 135, making 44 meshes. Follow chart. See general directions. Run cord and pompons at waistline.





Directions for Making Slipover No. 2

Materials required—Monarch floss, 8 balls rose, 2 balls white, X fine bone crochet hook.

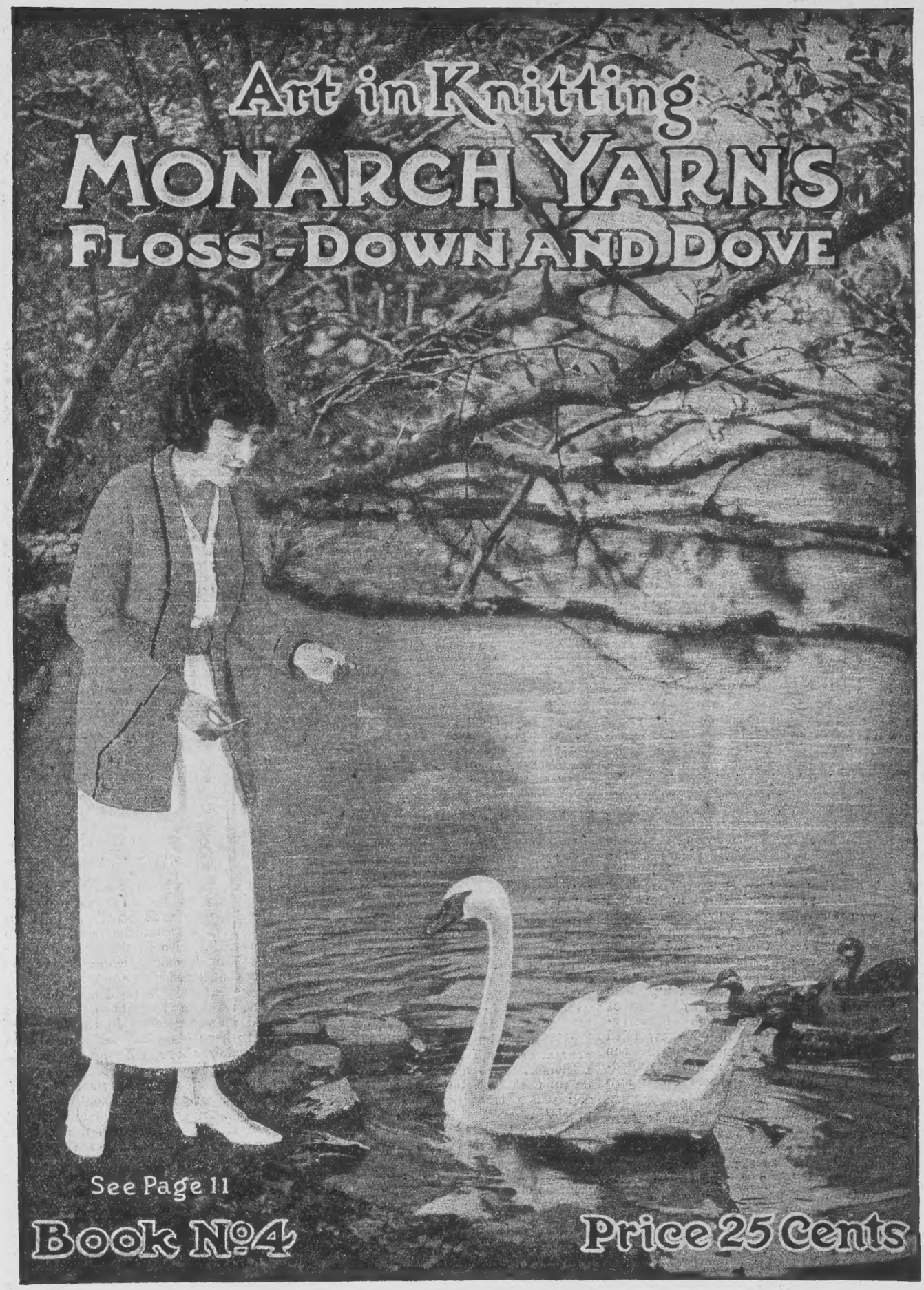
Start at Front—Chain 162, making 53 meshes. Follow chart. Work 9 rows single crochet round entire neck missing 1 stitch at each corner to keep in shape. Finish with picot edge of 2 single crochet, 1 picot of 3 chain. Finish same around sleeves.

"Doing Your Bit" in a Garden

Continued from Page 59

the fun, as well as sharing the responsibility of keeping down the weeds. The garden tools sold by all dealers in hardware as well as seedsmen are most complete nowadays, paying for themselves in one season. The Planet Jr. wheel, hoe and seeder No. 4, sold with many attachments such as plows, a marker and cultivator and seeder can be used by any child of 12 years of age. A large garden of one or more acres can be kept free of weeds and properly cultivated by the use of one of these splendid implements. It is not necessary to be ever at it either as in the days of the back breaking hoe and rake. A few hours in the cool of the evening or early morning once or twice a week, will keep the garden in excellent shape.

In closing I must suggest some small fruits for the family garden. Of course, there is the row of rhubarb, but red and white and black currants and red raspberries are perfectly hardy in this country and with ordinary care give good crops of fruit in their season. A family garden is very incomplete without small fruits. The everbearing strawberry is grown by many gardeners the last few years and does remarkably well in the west. Strawberries may be gathered from a patch from early July until October in Manitoba. Surely this is worth while. Hardy nursery stock may be obtained from the old reliable firms of seedsmen who advertise in the farm papers. Do not buy a lot of nursery stock imported from the south, as the fruit trees are not hardy enough for our rigorous climate in the western provinces. Every garden should have some flowers; a couple of rows of sweet peas make a delightful hedge and sweet peas grow so easily here and usually bloom well all summer. A border of hardy perennials and at least one bed of the simple homely annuals should make a bright spot in the garden even in these busy days of home building.



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On Page 11

you will find full directions for knitting the novel and charming **sweater coat** shown here.

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YOU will find in it directions for the making of sweater coats, pull-overs, house coats, collar-and-cuff sets, sport hats, light summer slip-ons, etc. All models and patterns are shown in large size, and full instructions are given as to the quantity of yarn required for each article and the nature and number of the stitches used in knitting each separate piece. Everything, in fact, is explained so clearly and so simply that no previous knowledge is necessary. All you need to do is to follow the directions as they are given in the book, and anyone can do that.

WE recommend the use of Monarch Floss and Monarch Down or Dove in each case, because, we believe, you will find them preferable for the purposes mentioned. Canadian women have learned to depend—and not without reason—upon their true and fast colorings and staunch durability for all kinds of plain and fancy hand-knitting. The elasticity, evenness and smoothness of these fine, long-fibre yarns are such that the garment into which they are woven retains its good looks throughout long and active use. Books are now on sale at 25c. They may be ordered through your dealer, or, if he is not able to supply you, from us direct.

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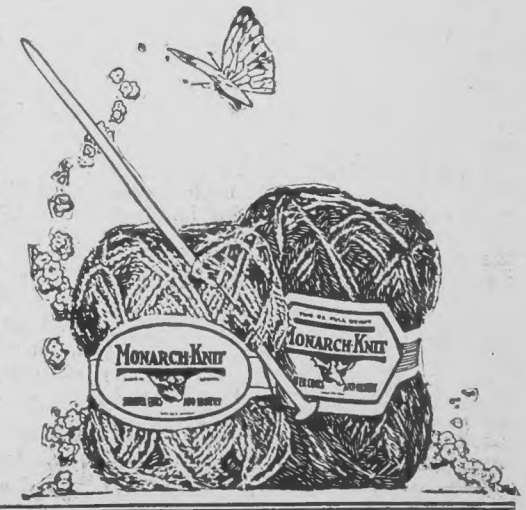

Easter Music

By J. W. Matthews, Organist, Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

The term Easter, usually suggests the Annual Festival observed throughout Christendom in commemoration of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, though the word Easter, in common with the names of the days of the week, is actually a survival from old Germanic mythology and is derived from Ostara, or Eostere the Anglo-Saxon Goddess of Spring, to whom the fourth month, identical with our month of April, was dedicated. It is not unnatural, however, that the phenomena, annually observed, of the loosening of the iron bands of frost, the melting of the snow, and the reviving of vegetable and animal life, under the stimulating rays of the sun, returning in strength, should present to the minds, at any rate of dwellers in temperate and northern latitudes, a vivid symbol of the earnest and vitally cherished belief in the resurrection of the Saviour of the World—and thus become the occasion of joyful acclamation.

The extent of the indebtedness of the art of modern music, to the early exponents and followers of the Christian faith, is rather difficult to determine, though there is ample evidence to prove that indebtedness to be very considerable, and it is highly probable that some of the earliest efforts in the realm of musical composition, that can in any sense be regarded as correlated to modern development of the art, are traceable to the ritual of those early Christian communities who, after seasons of great tribulation and persecution established their influence in the Roman Empire in about the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era. In this connection it is interesting to note that an extended musical sequence or chant was by them frequently adapted to the word "Alleluia", used either in repetition or with prolongation of the vowel sounds, in some such way as we are accustomed to hear it in the well known strains of the Hallelujah chorus from the Oratorio of the Messiah. From these remote periods, onward through the centuries and middle ages, it can readily be observed that the theme of the Passion and Resurrection of the Redeemer served as a powerful inspiration to those musicians and composers who inclined to employ their talents in the service of the church, or to exert themselves in connection with the spiritual or religious formularies of their day.

It would be impossible in a brief space to indicate, with any degree of precision the extent to which that class of music to which the term Easter might be definitely applied, figured in the writings of the early and medieval schools of composition, but obviously in the various ritual observances of the church an important place must have been taken by what might be called Easter music. The "Et ressurexit" of the mass was usually associated with strains of a brisk and joyous character, contrasting with the more sombre strains of preceding portions of that number. An earnest effort was made during Lent to supply in the churches, music of a lofty and inspiring nature, especially on account of the fact that during that period the gay and humorous strains of the people were strictly interdicted and all dance or operatic music was for that season under the ban of the church, as indeed it is to some extent to-day in various communities.

Much of the beautiful music of the 16th and 17th centuries survives and is in general use to-day, a very fine example of an Easter Alleluia has recently come under notice, and in this case, the name of the composer of these grateful and most satisfying strains is lost in oblivion, though prominent modern musicians have excelled each other in adapting them for solo or chorus treatment in church.

There was a period in the history of music, however, when the task of providing music for the church fell into the hands of a school of pedants who seemed to regard it as a point of honor, to exercise their contrapuntal skill without reference to the sentiment of the words they were illustrating, resulting in marvels of ingenuity or musical conundrums, entirely unsuited for purposes of worship; and but for the genius of Palestrina, Music, as far at least as the church was concerned, might have fallen practically into disuse. It is to this great composer that we are indebted for directing the art into nobler channels and the Motets of Palestrina and other worthy successors, often written for use at Easter are still regarded as models of purity and excellence.

The Motet is the prototype of our modern Anthem, and as such, has engaged the skill of many of our ablest composers, often with the happiest, though sometimes with indifferent results.

Few nobler examples of Easter music can be cited than are found in these portions of Oratorio which treat of Easter themes. Especially noteworthy in this connection are such numbers in Handel's "Messiah", Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" or Gounod's "Redemption" and if we include what is termed Passion music, there is a much wider range of masterpieces to select from and the names of Bach, Mozart, Haydn and a host of lesser composers might be added, including many living musicians of eminence.

That the joyance of Easter time was in bygone days frequently marked by a boisterous hilarity that almost passed the bounds of decorum is beyond doubt, and some extraordinary details are related in various musical histories. Rowbotham in his history of music states that on Easter day the churches were thrown open to the people, who were allowed to have games and dances in those edifices. Meanwhile the organ was played in time with them and the music of graduals and antiphons was sadly curbed and mutilated to suit the measure of the dance. Sometimes a "ball" dance was held. The Dean stood with a ball in his hand and threw it to the choristers and so it was thrown from hand to hand all around the choir. Even an Archbishop if present did not disdain to join in the merry sport. Meanwhile the choir boys left their places in the stalls and went bounding and leaping all about the chancel and the elder clergy joined in with them and footed it to the strains of the organ. In those days also, there was considerable reciprocity between the music and ballads of the common people and the music of the church. The people would borrow the church melodies and with ingenious modification adapt them to the use of the tavern or the occasion of merry-making, whilst the church responded by borrowing the melodies of the itinerant minstrel and suitably remodelling and rearranging them for use in worship.

In most of our modern Hymnals there are found surviving examples of tunes adapted from popular melodies or dance measures, some to them sung originally to words which are said to be quite unsuitable for printing.

Though hardly coming within the domain of Easter music, except in the widest application of the term, it is interesting to notice how largely the "Return of Spring" has served as a theme for composers of music in general. Mendelssohn's "Spring Song", Gade's "Spring Message", Grieg's "To the Spring", Sinding's "Rustle of Spring", Schubert's "Faith in Spring" are but a few of the numerous examples that might be quoted. One of the earliest and most interesting specimens of part songs known is a quaint setting to old English words "Sumer is a cumen, sing cucu nu." So we find that the impulse that prompts the feathered songsters to reanimate the groves and dells with their warblings of song extends to the human race, and blossoms forth in almost innumerable paeans of joy and gladness. Nay, do we not at times find in our hearts the echo of the song of our great English poet where he writes:

Behold we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall,
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

Out of Water

Continued from Page 7

or two myself. I sails down through the trees an' the patches of moonlight, crosses a road, an' then as I hears the beast gain the shore, I dodges headfirst inter a great clump of roedendrones an' pertends I'm a stump.

"But the bull trys the same tactics the same time, an' I can't hear nothin' but the rumble of the city outside the park. Perhaps he's creepin' up ter jump in his pleasant way on the small of my back, an' that thought starts me crawlin' out 'tother side the clump.

"Well, sir, soon's my head protrudes somethin' nabs me by the collar an' jerks me ter my feet 'fore I kin say, 'What ter hell!' an' a voice bellers in my ear, 'What yer doin' thar, yer dirty bum?'

"My land, if it weren't enother one of 'em big perlice! 'Look a-here—' I starts, but he sticks his billy in my face an' growls, 'Shet up; come along a me,' then shoves me inter a run, cussin' somethin' awful.

"Gosh a-mighty!' I says ter myself, knowin' 'tweren't safe ter speak out loud, 'What'll happen next?' I had no sooner said them words than crash! bang! crash! an' if that blamed moose weren't plumb atop of us, hittin' out with all four hoofs at once.

"Our little party bust up sudden—Bluecoat shinnin' up a tree, an' me dodgin' off through the bush. As fer the bull, he stayed ter chaw the tree down an' let me git clean away. I felt mighty thankful ter the critter jest then for even though it were ruttin' season I sorter preferred him ter that feller with the stick.

"Soon I met a gang of chaps with pitchforks an' guns, an' they wanted ter know if I'd seed anythin' of a live moose 'bout them parts. I 'lowed I had an' told 'em I were jest fetchin' him home then an' they'd better show me the cage an' git out of sight right lively.

"'The hobo's drunk,' says one; 'come on, boys,' an' off they tears. That made me pretty mad, but as I'd begun I swore I'd see the thing through.

"Well, sir, 'fore long I come ter the Zoo house an' found a gate leadin' inter a yard, wide open. At the back was a shed with two doors. 'That's the place all right,' I says, an' begins callin' through my hands ag'in. 'Fore long, sure enough, that monster comes boundin' an' snortin' in like a tornado on legs, an' with a little fancy dodgin' I goes through one door an' out 'tother an' slams the gate in its blazin 'eyes. Gosh! if it weren't mad bein' fooled so often!

"I kin hear the gang shoutin' an' beatin' in the bushes still lookin' fer that poor moose, as I go back after Willets. I thought 'twas more'n likely he'd still be up that tree, but blamed if I could tell which tree 'twas. I goes erlong peerin' inter the branches an' yellin', 'Hi, thar, Willets,' every so often, an' finally runs 'cross that derned perlice ag'in.

"'Fore I kin run he has me tight an' swats me hard over the head. 'Don't yer try eny more of them tricks,' says he, 'or I'll beat the life outer yer!' I were so busy tryin' ter count the stars that riz up afore my eyes that I didn't think of askin 'ter what he was alludin' ter.

"I went erlong in a kinder dream fer maybe fifteen minutes, an' finally found myself starin' inter the face of an ugly-lookin' feller settin' behind a desk. Well, sir, if yer could 'a' heard the list of crimes I'd committed, accordin 'ter that perliceman, yer'd have thunk I were the worst villan yer'd ever heard tell'n. There were drunkenness, vagrancy, resistin' arrest, walkin' on the flower beds, disorderly conduct, meddlin with the animals, an' a few other things besides. The Judge, or whatever yer calls him, says in court nex' day, 'Fifty dollars, or six months prison.' I reckon I surprised him some when I took out my wad an' payed him cash outer money Willets had sent me. He seemed ter git madder'n ever an' swore he'd do terrible things ter me if I didn't git outer town in an hour's time.

"I were too scairt ter speak, but I knew he wouldn't if I could help it. I made fer the Grand Station as fast as my feet'd move an' jumped aboard the first train that went out, and do yer know, I clean fergot erbout Willets till I fetched up at Burt's Corners, derned thankful I'd escaped with my life."

Joe stopped abruptly and rose to his feet. The fire had sunk to a few red coals.

"Do yer wonder, sir, at me hatin' the place?"

"No, Joe, I can't say I do," I laughed, snapping my cigar butt into the ashes.

JUST KEEP SWEET

By Grace Marshall

Faithful in spirit be,
Loving in heart.
Only allow not
Discord to start.

Rebellious be not,
If home ties thee down,
Ever remember,
Home is thy crown.

Trials and sorrows
Come everywhere.
Be true and loving,
Do not despair.

If troubles must come,
And trials you meet,
Lighten your burden,
By just keeping sweet.

HUMOR—THE PANACEA

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Grace G. Bostwick

Dragged off by his friends to hear a new poet lecture on a theory all his own, the Doctor listened to what he impatiently termed neurasthenic prattle, until he heard the statement, "Everything that has the appearance of beauty is evil at the core. For instance, what is so lovely as the rose—that flower which poetry has immortalized since first its rhythm vibrated through the halls of fame? And yet, the nasty slug which is so frequently found at the heart of this queen of flowers, is its rightful occupant, its very soul!"

The Doctor, who was an ugly man—so ugly as to be conspicuous — left hurriedly, mad with wrath at this insult to loveliness, and hastened home to his beautiful wife in whom he had the utmost confidence and whose purity and sweetness seemed above reproach.

As he entered his residence, the telephone rang, and quite naturally he picked up the receiver in the hall-way, only to hear his wife's soft voice from her boudoir above, with an eager note that was quite new to him.

"He will be away to-morrow night," she said clearly; "come about ten!"

The Doctor stood for a blank instant of incredulity as he heard a masculine murmur of assent. Then the poet's words returned to him. In a flash, he saw the ugly black slug at the heart of the lovely rose, and stricken as by some invisible hand, his head drooped on his great breast.

He started to ascend the stairs, to pause at a sudden thought. Did the poet's rule work obversely? Did ugly things, then, have the lovely souls? He saw in the mirror of his mind, his own face. Saw his huge nose, the wide, twisted mouth beneath, the small squinted eyes, and a chuckle started deep down inside the man, rising up and up until it came to his lips. A moment he stood, shaking with irrepressible mirth at the humor of his thought, his anger disappearing as by magic. When he again started on up the broad stairway, still with the ghost of a twinkle in his eyes, he found himself considering the situation quite sanely.

"If she really cares for the chap," he murmured reflectively, as he tapped gently on his wife's door, "I couldn't stand in her way for a minute!"

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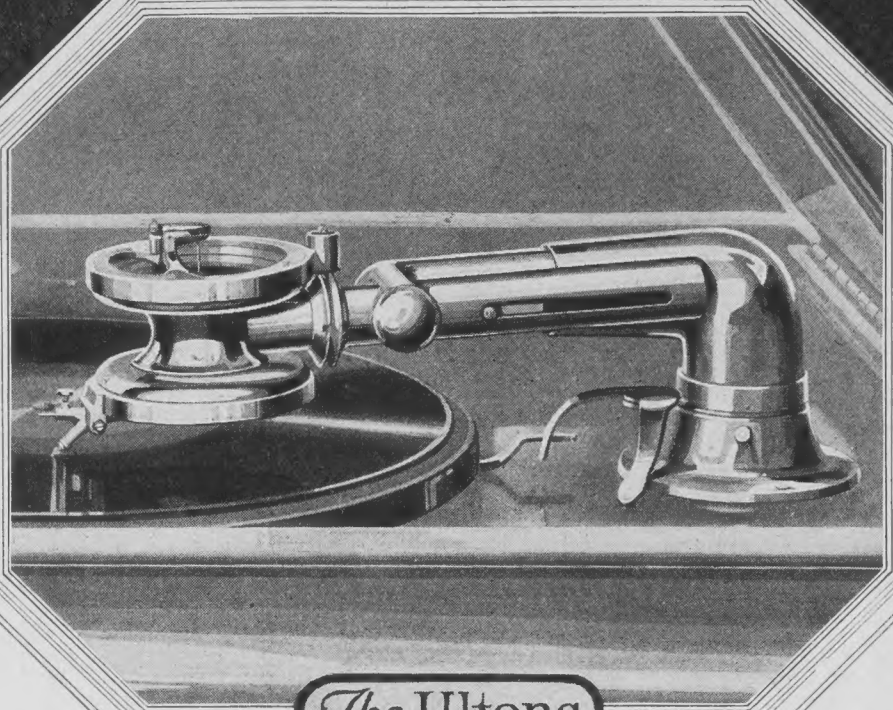

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